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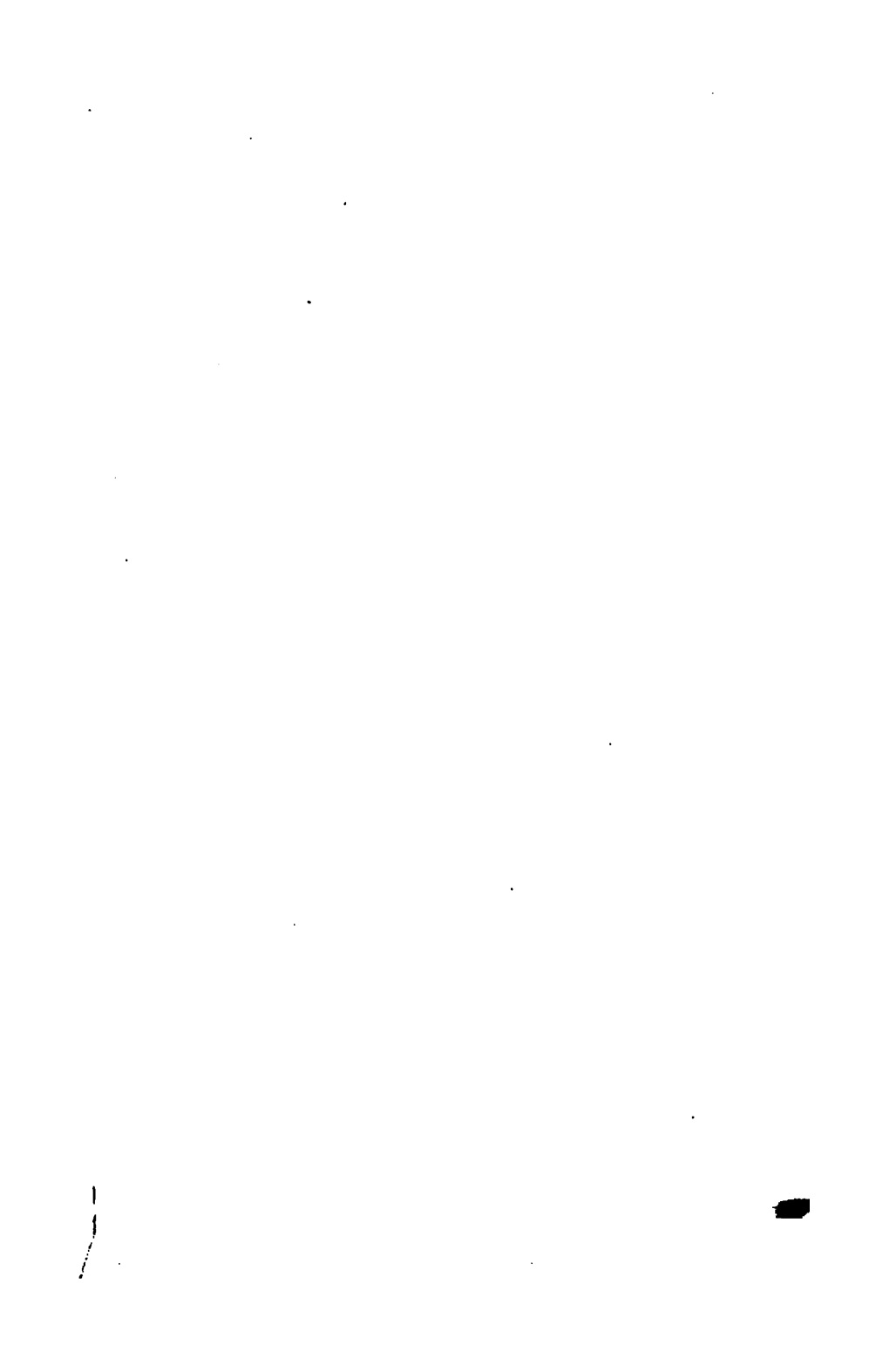
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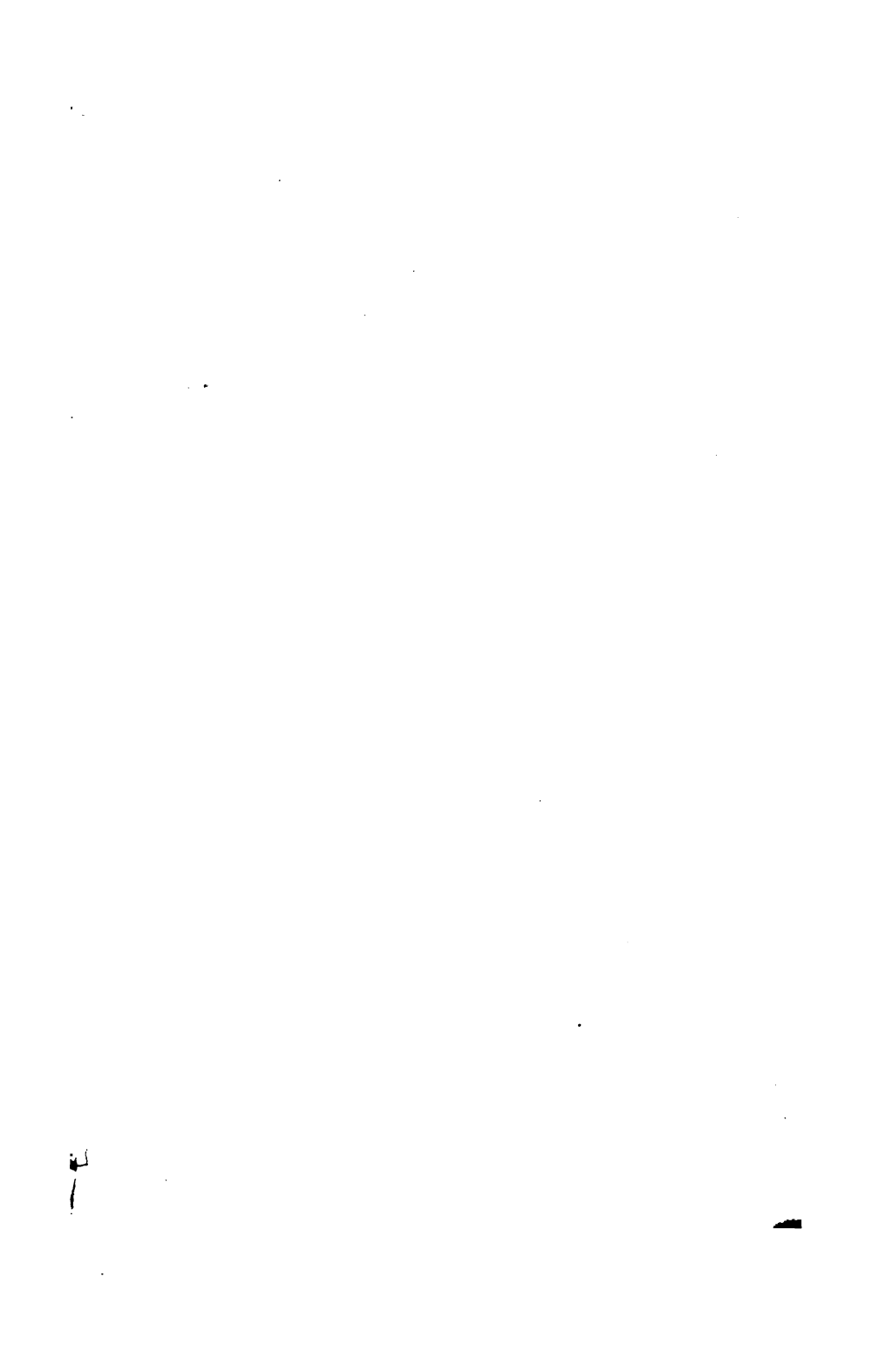
1852
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TO MY WIFE
QUEEN OF CAMPERS, WHO MAKES HOME
WHEREVER SHE GOES



CAMP-FIRE MUSINGS

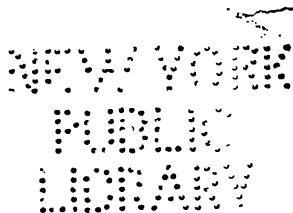
LIFE AND GOOD TIMES IN THE WOODS

By WM. C. GRAY, Ph.D.

"He who lives in Azam sends
This to worry all his friends."

—*Matthew Arnold, revised.*

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APOLOGY.

I have heretofore refused the requests of some partial friends to place my Camp-fire Musings between covers, because I did not consider them worth it. A recent urgent solicitation led me to go back and look them over, and I am agreeably surprised to find in them a freshness which I did not suspect—an attractiveness not due to literary style or thought, but to the influence of the surroundings in which they were written. How far this better opinion is due to the associations and memories which they recall, I can not fairly judge. When one opens his camp chest he finds that even his blankets are redolent of the forest. But here is a fact upon which I may rest, that the solitudes in which Nature is found in all her wayward freshness, vivacity and loveliness, will soon be cities. The impressions recorded in these papers can not be repeated. Therefore I will gather them up and offer them to those who love her. I trust that this work may be accepted as one accepts a boquet, not for its value, but because it carries love immersed in color and perfume.



MUSING I

THE CAMP-FIRE

Mankind has never willingly relinquished the camp-fire. It is not preference, but necessity, that has driven him indoors. Even there he carried and rekindled its embers, and it became the hearth-fire: a flame, sister to the flame of love. So much he rescued from the wreck of Paradise. It is not till the overcrowding of his own kind has exterminated the game, and ravaged the forests with steel and fire; and not till the increase of competing herds has exhausted the pastures, that man will fence in for himself a patch of the wilderness, domesticate for himself a few of its birds and quadrupeds, and build for himself a castle. Civilization is to him a choice of evils, and he has never forgotten nor ceased to long for Paradise. It is not for civilization to vaunt itself over barbarism. Let us first produce a better moralist and legislator than the Shepherd of Midian, a better bard than he of Chios, a sweeter singer than the shepherd boy of Bethlehem, seers more sublime than they who saw and followed the Star, better soldiers than the foresters who crushed imperial Rome.

Nature is a munificent mistress, but she is a sulky slave. We may grow plants under glass, but their flowers are without perfume and their fruit without flavor. We may bring in the roots of the cranberry

and strawberry, and be sure from the growth in form and color that we have effected a capture, only to find that the exquisite tang, the spirit of the fruit, has fled back to the woods. We do not know whether Nature weeps or laughs at our blackberries and raspberries, backed stiffly up against the garden fence, and fettered with pieces of lath—but seek out those of her own growing, in some secluded nook, the hooked vines bending with ebon or ruddy clusters, hidden away under canopies of dewy leaves, while a saucy bird scolds at you from a twig above.

We have domesticated the duck, but we have failed to domesticate its beautiful plumage and its matchless flavor. The speckled beauty which cuts the foam of the cascade with your line is Nature's; her's the bass which makes it sing like a harp; her's the muskallonge which puts such an ache in your fingers, as you handle the reel, that you think you can stand it no longer. Compare a quarter of beef, hung at the door of a market-man's shop, with the sudden apparition of a crowned stag, in his new uniform of blue, upon the shore of a lonely lake; or a roast of pork in a basket to a bear shambling along a hill-side. Her birds of plumage and song are not for your prison. The poor canary does his best to remember the music of his tribe, but how can he? How can he sing the songs of Teneriffe in a strange land? What, indeed, are his best efforts to the mellifluous ring of the thrush in our own woods? Your love at a summer-resort is sweet—there is no denying it; but you are not to her what you would be in a ramble with her alone in a solitary wilderness. It is as chivalrous as the circumstances

will permit to pick up her purposely dropped glove; but what is that to gathering her in your arms, and wading the swirling rapids, or the treacherous swamp: letting her rest timidly yet securely upon your stalwart manhood, endurance and courage!

There is an impalpable, invisible, softly stepping delight in the camp-fire which escapes analysis. Enumerate all its charms, and still there is something not in your catalogue. There are paths of light which it cuts through the darkness; there are elfish forms winking and twisting their faces in the glowing ash-veiled embers; there are black dragons' heads with red eyes and jaws grinning to show their fiery teeth; the pines whisper to the silence; the sentinel trees seem to advance and retire; you may hear the distant scream of the wolf, or the trumpet of the moose, or the note of a solitary night-bird, or the more familiar yell of the loon. All these surround and conceal some other delight, as the body veils, while it reveals, the soul. May not Wordsworth have told us what it is?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Your little boys can in no way be more delighted than by permitting them to build and enkindle a mimic camp-fire—a thing which has no attraction for any other creature that creeps or flies. It exasperates

Camp-fire Musings

the wolf, who sometimes loses his prudence with his temper, and wakes the echoes with his vindictive barks; the bear slinks away from it, while the deer looks upon it with indifference, as do most other wild things. To the boy it is a resistless attraction and an unfailing delight. But—again Wordsworth:

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows;
He sees it in his joy.

The Youth who daily further from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest.

At length the Man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

Though Wordsworth was speaking of a higher light than the camp-fire, yet in that poem, which marked the highest reach of human genius, he solved the riddle of the old, and anticipated the conclusions of the new, philosophers. Our birth is a sleep and a forgetting, and yet a remembering. It is the memory of the wide, free, wild world that has come down to us in our blood, and of the camp-fire of our tribal ancestors, and of their and our original ancestor who built his camp-fire under the trees of the garden, eastward in Eden. Sitting in its glow we are home again, though we know it not, nor can tell whence cometh the delight. It is rest and freedom from care. The sheltering trees look down upon us with calm pleasure, and soothe us to sleep with their whispered lullaby—a song which the mother yet sings, to the baby cradled upon her breast, without knowing who composed it or whence it came.

MUSING II

ON THE MICHIGAN BRULE

C. L. T. sent a telegram. "Sandy" sent a postal. There was a rush for home, a tumbling together, and away we flew, two hundred and fifty miles due north,



the last dozen of it in the caboose of an iron ore train, which slacked up for us far out in the trackless forest. The tumbling Brule in front, the charming Chicagoan Lake back of us in the woods, a spring of the sweetest, coldest water at the root of an old hemlock; pines, birches, cedars and maples all around. The first question that is asked me at home is, "How about the

mosquitoes?"—a question which displays ignorance of this high-spirited siren. She is a stickler for etiquette. She demands precedence in the procession, and in attention to her music. She bites you because you invade her urban temples before she has finished her oratorios. You must wait till she has concluded her outing, sung her last madrigal, and gone over to

bite the angels. There is nothing mean about her. She does not, like her human counterpart at Newport or Saratoga, seek to monopolize everything. She leaves all her possessions to you for the most delightful months of the year, August, September, and October.

"Charlie's" ax is ringing, and down comes a hemlock. What's that for? Your bed, of course. The tent is spread. The corner selected for sleeping is piled with hemlock twigs, and a sweeter bed, or one more springy, is not to be had for love or money. First a rubber blanket, then a sheet, and then a woolen blanket, and sleep needs no wooing.

Everything here, that is here, is in unbounded opulence. Amid thousands of square miles of virgin forests, and with good axes in hand, why should we not have imperial camp-fires? The knack of the axeman, when acquired in boyhood, is never lost. The blow that will go deepest and throw out the encumbering chip is an achievement of high art. And such fires as rewarded a half-hour's labor! The logs cut from twelve to fifteen feet long and piled high, have the promise and potency of three splendid fires, one and the first from the middle portion, and one more to be taken as required from each end. Three cords of good wood for an evening is no waste, and the air is cold enough to make the heat as agreeable as the flame is grand.

The campers in these solitudes are not solitary. In the daytime the trees are trees. Very beautifully and loftily the spires of pine and hemlock rise out of the valley, and the birch and maple overshadow us, but

still they are trees. At night when the torch is applied to the wealth of accumulated fuel, they are trees no longer. They leave their places and come out of the darkness to join our company. They say not a word, and yet not even to man is given such variety of character and so much of the mystery of the spiritual world. We catch the thought of that white and stately birch; calmness, purity and dignity. And so of that mighty pine, sombre and lofty. This rustling maple is an old friend. We understand him. He is no mystic, no poet. He talks about sweetness, shade and beauty—familiar topics.

That keen but musical and somewhat plaintive note which sounds so far and clear through the forest is, they say, that of the white-throated sparrow. There is a tramping heard in the silence of the night, the cause of which is revealed by deer-tracks in the morning near the tents. A few squirrels invite themselves to breakfast, one little chap taking his piece of cracker in his right hand. The cross-bills and moose-birds soon establish confidential relations with us.

C. L. T. tells the story of the trout, and what came of it to the luckless Editor and his wife, thus:

“Two considerations brought us to these solitudes—rest and trout. We have found them somewhat incompatible. We have got the latter, but it has been at some sacrifice of the former. For example—after beating the stream up and down as far as it was comfortable to walk the dense undergrowth, the venerable editor of this paper, with his consort and the guide, putting a boat on an up-train, ran up to a point on the Iron River, in which they launched, and throwing

their hackle flies right and left began the romantic and delightful float down the river. A goodly basket of speckled beauties rewarded their efforts. Secure in their pride, and their guide, they floated jauntily along. Presently the boat entered the rapids. The waters are shot into foam on the projecting rocks. But they recked not of danger. Visions of trout and bacon blinded them to the ominous jerking of the boat, and to the branches of a tree which hung so low as to be swept by the water, and which were too much for the law of equilibrium. Universal gravitation came to the front. In an instant there was a promiscuous scene on the turbulent and arrowy flood, a sputtering guide, talking three languages at once, and irreverently at that, an editor plunging like a leviathan among the rocks, and Madam suspended from the limb of an overhanging tree, and looking down serenely on the scene of wild disorder where, boat, tackle, trout, editor and guide were frantically and fantastically tossing themselves and each other among the waters. We were sitting under the pines on a beautiful summer afternoon when that disconsolate party came up the trail, wet, draggled and mad; a stuttering editor, bewailing the loss of twenty dollars' worth of tackle, a sputtering guide lamenting the damage to his boat, and a serene camp-mermaid calling energetically for rubbers and hot ginger, and all of us disgruntledly sitting down to bacon straight, without trout. This was one afternoon's variation from the monotony of camp life."

I may add that while the affair opened as a fine tragedy, it was spoiled in the development. The lady

was hanging with an intense grip to the tree, into which she managed to climb and get a seat, wet as Aphrodite. The editor was holding to a limb and struggling with one hand and both feet to arrest the fishing-rods. The oars and boxes were dancing downstream. This was a very good impromptu tragedy. But Charlie, the boatman, spoiled it all. As soon as he got the mastery of his boat, and caught enough breath to speak, he looked up with an unconsolable countenance and exclaimed, "Ah, mein Gott, all our nice trouts is gone." This brought a peal of laughter from the dripping nymph in the tree, and turned the whole affair into a comedy. As Charlie proceeded to bail out his boat with his cap he sighed, and said, "Vot a lady that is! I wish I can laugh like that!"

We had trout to eat till trout lost its flavor. And, by the way, the reader may need instruction in the proper way to eat trout in camp. To do it properly, requires a mouth specially adapted to it, such as that fortunately possessed by the synodical missionary and the doctor from Kansas City. The trout must be cooked whole. You take his head between your thumb and fingers, apply your teeth close to your hold and draw gently. The backbone slides through the teeth, leaving the mouth full of delicious meat. You then throw the vertebra over your shoulder out of the tent door, and take another trout. One soon learns how large a fish he or she can manage most satisfactorily in this way. The missionary and the Kansas City pastor always picked the largest fish in the platter.

There was one pleasure in store for those who were

able and willing to make the tramp across the woods in the evening and return in the pitchy darkness of its dense foliage in the night, on the rooty, rocky and uncertain footing—and that was a fire-hunt.

As the sun sank down behind the fringing forests of that solitary and charming gem—a jewel of pearl set in green for the pleasure of God and his angels—we reached its margin and sat down in a birch-bark canoe, a Chippewa Indian handling a single light pine oar. There was not a ripple nor a dimple on all its surface. No plate-glass mirror could be smoother. The frail boat moved rapidly in a straight line—and how could that be when the oarsman struck *only on* one side with his paddle? That was a subject for study. He was seated in the stern, and struck twice as rapidly as one would in handling a pair of oars. The oar took the water at right angles with the line of motion, but before the stroke was finished it was turned a little obliquely, which threw the handle against the side of the boat, and thus counteracted the tendency to move in a circle. There was a loon party that evening. They came with weird laughter from far down the lake, half flying, half swimming, their wings dashing the water at every stroke, and leaving long trails of dimples behind—and then such a ridiculous and cantankerous performance. Each individual loon stuck his head and neck straight up, sprang straight up out of the water and uttered a medley of wild laughter and yells. “Crazy as a loon,” means the utmost of senseless and insane hilarity.

The sky seemed so clear that we did not encumber ourselves with rain-coats; but when a mile out on the

lake a sweeping shower soaked us thoroughly. Three or four miles brought us to a landing in the universal forest, and a quick fire set our garments to steaming. As we passed down a young buck raised his graceful head from the reeds where he was feeding, gazed at us a moment, and then with a few swift bounds disappeared in his covert. At our landing place we could see how these denizens of the wilds are provided for. The rain was sufficient, one would have supposed, to have saturated the ground, and yet beneath the over-arching pines whose shelter we sought, the thick carpet of leaves was perfectly dry. In the winter, with the added thatching of snow on the branches, this little nook would be as comfortable as the best barn, and very much pleasanter.

Edward, our Indian, gathered a few slips of birch-bark, struck a match, and a small fire was soon burning at which we dried our wet clothing, then lay down on the spiky leaves and awaited his orders. Our conversation sank to half whispers as the darkness came on. There was the prolonged cry of a wolf miles back in the dense forest, which caused Edward to utter a growl of wrath, then the hoot of an owl, then the splash of a badger, and at last a sound far down the lake as if some one were fitfully casting water into it. One who has heard it once will not need to be told what it means. "Hear 'em deer!" whispered Edward. "Mebbe better go." He rose and recited a Chippewa rune and bowed to the forest, another and bowed to the lake.

I did not "catch on" in time for C. L. T. He promptly rose and politely offered me the gun. We

were both keen enough for the post of honor, but I was caught. Of course there was nothing for me to do but return the compliment, and he deferentially accepted.

Edward now lighted the hunting lamp, seated C. L. T. in the bow, myself in the middle, and he took his place with his paddle in the stern.

The bottom of the lake is of silvery sand, and we seemed to be floating in a sea of milk. The next thing that attracted attention was that we were moving in absolute silence. There was not so much as the tinkle of a drop of water from the oar. The shadow of a cloud passing over the lake could not have been more noiseless. The lamp threw a cone of nebulous light into the reeds and woods—what a stealthy ghost was that red-man and his canoe. We passed the usual haunts of the deer and were homeward bound when the searching cone of light suddenly turned back and paused, and at the same time the ghostly canoe changed its course. And what a striking and fascinating sight! The leafy shore as black as ink, a graceful form in outline upon it, and a pair of diamonds tinged with green color shining as carbon diamonds have never shone. It would be difficult to imagine that those brilliant, green-tinged lights were the eyes of a harmless deer—but very easy to believe that they were those of a tiger. It is useless to try to describe the excitement which this mode of hunting produces; all is so weird and strange and silent, and the sudden flashing of the globes of fire out of the darkness so startling. I could see, as C. L. lifted his gun to a level, that he was quaking from

head to foot. Edward shook the boat as a signal to fire. The muzzle of the gun kept on wabbling, and the boat was floating straight upon the deer. Edward could stand it no longer. "Shoot!" he exclaimed. A line of fire shot out, and a report which seemed to fill all space with its reverberations, thundered around us. A quick scramble and all was still. C. L. had captured his first deer.

And so the halcyon days sped by. The last camp-fire was built. C. L. T. was observed to absent himself during the late afternoon and sit apart on a prostrate pine with a writing tablet in hand. When the torch was applied Brother Cory was called to the camp-stool, and it was announced that every one must tell a story, sing a song or make a speech. C. L. led off with his beautiful poem :

THE LAST CAMP-FIRE.

Pile on the pine and hemlock boughs,
Send up the starry shower ;
Ten days of wildwood friendship be
Concentered in this hour.

To-morrow comes—the world again
Its paths of dark or light ;
To-night we draw the circle close,
And every face is bright.

Kind memories more than hemlock flames
Across our foreheads creep,
And underneath these placid days
Are friendships true and deep.

The camp-fire is a vulcan forge,
Within whose throbbing glow

Camp-fire Musings

Are wedded bands that will not break
Till Life's tent is laid low.

How hard soe'er old Time may strike,
Or sudden storms may brew,
The rivet-pins of kindly thoughts
Will keep this circle true.

Around Life's camp the shadows lie,
And dark aisles of the wood,
And ope their silent mystery,
We would not if we could.

But rather, face to face we turn,
And when our hope declines,
We'll trace the way the sparks reveal
Above the silent pines.

Then pile the pine and hemlock boughs,
Send up the starry shower,
Before to-morrow's battle call
Let freedom have one hour.

Perchance, when the last battle's fought
In the last evening's damp,
Our earthly thought of heaven's rest
Will be this Brule camp.

The materials for the story—a love story, of course—were gathered on the spot. There was the overset in the Brule rapids, and the rescue, and the toasting stick, and the plaintive love-song of the white-throated sparrow; what novelist could ask for materials fresher and more unique? As I have mentioned the toasting-stick, let me say that it is a hazel wand, must be witch-hazel in love cases, the end of which is split and a morsel of venison inserted in it, which is then held to the camp-fire till it is broiled. The

Indian maiden, to whom advances have been made, takes a bite out of the savory morsel and then offers it to her lover. That settles it. In the story the lover was made to retire from the camp-fire, and from the presence of his adored, and seek, by consulting the sibylline songster with its sad and mellifluous refrain, to unravel the mystery of her heart. Possibly it is worth while to rescue the poem from the burlesque in which it was given, and repeat here the parable of

THE POET AND THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

THE POET : Sweet sprite of the forest, unseen
 'Mid its canopies somber and green,
 Art thou Love that is baffled and crossed ?
 Is the cry that we hear,
 So plaintive and clear,
 Sweet Love in the wilderness lost ?
 Ah me—me—me !

THE SPARROW : And dost thou not know, my sweet swain,
 That Love's the twin brother of Pain,
 And reaches the heart through a wound ?
 I'm not Love that is crossed,
 I'm not Love that is lost,
 I am Love in the wilderness found.
 Ah me—me—me !

THE POET : Aphrodite was born of the sea,
 And so it has happened for me—
 My white lily bloomed on the tide ;
 Her sweet-breathed charms
 Floated up to my arms—
 Fate must have decreed her my bride.
 Blest me—me—me !

Camp-fire Musings

THE SPARROW: But nymphs who are born of the sea
You know are capricious and free,
And sometimes defiant of Fate.
Remember, sweet swain,
Like Rapture and Pain,
That Love is the brother of Hate.
Ah me—me—me !

THE POET : Sad sprite of the forest, thy song
Is omen of pitiless wrong,
And sweetly bemoaneth my fate.
Too oft as with you,
The false wins the true—
Love's arrows are stolen by Hate.
Ah me—me—me !

(1883)

MUSING III

ON NAMELESS LAKE

Pleasant surprises give more pleasure to the giver than to the receiver. To the giver it is pleasure long drawn out. It goes into every detail of the plot and



of the preparation. It is a secret to be guarded, the possession of which makes the possessor smile, and admire his or her own adroitness. It is a practical joke actuated by love. The victim was to be the then (1884) young Mr. C. H. McCormick. He and young Dr. Davis, now of Philadelphia, were to go with me on their first camping expedition. He knew that we were to rough

it—but he did not know that at the end of a six mile tramp after leaving the railroad he would find a beautiful boat, tent, fishing rod—perfect outfit—everything awaiting him on the shore of a nameless lake so far out from Metropolitan, a little Michigan mining town, that only an Indian's winding footpath led to it. The boat had the name of a favorite sister neatly painted

upon it. "My Mother," he said, as he looked at the white tent and its contents. Led to the lake where the boat was floating like a beautiful shell, he said, "My Sister." This thoughtful love had gone before him and met him in that solitary wilderness.

Nameless lake kept "Kilmeny," that wonderfully beautiful poem by the "Ettrick Shepherd," revolving in my mind. You remember how it concludes; but permit me to beautify my page by quoting it :

And when she wakened she lay her lane
All happed wi' flowers in the greenwood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame.
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e ;
Such beauty a bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there
And the soft desire of maiden's e'en
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the mossrose in the shower
And her voice like the distant melody
That floats along the twilight sea,
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing
To pluck the flowers and drink the spring,
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland
And cowered beneath her lily hand.

Sad, but so exquisite. My son had gone ahead of us a day to have the outfit and supplies carried in, as there was no wagon-trail, and was out a day and a night in a cold rain, and came down so very ill that I was profoundly anxious for him. As I watched for four nights by his bed of hemlock boughs, and thought that his life might go out in that place of seclusion and shade, a shadow came over all its sweetness, and I said, here it was where Kilmeny "kept afar frae the haunts of men." And yet how one's spirits rebound when the shadow of a disaster has passed. The misty haze of the spiritual world in which Kilmeny dwelt no longer came down and dimmed the landscape and the lake, which now dimpled and laughed and sparkled in the sun, and the diamonds in the tresses of the pines flashed as never before; for indeed you must not think of a pine in the forest as of one which you have seen in a park. Your park pine is dim, dusty, old and faded from its planthood—like all wild things which we domesticate. But a white pine in the forest is a mingling of stately dignity with soft beauty. The foliage of no other tree gives such an impression of a fabric of incomparable fineness, richness and softness—and no dew-drop in the morning sun or diamond in a beautiful lady's laces, has so white a flash as the resinous globules with which the white pine decorates her robe of emerald.

We were scarcely on the ground when Mr. McCormick took his boat and, like Hiawatha, sailed into the sunset, and soon after a keen crack echoed over the forest cape and reverberated back and forth between

the shores. It was his first shot, and we knew he had missed, because we had told him that he would; that he would not get within two rods of a deer with his first aim—that the muzzle of his gun would describe a labyrinth of Crete upon the water and sky, and send its missile harmlessly into the air. As he reappeared, however, lo, the black hoofs of his first deer were seen above the side of his canoe, and the prophet of failure stood discomfited. It seems to “run in the family” of some to get what they go for.

The first mirror in the world is yet the finest—utterly remote from approach by the art of man. Look at the richest pier-glass you can anywhere find, with its true surface, bevelled edges and carved and gilded frame, and then compare it with the mirrors which God hung upon the sides of the world for himself to gaze upon. For himself to gaze upon—for there was none beside himself and his angels to see them. Why else did he give them their burnished sheen, frame them in forests, festoon them with vines, besprinkle them with lilies, and cause them to duplicate the shores, the clouds and the stars? God has an infinite love for Beauty—and for her twin sister, Silence. He places perfection at the beginning and at the end of his anthems, and it is not easy to choose between the first and the last—for which is the grander, sweeter, more inspiring, this mystic and majestic silence, or the highest perfection of music? To many the silent forests and waters are more exhilarating than any harmonies that ever broke upon the ear. “There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour.” I doubt if the harpers could equal

the majestic grandeur of that awe-inspiring pause.

Silence! Why even the rivulets, which are clear as crystal and as cold as ice, steal their way down into the lake, cautious as the foot of the hunter, to make no sound. Back in the hills they splash and leap and murmur, but as they approach this scene they dimple at times into a smile, but no laughter escapes their crystal lips. Not even a slant of sunlight is thrown up from their surface. The crash of a falling tree comes over the wooded ridge, and the guide pricks up his ears and says, "The beavers are at work." So even the wood-choppers and carpenters of the wilderness ply their vocation without disturbing the stillness, except by the sudden boom of their falling timber.

What a beautiful arrangement is the procession of human life! We talk about the rising and the receding generations of men, as if the race marched in platoons. A dull world it would be if thus we made the journey. But instead of this the dimpled hand of infancy warms the cold hand of age, and the old heart is electrified by the fresh currents which leap from the hearts of the young. Such delightfully appreciative young men as we had with us were a perpetual joy. There was no shadow except the sympathy for the sick companion—and he rewarded himself by the best shots at game, and the most of them, as soon as he was able to be out. The silence, the sunbeams sifting through the tall and dense trees, the arboreal arches, aisles, and dim vistas, the great variety of the shades of green, the sunsets, the weird voyages of the night hunt—it was to be expected that these things would give pleasure. Not less did they

extract encouragement from the dismal rain-storm, from the rough cookery, and from every mishap. We missed our bearings and plunged through a swampy thicket for an hour or more with only the compass for a guide—now over knee-deep in the mossy mire, now crawling through the brambles of a fallen tree, now tripped and sent headlong by a vine or root, now tumbling from a natural bridge of rotten wood, and no certainty when the tribulation would come to an end. “How do you like this, boys?” “Splendidly—would not have missed it for anything—we want the whole of the experience, with nothing left out,” was the cheery response.

At one point the young men were rather too cautious. We had gone for trout, gotten them and were returning. The old gentleman had taken a double-barreled shotgun along, with cartridges adapted for whatever came in the way, from a pheasant to a deer, and had slipped in a couple of them for a possible buck. We sat resting on a ridge, when he suddenly exclaimed, “Oh!” and “Sh!” seized the gun, leveled it and pulled. “Click” went the lock. The fine deer was coming straight for the party—turned and passed at right angles with his course. “Click” went the other lock. “Why, Doctor,” said a young man, “I drew your cartridges—thought it was not safe to carry a loaded gun in these thickets.” “Well,” replied the old man, “I have had two as pretty shots as a man could ask—missed in neither, and yet the deer is safe, sound and happy. ‘All’s well that ends well.’”

I used to think that there was nothing in this world

so beautiful and charming as sweet, clean*, cultured and refined young ladies—and I have not abandoned that opinion yet. Old eyes distinguish more clearly between such young ladies and the little fools and flirts, than young eyes do; but that is only so much clear gain to the sensible and the true. If young men would avail themselves of old men's spectacles, they would be surer of a happy conjugal future than they are. But I was going to say that the good opinion I entertained of sweet, tidy, sensible young ladies, is more than balanced by love for sensible and worthy young men. Such young men are most admirable, and it is a joy to look upon them and to know them. There is plenty of foil to throw them into contrast—plenty of young egotists and vain fellows and profligates—and here again old eyes distinguish more clearly than young—and many a fair young lady would escape a life of misery if she would turn the lenses of old spectacles upon the youth who sues for her heart.

But the last ember of the last camp-fire is taking on an ashen cast. We look out upon the lake and peer through the vistas of the forest, and are still hungry for more of them, when the tents are folded and our backs turned upon the scene—and we face again the battle of life. Duty is like the attraction of gravitation; it is only strong when it has something solid to seize upon. Fagged nerves float above it like a feather. Put some iron into those nerves and they respond to the pull with a force which breaks all the gossamer-ties of pleasure—drop away from them as a bullet falls through a spider's web. But, in truth, the

old distinction between duty and pleasure is misleading. To the properly constituted mind, duty is pleasure, and pleasure duty. The whole of duty may broadly be expressed in one word—accumulation; and the whole of evil in one other word—dissipation. There is vastly more of pleasure in accumulating stores of mental and bodily energy than there is in wasting them. The exhilaration of the wine-cup is not equal, even in degree, to the mental exaltation that nature offers from pure unpoisoned chalices. The one wastes, the other gathers; the one dissipates the remainder of the stores which already run low, the other fills them to overflowing.

MUSING IV

THE NATIONAL PARK

The National Park is destined to become the greatest pleasure resort in the world, provided that it does not fall a prey to vandalism and to monopoly and extortion. In its unique beauty, its points of grandeur, its wonderful displays of subterranean energy, it affords the tourist more pleasure in a week than he could obtain in a trip to Europe at five times the proper cost. The springs, fountains, geysers and pools are everywhere set round with unique and beautiful natural cups, fretted, and tinted in exquisite shadings. It is painful in the extreme to see these charming things, the property of the people, defaced and stained by male and female vandals who write their silly names in them with black lead. The cement is immediately coated over with the varnish deposit, and it is thus indelible and visible for years. Every name thus written makes its subject an object of contempt to all who see it. Not a word of indignation would be felt by any reader if a child or her house should scribble his name on the parlor furniture with a nail. The superintendent ought to give notice that he will follow and arrest the parties to this vandalism, wherever they live, and subject them to the fine and imprisonment provided by law. The park is the people's property, and they

must be protected in the enjoyment of it. It fills the memory with a store of beauty. A brief description of it will suffice. From Livingston to Cinnabar, fifty miles, the branch road of the Northern Pacific runs through a valley of indescribable loveliness, the valley of the Yellowstone. Cinnabar is so named from a belt of that mineral which lies across a mountain near by, as if a rainbow had fallen upon it and crystallized there. From Cinnabar the way lies by stages and carriages to the Mammoth Hot Springs. At the hotel there I engaged the services of a young man of twenty-four, whose patience, desire to accommodate, intelligence and other desirable qualities for his calling, deserves personal mention—Alonzo Daw. He had a stout team, an excellent two-seated carriage, and I chartered the concern, hoping to pick up companions to share the expense. He wisely suggested that I should leave the Mammoth Springs for my parting view—the best last; and so we drove away through a canyon which is a counterpart of a Swiss road through the Alps, and as fine as anything there. On the way to the upper geyser basin there are a number of scenes to break up the monotony—the mountains, Electric Peak, the Quadrant peaks, and others. Obsidian cliffs are perpendicular masses of natural black glass, glossy, contorted, striated, and to some extent controlled in their crystallization by an admixture of basalt, which results in a massive columnar formation. Hot springs, boiling and steaming, occur frequently along the way, till we come to the middle geyser basin, where a large area, a hundred acres or more, is covered with the brilliantly colored deposits,

and full of beautiful pools. One sees wondrous beauty and variety of colors, which add charm to all the springs; snow-white, pink, scarlet, yellow, brown, and green. We stopped forty-two miles of a drive at Fire Hole Basin, and next morning were off betimes to the upper basin, eleven miles. Alonzo arranged to take me flying to any geyser that promised a display. "Old Faithful" was the first, of course, and they said he sent his spout up a hundred feet. Old Faithful expends more force than any geyser in the park—firing off every hour—though he does not make so much display as those which accumulate force for days. The next was the "Castle," a forty-eight hour geyser, and a noble one. He sent his cataract of water and steam, six feet thick, up fifty feet or so, with occasional jets three times that height. The display lasted twenty minutes, and then the geyser bellowed for an hour. Next the "Splendid," then the "Lion," and one of his cubs—in all, seven geysers for the day. The grandeur of these displays is more than equalled by the wondrous beauty of the cup-formations around them. The deposits are made at the point of overflow, the result of which is hundreds of basins, large and small, which no art has ever equalled. At the Mammoth Hot Springs these basins are on a very large scale, and fortunately they are so large and deep that they are not so liable to vandalism. The pools are such springs of hot water, so clear that the caverns below, set with beautiful crystals, can be seen to great depths. One of them, about twenty feet across, is called the "Morning Glory," being a perfect repre-

Camp-fire Musings

sensation in form and colors of that flower. "The Paint Pots," on the edge of Fire Hole Basin, with a huge cauldron of a geyser, the "Fountain," near by, are the most remarkable of the curiosities. The largest of these pots is about fifty feet across. It is filled with a mixture exactly resembling light stone-colored paint tinted with pink, which deliberately bubbles away like a great pot of porridge.

A number of ingenious theories were advanced to account for the rhythmic action of these geysers, but the true explanation was arrived at by experiment. It has long been known that the tendency of water to vaporize under the action of heat is resisted by pressure. Sir Humphrey Davy enclosed a small globe of water in an iron ball and heated the ball, the strength of the iron being sufficient to resist the expansive force of steam. This principle explains the rhythmic action of the geysers. The geyser pipes reach down to a depth of about three thousand feet. The water at the bottom is prevented from taking the form of steam by the superincumbent pressure of the column of water above it, and the geyser is quiet. But as the water is heated gradually higher in the column it finally reaches a point where the expansive force of steam is superior to the pressure upon it, when the water above is driven out with violence, first as a fountain of hot water, then as steam spray, and at last as steam. The geyser pipe is now empty, and begins to fill again with cold water. The pressure is so regular and constant that the time when a geyser will be in action is known to within a few moments.

From the Fire Basin we went across thirty-five miles

to the Yellowstone Falls and a canyon, passing a mountain of native sulphur, with a great cauldron boiling and roaring at its foot. I do not care to attempt a description which can give no clear idea of the falls and canyon, but may say generally: The Yellowstone flows smoothly over a formation of granite until it reaches an immense deposit, seven miles broad and a thousand feet deep, built up in the ages past by the action of hot springs. It is precisely the same with the formations now in progress, and has much of their brilliant coloring. Through this the river has cut a precipitous channel down to the primitive bed-rock. Parts of this vast deposit are harder than others, so that the canyon is set with pinnacles, spires, towers, precipices and slides, colored with iron, copper, sulphur, and the various salts of lime, magnesia, etc. The canyon winds and folds, following the fantastic course of the original rivulet which first passed over the formation. The falls consist of two cataracts, one of sixty feet, below which the river rushes along a half mile, and then plunges down two hundred feet. At both verges the water is crowded into narrow space by granite ledges, and shot out from the cliff into the air.

I will probably be safe in saying that the lower fall is the most beautiful in the world. At the verge the channel is about fifty feet wide. At four points the water is deeper than elsewhere, and as the flood bends down to take the tremendous plunge, four emerald bars, each narrowing to a point, seem to pin the snowy curtain to the top of the cliff. From one of the jutting precipices beyond the falls the illusion of

a snowy veil, held in place by four jewels of emerald, is perfect. There is another element of beauty about these falls which will only reveal itself to the attentive observer. At every point in their profound descent, silver meteors, or inverted rockets, are shot out from the snowy flood—the nucleus and the train of drops glittering in the sun. I suppose this is done by jutting angles of granite in the face of the precipice. The depth is so great that the movement of the water appears to have the dignity of deliberation. It occupies eleven seconds in passing from the first downward swerve at the verge to the bottom of the chasm. Every part of it seems to be converted into spray. As I sat on the point of a jutting crag in the early morning, looking down upon the eagles far below, which were feeding their young in a secure nest on the top of a pinnacle, I obtained an idea of the daring triumph of wings, which can never be realized by seeing birds fly overhead. The sun came over the hills and sent a broad bar of light down upon the falls, while the remainder of the abyss was left in the shadow. The bottom of the chasm is not accessible from either side. Thank Providence, the vain vandals can not mar the grandeur of the scene, nor write their silly names upon the snowy and jeweled lacework of the falling water.

(1885)

MUSING V

ON SPIRIT LAKE

It is not to be wondered at that the Indians considered various lakes to be the haunts of certain spiritual beings. It is so in all mythology. The particular Spirit Lake, near which our tents are pitched, is avoided by the Indians at night. They say that a combat between the good and the evil Beings took place on its margin, that the evil one was vanquished and imprisoned beneath its waters, and permitted to come forth only at night. They think that he makes such a commotion when he rises that their canoes would be upset.

Usually we have gone to Marquette County, Michigan, but while we found plenty of venison and trout, there was a lack of other kinds of fish and game at the particular Nameless Lake, to which we returned like storks, year by year; so we went west, young man, and we are now forty miles south and west of Ashland, and that far away from a post-office. We are ten miles from anywhere. The first three miles of the way from the railway we had an ancient and debilitated team. Then a boat across Pike Lakes, about four miles. Here we found a logger with oxen and a sled, who hauled our equipments a mile and a half. The final two miles we carried our tent, supplies, and everything, including our boat, on our backs. That

ox-driver is a practical Christian. The evidence of it first is that he helped us; and secondly that he treated his oxen with respectful consideration. Ox-driving has always been associated in my mind with voluble cursing and the thwacks of a big whip. Our Christian friend employed neither. He spoke in a low tone, chirruped and made signs with his hands, and his team obeyed every suggestion. A man can not even drive oxen in a humane, sensible and gentlemanly way unless he has been under the influence of good preaching. After leaving our row-boat, and being forsaken by our ox-team, the clouds came rushing over the tree-tops, and we were caught out in as heavy a rain as I ever experienced. The guides and Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, of Portland, Oregon, and my son, pushed forward with packs, and I staid awhile to get the boxes and bundles under cover, by piling them snugly and thatching them with bark and branches of trees. In due time I was piloted through a very blind trail, and found our smallest tent up on the lake shore. We three, with the two guides, got into it, and the rain poured down steadily till afternoon the next day, imprisoning us, hungry and—happy!

You think there was not much of the enjoyment of life in such an experience—but wait. Some noble red-man had left a dug-out on Bass Lake, and without waiting for our beautiful little Racine canoe, Parson Brown and myself cleared it of water and started out. In a few moments Brown's line sang like a fiddle-string. "The sweetest of music!" remarked the preacher, and when after a hard tussle the fish

came to view, it was seen to be too large to "land" with the line, and I killed it for him by a sudden drive of my hunting-knife. It was next to the largest bass I ever saw.

Brother Brown went across the lake and up into the hills to watch a runway for deer. The night came



down, the moon arose and he was over there alone. A timber-wolf, one of those large ugly-fanged fellows, started up far to the right and went across the woods with his peculiar, sharp, hungry howl, and we expected a signal-shot from Brown, asking us to come over with a boat and bring him in, but none was heard. Late in the even-

ing, as we sat by the camp-fire, he came, saying that he had spent one of the most delightful evenings of his life. The wolf had crossed the forest back of him, but he did not suppose there was any danger. In fact, there was no danger, and yet to be sitting more than a mile from camp alone in the lonely woods at night, listening to the hungry howl of the grey wolf, would give most persons a sort of creeping sensation.

We had to have venison at once, and I put in my plea for the privilege of making the next attempt. "You know, young gentlemen, that I am old, stiff, rheumaticy, and do not see well, and if you have a

mind to you can bring in more venison that we can eat. So let the old man have a chance." "Oh certainly, certainly, Doctor; we will all stand back for you. You shall have the first of everything." So the guide, George, paddled me across the lake in a canoe. I saw a deer and fired. "You've got two!" yelled George, in great excitement. "By golly, you've got two! Whoop—hurrah!" I saw but one deer, and could scarcely believe my eyes when we ran forward and found two deer dying. My bullet had gone through one at the shoulder and struck the other in the neck, the ball lodging in the second one. The boys did not want to hear any more "blind old man" apologies from me.

(Let me here interpolate, at a later date, something more about this accident. The next spring I was fishing at Neenah, and took the bullet out of my tackle box and showed it to Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Resort, and told him of my achievement. In the evening Roberts said a gentleman from Appleton had been in, and that he had showed him the bullet, and told him the story. "O Roberts, don't be a gull," was the comment. "The fellow is lying. Where is he?"

"Gone down to Blackbird-reef, fishing."

"And don't you know that every fisherman tells lies?"

"Oh, but this is Dr. Gray. I've known him for thirty years. He's the editor of a religious paper in Chicago."

"Editor of a religious paper! Don't say another word. Now I know he lies.")

There is an ancient buck who has his residence somewhere in the woods southwest of us, who makes it his business to stand guard over all of his kind in our neighborhood. His snort and whistle are as familiar as they are aggravating, and it is a language that both men and deer understand. When it is heard there is a breaking for the deep woods by his friends. Last night he stood back among the trees and gave a flash of his eyes, and in a moment after his noiseless feet carried him to another angle of observation where the flash was seen again. Then he stamped and snorted. The boat made two rounds of the lake, but nothing was seen, except the flash of that buck's eyes. About midnight Dr. Brown took the oar and I took the rifle and we started, but the sentinel deer had finished his guardianship of his fellows and disappeared. There is no sound in the forest so full of life and energy as the "snort" of the deer, and none which gives the disinterested camper more pleasure. Mrs. Gray, the princess of campers and trampers, who makes home wherever she goes, was with me hunting, in one of my other outings, the first time she heard that signal. We were trying to stalk a fine buck, but he saw us and opened his bugle. I did not like it very well on that occasion, because I wanted to catch him, but she did. She put her handkerchief to her lips to smother her laughter, but another sharp blast from the deer was too much for her, and she answered with a merry peal.

I thought I was pretty familiar with the notes of the great owls—editorial and nocturnal, but the "horned" owl of this region beguiled me. I could

not at first distinguish between his cry in the distance and that of the timber wolf, but one gave a serenade one night when I was alone in camp, and I made a musical study of him. The owl of the middle and southern states gives four notes on a dead level, "hoo—hoo—hoo—hoo," the two middle notes close together. This northern night-flyer starts with a note so low in tone and volume that it can only be heard a few hundred yards, runs up the scale, increases the volume, and then drops to a low but loud tone, "hoo—hoo—hoo—hoo—ah"—do-ra-me-fa-do-do, the first "do" at the bottom of the octave, the second at the top, and the third at the bottom again. The next to the last note of his recitative is so near in volume, prolongation and tone to the howl of the great gray wolf that I could not distinguish them but for the "ah" or "wah" which followed it. It can be heard miles away, and is the only part of the vocal performance that is heard at a distance of over one mile.

The only natural enemy of the wolf left in these regions, aside from famine, is man. He is the shrewdest of all wild animals, and can not, we may say in general, be either shot or trapped. An ancient hunter, who limps through these woods on a cane, gave me much wood-lore. When he spoke of the wolf it was with spiteful asperity. "He's a mean, miserable, sneakin' cuss. Like's not he's standing out thar now looking at us, but I'll be even with him when snow falls. I'll have his hide and the bounty—now mind what I say." "How?" "Pizen." The head of a deer is used to attract him, and liberal balls of fresh venison charged with strychnine and dis-

tributed around. He eats and they track him in the snow to where he lies dead with foamy jaws and grinding teeth.

The white-throated sparrow, whose plaintive night song is so pleasing, is not heard here now, but instead another night songster, which the guide tells me has a head marked like that of the badger—yellowish bands running from the bill back and over the head. Some owls came around, and I thought the bird was a little fool for revealing his covert to them by his useless and not very musical noise—but I suppose he understood his own business. Speaking of the badger—he is a handsome fellow, but does not appear to have much sense. When he is angry or alarmed he purses his mouth, draws his breath through it, curls his nose and blows—if he had a bill like a goose his defiance would be a hiss. They tell me that the otter, which abounds in these lakes, is much more intelligent, and can be domesticated and taught to catch fish for its master. The only animal that is noisy here is the squirrel. As soon as he sees you he runs up a tree with all the barking and splutter of which he is capable, hops out on the first limb he comes to and flaps his tail and barks. He is bound that you shall see him as well as hear him. Satisfied that he can not provoke you to a foot-race with him in the tree-tops, he gives a contemptuous chatter and gallops head-first down to the ground. I noticed one of them standing guard on a dead birch against the climbing birds—the sap-suckers, high-holers and wood-peckers. When one of them would alight on the side of the tree, Mr. Squirrel would make a dash at him. I sup-

pose it was a quarrel over the nuts which the birds had driven into the soft wood for winter supplies. The most beautiful water-bird I have seen is the wood-duck. Fine art has been expended upon every part of him from his shapely and beautifully-colored bill to his velvet webs—an iridescent plume and neck, white breast flecked with black, dove-colored sides, and parti-colored wings. He was beautiful in his plumage—a row of them looked beautiful baking in the “reflector,” and the taste of him excelled both the other forms of beauty.

The question has been discussed whether men, situated as we are, would not speedily return to savage character. I think not, and point to the fact that we are circumstanced very similarly to that of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. I do not know how the Garden of Eden looked, not having seen it, but I will put my opinion against that of the rest of the jury that one of these lakes, fringed with birch, maples and pines, in their autumn dress, beat it, except in the quality of apples. We have dried-apples in a paper sack here; Adam had the streaked and fragrant fruit gleaming in the foliage. So far, Adam was ahead; but I would not give in to him in any but one other respect. There was one particular in which Adam was far away ahead of us. He had Eve with him. But there were some drawbacks even in that superlative advantage. He had to get up and shave, and put on a clean linen shirt, and polish his boots. We don't. With clean flannel underwear, we don't bother ourselves about vain outward show. But we return to the question of the relation of man to

barbarism in the wilderness. Brother Brown replied that the Eden case was dead against me. There were Adam and Eve with all the advantages, and none of the disadvantages, which we possess. They were in no danger of running out of supplies of Armour's star bacon. There was no pugnacious stag (none so far as we read) to stand on the hill-top and prance and snort defiance at him. And yet he did have to leave the angelic life of the Garden, and go into the stock-raising business.

There is something to me exquisitely fascinating in this life afar from the busy world—rocking on the crystal lakes, following the devious trails, gathering the wild berries, sleeping in a tent under the majestic trees. As for sleeping, we have stolen an idea from the arctic explorers, and have sleeping-sacks, into which we go wriggling feet foremost—and they are capital arrangements. My sack is three feet wide, seven feet long, made of "duck" canvas, lined on one inside with sheep-pelt, the wool in, and on the other side with heavy Mackinaw blanketing. First, the ground in the tent is covered a foot deep with branches of the balsam tree, then water-proof rubber blankets are laid over the carpet of twigs, next a buffalo-robe, then the sleeping-sack with the sheep-pelt side downward. You open the flap of your sack and work your way into it, and sleep as warm, soft and snug as a mouse in a roll of cotton. In order to keep the sack fresh, I have a sack-sheet of muslin which can be taken out and laundered. The sides of this pocket-bed are arranged with loops so that you can swing it up among the trees as a hammock, if you like to sleep,

bird fashion, rocking in the wind. I am not unfamiliar with the grandeur of mountain scenery, and of the ocean in a gale, but for beauty I can not conceive that this little lake can be excelled in heaven or earth. Under a high hill, on its shore, a great spring is boiling the white sand. The hill is a carpet of yellow, brown, and crimson. Next to the water all around is a circlet of gold—the yellow birches. Next to them a band of crimson, the maples. One can see through them, as if they were a veil, to the great robe of dark pines upon which this surpassing jewel is set. We float out into the middle of the lake and drink in the indescribable beauty of the transformations as the sun descends behind the hills, and finally lets fall over all the starry curtain of the Night.

MUSING VI

ISLAND LAKE

(The preceding musings were written in the woods at the various places indicated. In my ramblings, which had extended to the Rocky Mountains, I had in mind a permanent location for a camp. While troutng in the Wisconsin Brule, in 1886, I extended my tramp to Pike Lakes, in search of muskallonge, and noticed what appeared to be an old road across a ridge above the lakes. "That," said my guide, "is the old Bayfield road. It was cut through from St. Paul to Bayfield about thirty years ago—and a stage line put upon it. The stage was discontinued and the mail carried on horseback. The horse was discontinued and old Indian Bosky carried it. Bosky quit and the road was blocked up by fallen trees and overgrown with thickets." "What sort of a country is it?" I asked. "Sand barrens, lakes, Norway and jack-pine 'mber. No end to fish and game. No settlers between here and Gordon, forty miles." At last I had found what I was looking for—a country not likely to be occupied by people for many years. "I saw a herd of moose on Island Lake last year," my guide continued. "Island Lake. where is that?" "'Bout eighteen miles from here, right on the old road, the loveliest picture you ever saw." "Let's go!" "All right, but you can't get a team through there." That was the highest attraction of all.

We had spent five summers at Island Lake when C. L. T. came to spend his vacation with us. By that time we had built a barn on the main-land, and a number of log-cabins on the island. His description will answer as an introduction to the remainder of this book.)

For several years he readers of this paper have been teased, not to say tormented, with exasperating glimpses of this "Camp Metropole in the woods."



They have been permitted to see glimpses for an instant here and there until, like the writer, they were fairly wild for a view of the whole scene. They have been made fairly familiar with certain tantalizing words, as—camp-fire, island, Norway pines, deer in the lake and log-cabins, but have been quite at a loss to put them together. Like inexpert children building with picture blocks, they have not been able to construct the scene to their satisfaction. And the venerable Robinson Crusoe, who presides here, with the fine scorn of details characteristic of genius, has resolutely refused to give them help. He has given a touch to the canvas, as if to say, "Now, fill it in for yourselves, if you can," and then, with a half audible chuckle, "but you can't."

The charms of this region have been so idealized by him, that it is part of his creed that this part of the universe is indescribable. Stanley may write up Mozambique, and Kane may sketch the North Pole and Proctor diagram the Milky Way, but this Island Lake must by its immensity forever remain unwritten. Crusoe believes in this as he believes in *THE INTERIOR* and the music of the spheres. At the risk, then, of his displeasure, and the certainty that he will mentally annotate this description by inwardly abusing at once my temerity and my art, I proceed to draw aside the curtain, and give our readers as I may the tout ensemble of what they long have had in flashes, glimpses and dashes.

We will never artistically understand a place unless we understand its approaches. To come suddenly on any fine thing is quite to unnerve our judgment. The

mind needs perspective. Island Lake has this in the sixteen miles of wilderness road stretching its weary length between Iron River and this point. Crusoe is to be forgiven for never having attempted a description of the first three miles of that road. When he wants to make his isolation doubly secure, and guard himself effectually against "summer boarders," all he needs to do is to tell the unvarnished and complete truth about that road. Uphill and down, over roots and stumps and fallen trees, through sloughs of despond and over bridges consisting of logs rolling loosely on a stream, the ponies floundered, worried, pulled and slipped along. That road is probably no fuller of logs than of the debris of dyspepsia knocked out of city folks on their way to camp. But following those three miles of wrecks of creation come thirteen miles of beautiful park-like roads of sandy soil made springy by recent rain, of undulating jack pine openings and bits of prairie and shady white pine parks, where these stately giants spring from the smooth mossy sod a hundred feet clean into the bluest skies that bend over the earth anywhere west of Manhattan Island. Within three miles of this island we suddenly came upon an apparition—a substantial one—that doesn't scare the ponies—two hundred pounds of apparition under a slouch hat—behind a grizzly beard, enveloped in a black blouse, over which in a negligee way flowed a black velvet vest, which carried me back to the days of my childhood (for that vest is associated with all my conscious life), and at once I recognized Crusoe. The meeting was like that between Livingston and Stanley. I had come to find

him, and there on that lonely wilderness way I found him. We grasped hands, looked lovingly into each other's eyes, and said, "How-de—" But there the parallel ends. Livingston and Stanley sat down, while far into the night the young explorer told the old explorer of the world outside, news of which he was so eager to get; au contraire, this was the conversation by the roadside:

"Crusoe, I've come from the living world, what shall I tell you first?"

"Nothing."

"What do you want to know about the political situation?"

"Nothing."

"And the latest phase of the Briggs' case and Lane?"

"Nothing. I don't care what's become of the world."

"And THE INTERIOR, and the thermometer, and your friends?"

"I don't care. Let 'em——"

"O Crusoe, you don't mean that! And I am full of things to tell you. It's so delightful to know you have a 'scoop' on the doings of the world. Just tell me what interests you most of all in all the wide, wide world, and you shall have it fresh by special wire." But he was as indifferent as Poe's raven, and only croaked, "Nothing. What do I care!" His ponderous head dropped low in thought for a half mile of the slow trot of the ponies, and I began to wonder whether he wasn't glad to see me, when all of a sudden he straightened up, some of the animation of old

times kindled in his eyes, he leaned over and inquired eagerly (his one lonely interrogatory): "I say, did the World's Fair appropriation pass the house?" So I knew that he still hailed from Chicago!

And so we approached the barn. By the necessities of the situation we come to the barn first. This is on the main-land, just where the shore shelves down to the lake. Now, there are barns and barns. There is the Lancaster County three-story, venetian-blind, red-painted, white cupola barn, of the Pennsylvania Dutchman. There is the Nebraska straw-roof barn, backed up against a straw-stack for protection. There is the suburban stable, Queen Anne, low lintel, broad veranda, vine-covered, and a general air of equine leisure. But this barn on the lake is part of the landscape and sui generis. It makes no pretensions, but it covers the ponies, and it is an object to greet the traveler with the exhilarating announcement, "This is the outpost of the island." Now as we stand on the shore of the lake while our "effects" are being stowed in the boat, we take our first hurried view of the situation. The island, with its crown of magnificent pines, rises nearly from the center of the lake at a distance of one-eighth of a mile from the shore; rises boldly to an altitude of about fifty feet above the water. From the northern part the Stars and Stripes are floating gaily from the flagstaff in honor of our arrival. Several cabins are visible among the trees. A pretty log boat-house is at the water's edge. Around this bit of poetry flow the waters of as pretty a little lake as one could anywhere find, and round the lake are the pine wooded shores,

sloping grandly back to the wilderness of unfathomable shade and unbroken silence. It looked as if Nature had said: "I fling forests abroad without limit, in a free-and-easy fashion that accords with my power; but this gem of an island, on which I have done my best, I set down in the perspective of this lake, and frame it so in blue and gold, my chef d'œuvre in the gallery of the world."

Our feet once upon the island, the scene somewhat changes. The sense of solitude passes away. We are among friends. The prattle of children's voices is around us. The sounds of merriment rise on the air. The central building is after the pattern of a southern manor house of the olden time in this—that its central hallway running through the house is hall and reception-room at once. The walls are tapestried with chintz and garnished, as befits the place, with a small armory of guns of various kinds and sizes, and fishing tackle of the most approved pattern. At the western end of this hallway is a broad veranda, and beyond that, among the pines, "the institution" of this establishment—the family camp-fire.

The prophet's chamber—to which Crusoe presently conducts us—is at the extreme northern point of the island. Here is the library—a large square room, with a center table, a book-case full of books, a French window opening out on a rustic veranda looking out on the lake and the woods. Near by is the artist's tent, where the idyllic view across the lake is slowly taking form on canvas.

Crusoe allows little time for unpacking before he has taken us around the island. "The camp" is quite

extensive and very well adapted for a summer home. Beyond the main building are smaller ones for kitchen, store-room, etc., and a dining-room with a wainscoting of white pine logs and a tent roof of white and brown-striped canvas. Here is where the "course dinners" are served. As Crusoe has little patience to wait for courses, he generally comes on the scene about the middle of the hour. When he was abroad the "table d'hotes" nearly killed him, till he struck the happy American expedient of having his dinner served all at once on a little table in a corner. When he proposed this first in a French dining-room the head waiter said: "Ah! vell, monsieur, but it vill make ze addition bigger." His reply settled it: "I don't care what it costs; bring on your dinner and put it on this little table, and I will help myself." After that he saved an hour and a half a day.

After our first meal in the dining-room described above, Crusoe, with an imperious wave of the hand, said, "Follow me." We entered a boat, crossed the lake, ran the boat up the sand, started into the forest. Not quite accustomed to following blindly, I inquired: "Where are you going?" Another plunge into the bushes, and the laconic reply: "Going to show you a deer." My previous experiences of "going to see deer" had implied anywhere from five to twenty miles of tramping. So I began to beg off; I was tired; it was past sundown; impossible to find deer to-night. "Oh! come on," was all that was vouchsafed. So on we strode on a path that was velvet, and through Gothic aisles that dwarfed Westminster, over one hill, past one little lake and out on

another ridge, when Crusoe's left hand came on my shoulder and his right pointed down to a second lake; and there was the deer—a beautiful young buck grazing by the water's edge, as peaceful and undisturbed as if man had never invaded these solitudes. And we did not disturb him. We walked back and, repassing the little lake on our left, there was a doe, equally unconscious, grazing among the lilies.

“Crusoe, are these the tame deer of your backyard, or do you keep a couple tethered there for the delectation of your friends?”

“Walk down the bank and see how tame they are.”

So gently I slipped along the sod, and presently, a few rods from the doe, emerged from the bushes. Then came the poetry of motion. Talk about dancing! It is falling around a floor, compared to the undulating rhythmic bounding of that doe. It was not a frightened run; it was leisurely, as if to say, “Who's afraid, still, discretion is the better part of valor.” So, as if borne on invisible wings, she rose and fell across the hazel bushes, swung herself up the hillside, paused a moment on the summit, as if her good breeding forbade undue haste, and then disappeared in the gathering night. No master of grace could give any lessons to a deer in a forest. Ah! what clod-hoppers we mortals be!

I have alluded to the camp-fire. There each day closes. As soon as the shadows follow the sunset into the west the great pine logs are piled upon the fire. Chairs are gathered around it; then as the lace-work of light and shadow wavers among the pines and across the lake, while the stars peep in through

the fir-fretted roof, and the moon goes down behind the pines on the western hill—the crown of the day comes in the discourse grave and gay, which, brighter than the firelight, illumines the past, or, like the rising sparks pries into the shadows of the future. Then friendship holds sway and dominates the universe. Then we fall into sympathy with the words Dr. Henry J. VanDyke uttered only a few months before his death, when in a small circle of friends he rose, and with tears in his voice, said: “I have reached the point when I care not what men think of my scholarship, my talents, my orthodoxy or my services, so only there are around the people who love me.”

On one particular evening around that camp-fire a strange and weird interruption came into the discourse, and swung us away from the “Higher Criticism” and “The New Theology.” The acute ears of the small boys who hung like a fringe around the circle heard it first—a low, long, dismal howl, across the lake and woods. It came nearer, sharper—“A wolf!” was the general exclamation. “Yes, he is after a deer.” It came nearer. “That’s no wolf,” chimed in Friday, who stays here not three months, but twelve, “that’s a hound.” Anyhow he was industrious. He filled the still night with his clamor. Crusoe became alarmed for his deer. Some scoundrel had brought a dog into these woods sacred to silence and “musings,” and was frightening away the beautiful pets in Crusoe’s backyard. It should not be. It was ten o’clock. The howling of the hound was miles away. But Crusoe’s blood was up. “Who will go dog-hunting with me?” I never was very good at hunting dogs,

so I kept discreetly silent. The artist sprang up; "I will go." And they two went—poet and painter—hunting a dog! Their lantern disappeared in the woods. We waited till midnight, hearing the retreating howling of the dog, waiting for the return of our fine art hunters with a dog's scalp on their girdle; and finally gave it up and retired. They came in about one o'clock. When in the morning I geyed them on their peculiar hunting taste, Crusoe brought his number nine fist down on the table with a thump that made the dishes jump: "I care nothing about hunting a deer; it doesn't stir a pulse. But if there is anything that stirs me up it is to hear a dog hunt a deer, and I would tramp these woods from one end to the other to shoot that dog. That's the kind of hunting I like."

We went for a long tramp the other day, Crusoe and I. We carried guns, in case of meeting a stray bear, or for a signal in case we got separated and lost. In the course of time we did get separated. As, however, we agreed to go to North Chain Lakes, I pushed on in hope of finding that chain, though being a stranger in these parts I had only a dim idea of the direction. Pretty soon I heard a gun, a good ways to the west. Either Crusoe was lost, or had found a bear. I debated a moment, and concluded in either case he would push on for the rendezvous, and redoubled my pace. Twenty minutes, and another shot. Then I felt sure he was lost. It was a signal of distress. But I felt a trifle confused, and so had room for only one idea—I must push on to North Chain. To be frank, I didn't know where North

Chain was. I supposed, from its name, it must be north, so I kept the sun on my left shoulder (for it was toward evening) and pushed on. But I became uneasy. I could find neither Crusoe nor the Chain. I began to calculate on the probabilities of being obliged to camp all night among bears and wolves, with not a match in my pocket and only a few cartridges in the magazine. I also began to suspect that I had passed the North Chain; then I had no objective point except the North Star. And Crusoe was still lost! The chances for finding him in that endless forest were desperately slim. At length, another shot. It was straight behind me, but miles away. Poor Crusoe! I knew he was troubled, possibly with the absurd thought that I was lost. But I was there, and I couldn't find North Chain or Crusoe. Evidently they were both lost. Just then a partridge rose in front of me. It is a pity to level a 45-Bullard at a partridge, but then it would serve as an answering signal, too. So I fired, picked up my partridge and hurried south. Going north was plainly not a success. Soon other signal-guns were fired by my lost companion, and after a weary tramp I found him sitting on a log with the look of a discouraged prophet. I was delighted to find him. It took a load off my mind. But his long wandering made him talk strangely. He seemed to think I had been lost. He declared he was going to fire a few more signals, then leave me in the woods, hurry home, rouse the camp, get out all the guns and scatter for the rescue. But then he always had a touch of romance about him! How peculiar I should have felt if he had carried out his purpose,

and I had, in the stilly night, thus been surrounded by a cordon of men and guns as if I had been a wild beast in his lair. But I forgave his absurd agitation. It must be unnerving to be lost in these woods. I am profoundly glad I found him and brought him in triumph to his family. The "Camp-fire Musings" will therefore be continued.

C. L. T.

APPENDIX.

Dr. Thompson is sitting under a tree with a tablet and pencil, a dreamy light in his eyes, a sort of far away look, and I suspect he is making history of his great march from the Bear Wallow to the North Chain. Cæsar's commentaries are better understood in the light of Livy—therefore posterity ought to have the record of a contemporaneous observer. I proposed to him an armed stroll on the sides of an equilateral triangle—two miles west to the Wallow, two miles northeast to the Chain, two miles south to the place of starting. We had accomplished the first third of the walk, and turned for the second when I suggested that we had better make a curve further to the west, which would give us a beautiful parky prairie for our northeasterly walk, and this we did. The Doctor insisted upon walking on a parallel line a couple of hundred feet from me. He did not say why, but most woodsmen with a rifle in hand will understand why. I kept an eye on him, and was about to call to him that we must now run east, as our curve had brought us nearly a mile west of the Chains, when he passed behind a small thicket of dwarf pines. In a moment or two an antlered stag ran across my line of march

two or three hundred yards ahead. That surprised me, as I knew the Doctor must have started him, and therefore must be considerably in advance of me, so I gave a signal whistle. No answer. Well, I thought, the doctor is stalking a bear or deer or something, and does not wish to imperil his chance by answering, so I stood still and waited some moments. Then I repeated the signal—no answer. Then I called—no answer. Then I yelled my best. Silence followed the echoes. There was no time now for dallying, so I fired my rifle, a 45-70, which has a tremendous voice, and waited for an answering gun. None came. Now I was alarmed. He could not possibly have gone beyond the sound of my gun. If he had fallen insensible, that would explain it, but nothing else would. So I made rapid search as far on his course as he could have gone—no Thompson. “Here is a pretty box,” I said; “I have gone and lost the pastor of Madison Avenue”—fired again, and started rapidly east for the Chain, where I fired two shots in quick succession, which is the “lost-signal,” and then intended to go home as fast as possible to arouse the camp, when far from the northwest drifted the report of a gun—seemed to be miles away. I never before heard a shot that gave me so much joy. I fired at intervals to direct him toward me. Soon I heard him yell, and he broke cover a short way off.

“Hello! Old Grizzly,” he said, “so you lost yourself. I’ve had a miserable time finding you—was positively uneasy about you.”

W. C. G.

MUSING VII

ISLAND LAKE

Words undergo curious transformations—"corduroy" for example, from "cœur du roy," heart of the king. Under the happy reign of what French king it was that an inventive weaver produced this velvety, pliant, noiseless cloth, I know not; but his majesty ordered a hunting suit of it and gave it a royal name. The ridgy cut of the nap suggested the name to a road over a swamp, made by laying logs close together crosswise of the track, so that a corduroy road is a kingly highway! Well, likely enough the bump-bump-bump-chuck-sag of a corduroy-road *is* something like the experiences of a royal life. Still all such ideas are liable to be hammered to bits by some vandal philosopher. There is that remark of Henry the Fourth's: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Clemens showed the absurdity of that notion by saying that any fool ought to know that kings do not wear crowns in bed. They take them off and hang them on the back of a chair. There is a kind of corduroy that gives an unpleasant odor—it is the deodorized cloth that the king admired. It don't rip, nor tear, nor catch burs. It is warm and soft. For a lady's dress or a gentleman's suit for out-door life there is nothing like it. Get dark colors, dark grays are the best, for camping suits.

It was hot—that furnace-blast heat of the sun of which there has been so much this summer—when we left Chicago. The grass was sere as grass can be, a good deal of it had been burnt over. The dust was as deep as dust can be on the roads. A night's and part of a day's run brought, oh, what a contrast! Green grass, strong, cool breezes, damp earth, water so cold that one of the boys said that "ice would make it warm," flowing among the green mosses of the woods. Instead of sweltering in unbearable heat we heaped high the camp-fire. There are not many people who know how to build a camp-fire. You must not simply pile up wood and make a blaze; but you must so build it that the heat will be shot into the tent or cabin door. To do this, take two logs, green pine or any other unburnable wood will do. Make a V of them, only let the angle be obtuse, not acute. Place the point away from the cabin. Now lay small green logs, two or three of them, across the V, and put the light, dry wood above and below. In this way the heat is mostly reflected in horizontal lines in any direction you may arrange for. You can heat your cabin from a fire ten or fifteen feet away from the door as comfortably as if the fire were inside.

When the camp-fire is well going then bring out the guitar or banjo, or flute or violin, or all of them. What a lot of music a boy can get out of a "harmonica"! Our young Indian cook has one. He puts a thumb against each end and covers his face with his hands, bowl-fashion, and, with a guitar accompaniment, gets more stirring inspiration out of it than one of Theodore Thomas' full band concerts

ever did in this camp! The Indian's reed is to the Thomas concert what the murmur of the ripples of our little Island Lake are to the boom and roar of the ocean. Maybe it is not the music of the little reed. It may be the sighing of the pines, the lights and shadows which come and go among them, the rippling of the wavelets upon the shore, the silence of the wide solitude. One does not always take account of the influences which strike him from all sides, above, below and around.

A young half-grown deer took it into his head to make us an afternoon call. He swam across to



our island and came close to the cabins. We were short of meat and a rifle came quickly out. Mrs. Gray saw its "sweet, innocent baby face," and positively forbade any one to harm it. "Well, then, let us catch it and have a pet deer." That was agreed to, and a cordon was formed to drive it into the lake where George was ready with a boat. We closed in, as we sup-

posed, upon it, but no deer was to be seen. The cunning little fellow ran past us on the margin under cover of the birches, and plunging in got such a start of the boat that he could not be caught. It takes good paddling, anyway, to beat a swimming deer.

This little chap showed only his nose and ears above water—and he “went like a streak.” The deer’s ability to swim is its defense against the wolf. What the secret of the refusal of the wolf to follow a deer into the water is I am not sure. The wolf has better feet for fast swimming than the deer. The bear has better paddles than either of them, and yet he will not swim except upon strong necessity. My opinion is that the deer is more than a match for its enemy in the water—that, if a doe, she would knock the swimming wolf’s head to tatters with her blade-like forehoofs, and if a buck he would quickly kill him with his antlers. However it is, the wolf gives up the chase when the deer reaches deep water, and he doubtless has ample reasons for so doing.

The biting animals are pretty well matched by the striking animals. I experimented with a porcupine to see how he maintained his place in the economy of nature. He does not simply rely upon his defenses, but knows how to attack. The spines on his tail project out on each side so that the result is a weapon flat and double-edged. With this he strikes a powerful blow, and woe to the animal whom he reaches with it. “Porky” is a harmless rhodent, nearly related to the beaver. I took one for his quills and found him to be much heavier than would be supposed—some twenty or more pounds. A badger has his den near one of my walks, and I hoped to catch him out—came just near enough to hear him blow and see his magnificent set of teeth. A badger makes a very pretty pet. Two bars of black run over his head between the eyes and fade out into his general creamy

gray. He is cleanly, and his suit of fur is always in perfect order.

The intelligence and vivacity of wild animals is blunted by domestication. Their wits are sharpened by the necessity of relying on themselves—the same as with young men and women. What the squirrel means by some of his movements is a puzzle. I have come upon many of them which were remarkably tame—seem to regard man as being what Darwin described Adam to be, “a harmless, arboreal, frugivorous animal.” But your squirrel, as soon as he sees you, takes a conspicuous seat on a low, projecting limb, and keeps time with his plume to his lively chatter. What does he do that for? Not as a signal of alarm to his relatives, because he is in no wise alarmed himself. The gay fellow likes admiration, and is ambitious to be seen and heard. Imagine a lot of such people trying to conduct a prayer-meeting!

Our squirrels make themselves welcome in the supply tent. One of them was seen at the further end of the island carrying a large light roll up a tree. One fellow thought he knew the way to the cracker-box, found some paper in his way, held it aside with one hand and pulled out a ginger-snap with the other, took a bite out of it and paused to consider. This was not the kind of a cracker he had bargained for. But he turned it around and took a taste out of the other side, and sat in a reflective way to decide upon its merits. The conclusion was favorable, and he ran off with it. Indeed he seemed quite pleased with his bonanza of ginger-snaps, and was soon back after another. I could have given him a pointer on them.

The right way to eat them is to make a sandwich of them with light bread, if you have any. A little fellow took a cracker off the dining-table and jumped six feet with it to a pine tree. A squirrel will not go to the ground if he can make his way by a long leap above. I am going to find out just how far a squirrel can jump—put up a pole ten feet high and say eight feet from a tree and bait it with a cracker—and keep moving it a foot at a time until he climbs down. Having discovered how far he can jump with a cracker, by weighing the squirrel and weighing the cracker, one can, by an involved mathematical process, in which x will stand for the jumping distance, determine how far he can jump free from the weight of the cracker. If anybody is inclined to make light of such a process of original scientific investigation, I will say that it is quite as important as much of that which occupies attention in academies of science and theological seminaries. An accurate knowledge of the distance a squirrel can jump is a "little learning." It has this advantage, that it is not a "dangerous thing." Mrs. Gray provides herself before coming to camp with hickory-nuts, pecans, and other dainties; the squirrels frisk around her chair begging for them. She is piecing a highly artistic quilt of silks and satins, using remnants and patches of her own and of her friend's dresses, with some new pieces bought for the purpose. A squirrel came in, as she supposed for a nut, but a moment later she saw a choice piece of silk going up a pine tree. "Oh, you little rascal!" she exclaimed. Aristocratic squirrel! feasting on luxuries from Brazil, sleeping in silks from Lombardy!

MUSING VIII

A CAMP-FIRE LOVE-SONG

Back of what we may call the camp-fire hearth, a space among the trees where the fire is built, stands a post eight feet high, set into the ground and surrounded by the torch. This is a basket made of round iron bars, a half inch in diameter, shaped like a goblet, and capable of holding two bushels of pine knots. The stem of the basket passes through the base—which catches and retains the dropping coals and ashes—and into the post. During the day Georgie puts some birch bark in the torch, and then fills it full of pine-knots. A match is touched to it in the evening, and the flame rises six feet high and lights up the whole island. Seen from the lake or the further shores the torch-flame is hidden by the smaller trees, the wild cherry, dwarf-oak and birches, and the effect is that the island forest appears to be self-luminous.

And let me speak of what will seem to be a digression from the serious topic of a love-song: The subject of pine-knots—though a good many people in the pine regions can tell you that there is an intimate relation between pine-knots and love-knots, and sometimes with love notes. When a pine tree has wholly decayed, leaving no other trace, you will find the pine-knots lying along where it lay and decayed fifty years before, so that you could draw a picture of the tree

as it was when it stood, and rightly place the branches and show the contour. These knots are solid and flinty. One of them alone will not burn. They are like a piece of coal in this particular, but they give a lasting white flame in the torch, and, unlike coal, maintain the brilliance of the light till they are all consumed. I made a reckoning of how long the knots of a vanished pine tree had lain and lasted on the ground, by the size and age of trees which had occupied its place.

I proposed to submit a love-song which I had written during the day to the critical judgment of the company. Georgie put a match to the torch, and sitting down on an empty cracker-box played an overture on his mouth-organ. Georgie plays voluntaries and interludes on that instrument on all occasions and on no occasion. The critics brought out chairs, camp-stools, boxes, and seated themselves comfortably around the camp-fire, ready to hear and pronounce literary judgment on the song of :

LOVE IN THE WOODS

She met me in a grassy glade
That slept within the wildwood,
Emerging from the silent shade
Where thrushes sang and shadows played—
Our trysting place in childhood.

My rosy, sparkling, charming girl,
Stood where the sun and shadow
With sunlight shuttles green and pearl,
Wove fairy carpets in the swirl
Of soft grass in the meadow.

A Camp-fire Love-Song

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For winds had blown, and rains had rolled,
The blades and flowers beating
In many a twisting turn and fold,
And draped the trees in red and gold
In honor of our meeting.

She met me with a saucy air,
That lovely girl. She tricked me!
For like a lion from his lair,
Amid this scene so sweet and fair,
Leaped out her dad, and licked me.

"What a shame to turn such a pretty poem into burlesque," said a lady, looking reproachfully at me through her spectacles. "And besides it is not true." There was an emphasis on the "not true" which sent a laugh around the circle.

"I feel as if some one had slapped me in the face while I was admiring a charming bit of scenery," remarked another elderly lady.

"It is a wicked disappointment," said the young lady.

The unappreciative men laughed both at the poem and at the critics. I protested that an antiquated individual must not be expected to write a love-song seriously—that is for the youngsters to do. But women are always tender-hearted. They said some pleasant things about the first three stanzas, asked me to strike out the fourth, and give the song an appropriate ending. Good art stops half way and leaves the rest to the imagination. That is a confession by the artist that the imaginative powers of those who love art are equal to, or better than, his own. There is a veiled flattery in it, which, while they may

not perceive it as such, they enjoy. If he go beyond suggestion he is liable to fall below just expectation and so fail. But as my love-song was already a failure I promised to rewrite it, and on the next evening respectfully submitted the ballad of

MY SWEETHEART AND THE BIRDS

She met me in a grassy glade
That slept within the wildwood,
Emerging from the silent shade
Where thrushes sang and shadows played—
Our trysting place in childhood.

My rosy, sparkling, charming girl,
Stood where the sun and shadow
With sunlight shuttles green and pearl,
Wove fairy carpets in the swirl
Of soft grass in the meadow.

For winds had blown, and rains had rolled,
The blades and flowers beating
In many a twisting turn and fold,
And draped the trees in red and gold
In honor of our meeting.

A tanager in brilliant blood
Sang out, "to-meet, to-meet-you,"
Peered down upon her where she stood
Her soft eyes kindling while he wooed :—
"You-sweet, you-sweet, you-sweet-you."

An oriole twisting hammock strings,
His mate his only tasker,
Because for her he weaves and sings
And flutters love-words with his wings :—
"Why-don't, why-don't-you—ask her?"

A vireo bent a daisy's pride,
A piquant bunch of bliss, her
Bright ruby eyes she opened wide,
And as she rocked from side to side :—
“ If-I-were-you-I'd—kiss her.”

A crow came flapping through the air
Vociferously cawing,
Glanced at my beauty waiting there,
And at my awkward, bashful stare :—
“ Pshaw, pshaw !” and flew off pshawing.

The red bird's sweetest words I spoke,
Obeyed the oriole,
And when the vireo's hint I took
Her sweet eyes kindled with a look
That thrilled me to my soul.

The red-cap beat his loud applause,
And rapturous rang the veery ;
The crow set up ecstatic caws,
The white-owl yelled and snapt his jaws—
His way of being cheery !

The trombone gray owl's rhythmic hoot,
Loon-buglers shrilly laughing,
The pheasant's drum, the blue bird's flute—
In this wild medley none were mute,
Some cheering and some chaffing.

The black-bird from the river brink
And wood-thrush led the singing
In trios with the bob-o-link,
The robin and the sweet chewink,
And all the woods were ringing.

And that is why we wander far
Amid these wilds and meadows,
And shall until the evening star
Lets fall her curtains, and we are
Lost in the falling shadows.

"That is better," said the lady with the knitting.

"I always did like the vireo," said the young lady;
"and I am going to catch one, cage him and hang
him up in my parlor at home."

"Better introduce the oriole first," said the lady
with the knitting.

Indian George glanced at the various speakers with a
puzzled look, and then relapsed into a brown study,
occasionally looking up inquiringly at me.

"What is the matter, Georgie? Don't you think it
is all true?"

"Yes, I have heard the birds talk that way myself,"
said Georgie. "But I have been thinking and trying
to remember, and I don't think I ever saw an oriole
making strings when the trees were red and yellow."

"The sharpest critic in the party!" exclaimed one;
and so the Indian carried off the literary honors of
the evening.

MUSING IX

FISHING

The question of the existence of fish in some of these isolated lakes, while others, near by, and quite as attractive so far as appearances go, are destitute of fish life, is something of a puzzle. I have heard it said that fish will be found in any lake where they can live; that a somewhat shallow and small lake, by freezing to the depth of three feet or so, both becomes impure and destitute of free oxygen in winter. The ice casts down all the impurity of the surface water and excludes the oxygen of the atmosphere. But lakes destitute of all fish life except the perch, which lives everywhere, have been stocked, and the fish thrive finely. There are some very beautiful sheets of water here, a mile long, more or less, with no fish, except the universal perch, and I am supplying them with bass, which are the only game fish in easy reach. The mistake made by some fishermen is in the employment of heavy machinery. I have caught and held so strong and gamy a fish as a five-pound black bass with a delicate little hook such as you would employ in catching minnows for bait, and have caught and landed a twenty-pound muskallonge with a number four Skinner spoon. You do not want to drag a fish out of the water by main force, and you do not want to give him pain. Tire him out, and, if you

wish to eat him, kill him immediately by striking your knife through the spine back of the head. The blow destroys sensibility and kills him instantly. It is barbarous to let him lie gasping and die slowly of suffocation. I use an eight-ounce lancewood rod—these showy “split bamboos” are a delusion and a snare—a light silk line, and a fine hook not over three-eighths of an inch across from barb to shank. With this I caught loads of fine bass for colonization in other lakes, and did not hurt one of them. As an example, I hooked a three-pound bass securely. The water was very clear and I saw another fish try to get the bait away from him. My victim did not seem to be aware of the hook, but made a vigorous fight to keep his frog. I put an end to this unseemly contention between brethren by lifting the one into my tub with the landing net, and then supplying the wants of the other. I store my fish in a perforated apple-barrel till I have enough for a colony, thirty to fifty, and then I dip them out and put them in a whisky-barrel two-thirds full—of water, and thus transport them. They seem to enjoy the excursion, and dart off into deep water like arrows, when released in their new home. Whether the whisky-barrel has any effect in this liveliness, I am not prepared to say. One view of the case would be that the lingering aroma of bourbon exercises a pleasing and cheering effect upon their spirits, and makes them frisky. Another is that they dart off for deep water because they are so glad to get away from the barrel with its immoral associations. As I remarked about Lane theology, there are the two theories, and you can take your choice.

I do not know of any exercise so good for the development of the graces of patience and perseverance as going a-fishing, and being your own boatman. I started out with a light heart this morning to get my whisky-barrel full and ready to be hauled off to Loon Lake; walked two miles or so to Harold Lake, launched and pulled off, but the wind came up so strong that I had to pull on the oars all the time, having no adequate anchor. A good smoothing-iron is the best, a regular hook-anchor is sure to get irretrievably fast on a log or root four or five feet under water, so if you can get away with one of your wife's laundry irons, without her knowing it, do so. There is not a woman in the United States who will willingly let her husband carry off her smoothing-irons for anchors, and forget one here and lose one there, and ruin them all with rust. Women have to draw the line somewhere, and that line runs on the right side of such misappropriation of domestic utensils. Very well then, if the boat would not stay, let her drive. She would bring up somewhere—meantime I would fish anyway, and drew back for a scientific cast. That line took the main branch of a snarly jack-oak and went around it twice. Then it reached for a dead limb and executed a double bow-knot around that. Then it shot through a mass of twigs where it could get a fresh hold at every inch of the way to get it out, and there the hook and bait dangled and swung gaily like a pendulum below. The wind seemed to be in collusion with the jack-oak and the fish-line, and every attempt at the oars to keep abreast with the hard times resulted in a new grip of that line on some

other part of that oak. Just then the discovery was made that the reel end of the line had gone around the reel-axle a few times, and had buried itself securely between the wooden handle and the metal of the crank. Another instant and something would have to break, so I threw the whole rig toward the shore, found a landing place, tied the boat, and spent the rest of the forenoon, like Zaccheus, in the top of that tree, whittling it to pieces with my pen-knife—the toughest and hardest wood in America—and then went home to camp.

Thank Providence for that! My dear wife came to me when I was writing and said, “My dear, I am going to take the girls and cross over and gather some blue-berries. There is a pot of soup-meat on the stove. Wouldn’t you like to see that it does not boil dry and burn, and that the fire is kept up?” “Certainly, certainly, my dear. You can rely upon me. You shall see the royalest pot of soup ever served in this camp.” Just as I wrote “camp” above, I remembered the soup-meat, dashed down the pen, nearly broke my spectacles, and went as nearly ten feet at a jump as I could make it toward the kitchen, expecting to get the odor of burnt meat, and catching at some plausible explanation of the catastrophe. But the water in the pot was full and delightfully cool. The last spark of fire had long disappeared. The soup will not be as savory as it might be, but that will be a mercy compared with no soup at all.


But to return to the subject of fishing. The best fishing is in water where there is every kind, black-bass, green-bass, silver-bass, croppies, wall-eyed-pike,

hickory-shad, pickerel, gars, sheepshead, muskallonge, and cat-fish. To find all these you must have a large lake with confluent, like Winnebago; or any of the small-mouthed bays of the great northern lakes. In Winnebago I have caught all of them excepting muskallonge. The large pickerel there get credit for being their superior cousins, which they are not. The advantage of fishing where these varieties abound is, to the amateur, the uncertainty of what has stricken his bait. It may be a fine fish or an atrocious sheeps-head. The practiced fisherman finds pleasure in recognizing the kind of a fish which he has hooked, and its size. The unwelcome sheeps-head fights like a bass and would be mistaken for a large one but for the short little jerks he gives when running. The gamiest fish is the black-bass at a weight of three pounds. The amateur shouts that he has hooked a whale. He is up to all kinds of tricks, leaps out of the water, tangles the line in the weeds at the bottom, runs under the boat, and unless you keep a taut line he will get away. The five or six-pound bass is slower in his motions, but moves with a force which compels you to give him line as long as he runs. If he be caught near shore he starts straight for deep water. I have amused myself when catching a large one by using an oar as a rudder for my light little boat, and steering while the fish took me in tow. The hickory-shad is a beautiful fighter, and a beautiful fish, but too bony for any one but a gentleman or lady of leisure. I have no respect for a pickerel. He makes a dash and then quits, and pulling him in is like hooking a piece of water-soaked log. I never eat pickerel.



I think the effect on a man would be to make him a poltroon and a loafer. The pike is only less gamy than the bass. Caught in the spring, his flesh is firm, white, and delicate in flavor, but he degenerates in warm weather.

The silver-bass is a pretty and gamy fish, and has the peculiarity that he bites best in rough water. He likes to be pulled out of the side of a wave that has a silver comb on it. I know of nothing more exhilarating than a good boat on a rough lake and a school of silver-bass. You want a good anchor, a long rope, and a boatman to hold the rope, so that he can give slack for a big wave. A short rope tied to the boat will quickly evolve you into a porpoise. In the northern waters, fish will not bite till it is warm enough to wake them from their long winter sleep. Nor can you catch them in the usual time of taking a vacation, July and August, when the water is warm and their food abundant, unless you understand their habits. The liveliest fishing in northern waters is between the middle of May and the first of July. May fishing is done in comparatively shallow water, which becomes warm earliest. As the season advances they retire to deeper and deeper water. They do not like the hot sun, and even in June do their feeding in the morning and evening. I have a reputation at some of the resorts as a fisherman, which I won by learning the habits of fish in relation to temperature. I take soundings, and finding water of sufficient depth try it, and keep on trying till I get a strike, and then anchor. A strike in twenty to forty feet of water usually means a school. As for bait, it does not make



much difference what you use. The philosophy of a school of fish is the same as the philosophy of schools of men or women—that “blessings brighten as they take their flight.” You must make a fish believe that you do not want him to get your bait, that it is trying to get away from him. Then he will chase it and catch it for the fun of the thing, though he may be already too full to eat it. When you feel a strike give your rod a very slight twitch—do not jerk it. If you have hooked your fish he will run; if he do not, wait a moment and try him again. The twitch of the rod should represent to the fish only the force which a frog or minnow would exert in trying to free itself from his jaws. When he starts, place your thumb on the line and press it against the rod only firmly enough to make him pull, and be very quick to reel in the line and keep it taut when he turns. A taut line is specially necessary when a bass or muskallonge jumps out of the water. Let him tire himself out, then lift him in with the dip-net and kill him. I insist that fishing need not be a cruel sport. Caught in the edges of the mouth, it does not give them any considerable pain, which fact they show by their actions. The small brain and simple nervous system are by themselves evidence that fish are not sensitive.

The most beautiful and most talented of fish is the brook-trout, but usually his small size makes him an easy captive, and his tactics of wrapping the line around a root or snag makes it necessary to land him promptly. He takes to cold alder-lined streams, where there is plenty of shade. If you are not hardy enough to wade in cold water, fishing from the banks

of such streams is not good sport. There is an attraction of gravitation between a fish-line and a swamp-alder. The alder will reach for the line, or the line for the alder, or both for each other, and it is impossible to keep them from a fond embrace. Good trouting can only be had in mountain streams, boatable rivers, or, if in a small stream, where there are rapids and waterfalls. In trout-fishing you must keep out of sight of the fish. I was trouting in a Rocky Mountain stream, stole up to a pool and flung my fly. A fine trout darted out and turned every way, looking to see whether the pretended fly were not a fake, saw me, and darted under the bushes. I came back to the pool in a half hour, and made a cast from a distance, made the fly skip, and caught him. I think he came out again and looked around for me before he concluded that he was hungry.

Doctors are a great trial to people. I found that out when I happened to tell our family physician at home of my habit of getting wet in rains and wading in cold water. He solemnly and learnedly said, that, to a man of my age, it was dangerous, and that if I persisted in it he would not be responsible to my family for the consequences. I said nothing, but resolved that I would not be cheated out of good trouting and fishing for a city doctor. (On this subject some experiences are given in a musing written a year or two later than this one.)

I have tried boots—but they interfere with the comfort of walking, so I put a couple of pairs of warm woolen stockings in my coat pocket and a pair of two of moccasins, and when I come to the stream,

jump right into it with my shoes and stockings on and move up it. By keeping in motion the feet soon feel comfortable in the cold water. One can stand a couple of hours of it, and then the feet must be dried and rubbed, and clad in the dry and warm stockings and moccasins, and the walk be brisk and lively. If the feet and ankles be dry and warm, one can afford to have wet clothing from the knees, or somewhat above them, downward. When I read Stockton's very funny story of the casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine I knew that he waded for trout in his shoes and stockings, otherwise he would not have known that two pairs of woolen stockings are as good to keep out the cold in cold water as they are to keep out the cold in cold air. The trout is the cunningest fish that swims, as well as the most beautiful, but it must be a fine trout that will equal a three-pound small-mouth black-bass. Trout is fine eating for a meal or two, but then one has enough of it. The finest fish in salt or fresh water is the white-fish, freshly caught. Next to him, and indeed I may say his equal, is the pike. These two have the same relation to other fish-meat that excellent plain bread and light rolls have to the other food on the table. The trout is a sweet-meat, a sort of swimming stick of candy. Sea-fish are poor stuff. I never tasted one that I thought was worth the labor and effort of eating. One ought not to expect much of a sea-fish, who has to devote his whole life to the business of keeping himself fresh, no more than you would expect much sweet sensibleness of a woman who has to devote a part of each day to getting herself up in the fashion of clothing,

manners and talk, and all the rest of the time in keeping herself so.

As for fish-lying, most people who have good preaching at home, do not indulge in it. But I have known persons to tell whoppers without saying a word. Here is one. You see the fish which the young man is straining his muscles to hold up? That fish is only eight or ten inches long! The camera will make him twelve feet long if you want it to, because, though it has a fine reputation for veracity, it really has no conscience. The fish is suspended by a light green line from the limb of a tree. The young man is standing back ten feet or so, and holds his hand so that, as seen from the camera, he seems to be holding up the fish. Place him fifty feet away and the fish would be twenty feet long! With a two-foot rule on a table, you can make a fingerling appear to be a twenty-pounder. Camera tergiversation is a cold-blooded conspiracy to deceive a truthful and unsophisticated public.

MUSING X

WOODS LIFE AND THOUGHT

Diogenes lived in a tub. That was reducing the simplicity of living to its lowest terms. He was at one extreme. The other extreme is reached in most well-furnished houses. Conveniences of life have become inconvenient. One is almost afraid to fan one's self, or to fling out a handkerchief to wipe one's brow for fear of oversetting something. When you wash your face of a morning, you can not splash the refreshing water over head and hands. You must dip gingerly for fear of staining the wall-paper. See a bird wash itself—sends a shower of drops all around its basin. The boys have gone across the lake to a beach of white sand to bathe, and you can hear their laughter the half-mile. Did you ever hear any one make a gleeful racket like that in a bath-tub? The convenience takes all the spirit and life out of living. One of the pleasures of living is found in meeting and overcoming minor difficulties by our "wits." Now everything is anticipated and patented. I was just now looking about for a retired place to write—went into the new cabin, picked up a board a foot wide and six feet long, leaned one end of it on the middle bar of the sash and the other on a board two feet high, and then pushed my chair along till I got the right height. This arrangement will suit anybody

of any size and the position of the body is natural and comfortable. I do not know just what the effect upon society would be if we were to return to a pleasant degree of simplicity in living. It would stop a great deal of bread-getting labor. But there is too much hard work in the world anyway. We make our living too expensive in toil. Possibly more simplicity, and hence more leisure, would fill our higher aspirations better than bric-a-brac.

I had a lesson yesterday which impressed me deeply. The bane of my life in recent years is forgetfulness. It has cost me the loss of money and other property. It has cost me what is worth more than money—friends, for people will not tolerate being forgotten. I had remarked in the morning that my miserable forgetfulness had cost me money and friends, and that I thought it quite likely that it would cost me my life. I went about a mile from camp to solicit volunteers for another colony of fish, had a small iron boat, which is made in two parts so that it can be divided for carrying. I hung my landing-net over the stern and threw the fish into it as I caught them, till I had as many as the net would hold, and kept my foot upon the handle so that it would not balance overboard. The sun was setting, and I found myself at the far side of the lake, and turned to lay my course to the landing at the end of the trail, and there among the rushes was a small red object seen in the level sunbeams. It must be a deer. So I watched it till it began to move, then turned to my oars and pulled away, supposing that I would not see it again. About the middle of the lake I turned to see if I was laying

my course aright, and there was the deer still, close by where I desired to land. He was looking at me and I was very much interested in watching him, and forgetful of my landing-net with its load of fish, my foot was withdrawn from the handle, and I turned just in time to see it go over the end of the boat. Then I forgot that I was in a small iron boat, forgot that I was alone, forgot that I was in the middle of a deep lake, and sprang to catch the departing handle of my net. What follows was so nearly as quick as a flash that I have a very indistinct recollection of it, but I had flung myself back across the seat and was lying in the other compartment which was about a third full of water. The one from which I had sprung was nearly as full as it would hold. But the lake was still and the very small margin above the water, if carefully managed, would save me. So I reached cautiously for my boat-can and began bailing, cleared the one end and partially the other, and then looked about me. If that iron kettle of a boat had gone from under me I could not have swum to land. It was too far. I can go a couple of hundred yards, but then tire out, with clothing upon me I doubt if I could swim that short distance. It would not have been a case of accidental drowning; it was a case of accidental *not* drowning. As I stood upon land, I exclaimed, "Is it possible that I am alive!" If I had fallen but little out of the center of the other compartment of the small skiff it would have filled, and as I had no time to think or to observe, it was none of my doing or foresight that saved my life. Then this was no other than a startling providential

interposition; and for what reason? The only explanation that has yet presented itself to my mind is that the Lord has yet some duty for me in this life, and I can not think of any useful service not involving work. Has one any right to withdraw himself from the field just because he can afford to take a rest? Is there such a thing as *earning* a life of ease? One may win money enough to enable him to take such ease as his share of mortal care and pain will permit him to take, but can he earn freedom from the responsibility of service? I was telling Mrs. McCormick that she ought to come here and thus get entire-



ly away from people—be retired and inaccessible. “But,” she said, “have we a right to retire from people and isolate ourselves?” I was surprised by this new view, and thought, Why not? Why have we not a right to retire and place ourselves beyond the reach of human voices? Certainly people have not the right to hold us in thralldom so long as we live. But why should we desire to get away from the sound of human voices, but for the reason that they are calling to us, and calling us to our tasks—calling us to take up this and that burden of care. And is not, in this peculiar and peculiarly true sense, the voice of the

people the voice of God? Are not the burdens, large and small, which every one bears for others, in all cases, that one's allotted share of the load divinely laid upon humanity?

There is sometimes genuine comicality in the non-chalance of wild animals. Driving the ponies along, we came to a pair of partridges dusting themselves in the road. The hen took to the bushes, but the chivalrous little cock trailed his wings, ruffled his feathers and showed fight, and stood his ground until he was almost run over. "Is not that the cutest thing you ever saw, that little fellow undertaking to drive the team back?"

Some blue-berries were placed in dishes and pans to dry, and the squirrels began to carry them off. One little fellow grabbed his paws full and then hopped on to the edge of a large platter to eat them, but the platter lay aslant and the squirrel slid down its smooth surface, but he did not take his paws from his mouth, he ate away, as he tobogganed to the lower end of the platter. This occurred a number of times, and the squirrel, gravely attending to business as he slid down the dish, was always greeted with "laughter and applause."

As I was driving the ponies a porcupine clambered up a jack pine, and I told him to "Get up, porky," and hit him with the whip, which was a long and rather soft buckskin lash. The lazy fellow seemed to grin at me, as I passed on, and he had good reason. The lash of the whip had dozens of spines sticking to it, and they could not be pulled out. I concluded that the whip was spoiled, as it would not do to use it

while a single spine point was left, but I found by cutting the quills off with my knife and pushing the points through, being very careful not to touch them with my fingers, that they could be gotten out. It was slow work and dangerous. It is wonderful what a hold the porcupine's quill takes upon anything it enters. I saw an Indian try to pull some out of his dog's nose with his fingers, but he could not do it, had to employ a pair of pincers, and the dog howled as each one came out as he would do if it were his teeth which were being extracted. It was a painful but a funny process. The man got a gunny-sack and cut a hole in the bottom of it just big enough for the dog's nose, put him into it head first, put his nose through the hole, tied the sack, sat down on the dog, and pulled the porcupine quills out at his leisure. The process is not patented. Any dentist can employ it without paying a royalty.

They tell me of a recent accident near here which very nearly cost a man his life, which also had a comical side to it. He had built a platform in a tree from which to watch for game, and had an old Springfield musket charged with buck-shot. A bear came along and he blazed away, but the gun kicked him clear off the platform. He fell on his head and lay insensible for a considerable time, came to, and managed to get home. He killed the bear, though, which was ample compensation.

But it was the peculiar traits of wild animals of which I was thinking. There are two, the deer and the beaver, which awaken in one a deep sense of commiseration. Hunted, harassed and persecuted, the

lives of both are never free from a cause of danger. Observe a deer as he starts out from his bed, where his sleep is, at best, half wakefulness. He rises, gazes rapidly about him, tests the air with his ears and nostrils, and then starts for stream or lake. Before he ventures to the margin of a lake he stops and scans closely in every direction, then he goes quickly to the water, drinks, bathes, and begins to feed. At intervals of not over ten seconds he lifts his head and scans the shores, giving special attention to his own trail, not failing to examine that point of danger every time he lifts his head. At no time, day or night, asleep or awake, does the sense of deadly peril leave him. He harms nothing. His character is as innocent as his eyes and face indicate it to be. And yet even the elements seem bent upon doing him wrong. Last March the deep snow was followed by a rain which froze upon the surface. The crust would bear a wolf or a man, but not the sharp-footed deer. The wonder is how a remnant of the innocent but unhappy race survives.

The beaver, equally hunted and more easily captured, is almost extinct. Like the deer, he harms nothing, his food being roots, plants and the bark of water-growing trees, mostly the popple, a tree that is good for nothing but beaver's timber. The beaver makes a nearer approach to the domestic habits and the building and engineering talents of man than any other animal. He has living rooms, chambers and store-rooms in his house. His family consists of one pair and the children. Unfortunately for him he wears a fine coat, and to rob him of that the robber,

man, has pursued him until nearly the last of his race has suffered the cruel, lingering death of the steel-trap.

Now which would a really good-hearted man prefer, to have a family of these wonderfully human and interesting animals living near him, so that he and his children could observe their remarkable intelligence, take a sympathetic interest in their new houses and other improvements, or to wear their fur on the cuffs and collar of his coat as mere ornaments? I do not know of anything that exhibits the character of man in a more unfavorable view, than the answer he has given to that question.

The beaver is so inoffensive in his character that the only way in which he can be caught is by concealing steel traps in his path, so that when he goes out to his work of building or gathering food for winter, he may step upon the treacherous trap and have his limbs crushed in the cruel jaws. I would not venture upon the eschatology of the subject, the retribution that is to come upon the human race, as a race, nor seek to cover by exegesis of the strange symbolism of the book of the Revelations of Saint John, how this retribution is to be brought about. People who do that are usually either crazy before they begin, or become insane before they get through, *but it is there*. I believe the physicists allow ten millions more years of life to the earth. A small fraction of that time will be sufficient for the closing of the accounts with the race of man, even though it should be by the same methods as those which we suppose to have put an end to the tyranny of the great land and sea

lizards, the iguanodon and ichthyosaurus, and after them to the cave lions and sword bearing tigers. The geological tables of the race which is to hunt men, as man has hunted the beavers, will show a red bar marked "Detached Weapon Period, Gorillas, Men, etc." But men will not be hunted as the beavers are, because they are valuable, but as the rats are, because they are a nuisance.

Sabbath morning has come again, very bright and lovely. Down a steep incline from the new cabin the lake is shimmering in the sun, cool and clear. Below me it is blue, repeating the sky; beyond it is green, duplicating the pines; off to the right it is white, and looking up one sees a high white cloud. We had full moon in the evenings shortly ago. As it came up and looked through the dark lace veil of the pines, and flung a golden bridge across the water, the remark was made that such exhibitions of wonderful beauty had been going on for thousands of ages, unseen and unappreciated, so far as we know. The badger looks out of his hole in the side of the hill, and is probably glad because the moonlight will help him to get his supper. We look upon it and take in the strange and unique beauty of the fabric woven by the threads of yellow light in the branches of the pines and in the shimmering ripples. Now there may be those, unseen to us, to whom the moon in the pines reveals beauties as much more exquisite than those which we see, as what we see is more inspiring than what the badger sees.

The bells are ringing over all the Christian lands, and you are all dressed in clean linen: cloths, silks,

fine woollens or muslins, with polished shoes and smoothly-combed hair—all except the women. It makes pussy cat mad to brush her hair the wrong way, but women, out of natural contrariness, brush theirs the wrong way, and look in their mirrors and smile at the sweet effect. Now they are putting some crucified song-birds on their brush-heap hair, and soon you will see them incline their foreheads to the pew-back in front of them to pray for God's blessing to them of the public worship. Possibly the Scripture lesson for the day will contain the words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father."

The bells are ringing. The vibrations run round the rim of a great bell, round and round, rapid as time, but each succeeding circle of sound feebler than that which went before it, until you must listen closely if you would hear the whispered moan. So human lives and all things are bell-notes.

What strange and strong things are habits. When I had written the word "bell-notes" at the close of the paragraph, I found myself growing sleepy! So I went down to the lakeside to dash some water in my face, but sat down in irresolution, and then lay down on the pine leaves and went soundly to sleep, and when I awoke dinner was ready. I thought it rather strange that I should have gone to sleep, until it occurred to me that it was sermon-time, then the whole thing was as clear as the bell-notes aforesaid. So although I am here deprived of the public service of the sanctuary, yet I find myself in loving sympathy with all my elderly brethren in all the churches. But

how much more peaceful and Sabbath-like my lot is than theirs! My wife or daughter did not punch me with their fans and parasols. I did not have to bite my fingers and pinch my legs till there were blue spots on them. I did not have to endure the pangs of shame and remorse, did not think how meanly I had treated the preacher by going to sleep in his face and eyes while he was addressing me and others. It is an awfully mean thing to go to sleep in church, and we all know it and are ashamed of it. No, this was much better. While my dear pastor was unfolding the hidden meaning of the text, I had my nap, as usual, but it was five hundred miles away from him, a peaceful, happy, undisturbed, unremorseful sleep.

Now this raises the question why it is that the morphyic angel, so welcome at his appropriate time of coming, attacks us with all the malevolence of a mosquito when we seat ourselves to partake of a sermon. There is some philosophy under this question, and it may be deep and heavy with nuggets, for aught I know. Possibly the principle is in the fourth commandment—the Sabbath a divinely ordained day of *rest*. But I am shy of this topic. I remember what a basting I got for telling people not to get up too early of a Sunday morning, and the man who went for me I knew and know to be just one of the laziest and solidest sleepers in the Presbyterian church. He does not get up till eight o'clock, and it takes him a half hour by the watch to pull on his socks.

MUSING XI

TROUTING AT KEWEENAW

L'Anse is a dead old village, but it has what few of the mining and forest towns of this region have—its romance. We heard there was good trouting in this neighborhood—in fact, you can catch them right there off the railroad bridge—and we stopped to try it. We took a team and drove around the head of the bay some ten miles, to a beautiful little stream that falls out of the hills into the lake, and soon filled our baskets. Now look across the bay, please, and you will see a clump of buildings. That is a convent. Its history goes almost back to the days of Marquette, and as we drove near to it, it looked ancient enough to be on the shores of Lake Lemman. Those buildings which you see this way along the bluffs are an Indian village. Take your glasses and look into the lake a mile this side of the village, long reaches of gill-nets, and at the end a large net supported by four posts. This last is a fish pound. It is a great sheet of netting forty feet square, let down into the water like a bowl. The Indians put their catches of fish into it to keep them alive until they are ready for market.

The question at once arose in my mind why a convent so extensive should have been established in a wilderness place, so far away from any white population as this was when it was built. Its bell rang out

over the calm waters and back into the deep forests, where there were none to answer its call to prayer, unless they should be the wild Indians.

"There has been many a broken heart behind those walls," remarked our teamster—we rode in an open jolt-wagon, behind a pair of farm horses.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, sir, there is some mystery about that convent; there most always is about such places. People make them up out of their imaginations. It is said that it is a refuge or a place of penance for fallen nuns, and that is why it is so far away from anywhere. It may have been so, or it may not; and then the idea was softened somewhat, and it was said that it was a place of refuge from the cruel world for fallen girls; and if it were, sir, I should think all the more of it. You see, sir, the world hasn't any mercy for those who need it most, nor the church either for that matter; and so the only place where such could find peace was in the bottom of the river, or out there in the lake. There are two things I'm thinkin' that the world needs most to provide for in these times, shot-guns for betrayers, and mercy for the betrayed, where they are women."

The driver drew a horny hand across his face and lapsed into silence. There was more feeling in his tone than in his words, and I perceived that there was a mystery in his breast, whether there were one in the convent or not. But the subject was changed, and we drove on, and at the end of two hours from the start, forded a clear and beautiful stream.

"Here we are," cheerily said the teamster, as he

sprang out on a little grassy plateau and proceeded to unharness and tether his horses. The others had put their rods together as we came, and immediately left the wagon and began the sport. Not three minutes had elapsed when there was a shout and a beautiful three-quarter pounder was landed. But I left my pair of lancewoods in the case and waited till the teamster was ready, when I told him to lead off, and I would follow. He soon struck a trail, which I was glad to see had not been tramped that year, and at the end of a mile and a half I heard that sound so joyful to a trout, the music of a waterfall. I handed him one of my rods, and we soon had them jointed up, and the first fly I sent into the pool was responded to instantly. We kept well out of sight, and in an hour I had as many as I cared to carry. We sat down together on a fallen pine. I looked at him in silence for a time, and he returned my gaze with a glance.

“What was it?” I asked in a low tone.

“What was what?” he responded, with a look of surprise.

“What was it in connection with the convent which gave you such a shudder of painful recollection?”

“Oh, my God!” he exclaimed, and covered his face with his bent arm, as if he would shut something away from his sight. “I hoped that it would fade out, and that I would feel better, but it don’t. My arms ache longing to do something to undo what is done, and my heart aches. Stranger, I had a lovely wife not so very long ago. We rough men of the woods and mines don’t get credit for more than what is seen on the outside. But I had sense enough and

grace enough to take that dear woman all into my heart, and what you may happen to see in me that pleases you is the impress of my wife's soul and spirit. But she died. Yes; I will tell you the story. It is good to have human sympathy."

Pausing briefly to consider what was necessary by way of explanation to me, he resumed.

"Have you been up and over that point—over Keweenaw Point—north of the river? No! Well then, you should know that that whole country is strewn with the wrecks of fortunes, fortunes lost in the copper craze. There are villages, good houses, reduction works, machinery, everything abandoned and deserted; good roads, bridges, fills, the whole a total loss. I was in that myself. Thought I had struck it rich on a little stream that runs in not far from the light-house above Copper Harbor, and others thought so, too. You see that is on the west, or rather north, for the point bends east, side of the point, about ten miles from the eastern extremity. I put all I had into the company and took charge of the men, built a comfortable pine-log house, and was hopeful and happy. There my wife died, and there she lies buried.

"My Nellie, all that I had left, was just stepping into womanhood. Nellie was beautiful, tall, fair, rosy, soft-eyed, the sweetest disposition, and she dearly loved me. Oh! how often, when I came in soiled from the mine and tired, she came running with a glass of water, or with slippers for my coarse feet, or threw her white arms around my tawny neck. I always knew I was not good enough for the love of

such angelic creatures as Nellie and her mother. O Nellie! Nellie!" and he sprang to his feet and extended his arms as if to clasp her, and then lifting them, exclaimed, "Oh, my God!"

I was myself affected to tears by this uncontrollable outburst of grief and anguish.

After a time he resumed, as if in a soliloquy:

"Yes; his father was a good man, and is now, though his son was a devil. He palmed a sham marriage off on her. Blind fool that I was! It is I who am to blame.

"I think that Nellie's mind was broken down by grief and weeping, first by his long absence, and worse than all when it came out that he had deceived her by a mock marriage, and would never return. I thought that her little babe would bring back some sunshine into her heart, and it did seem to for a time, and then it seemed to become a constant reminder.

"We had a trim little sail-boat, only a good-sized row-boat, but decked in at each end closely. She had a deep keel, a light, tough mast, good sail and tiller, a safe and beautiful sailer. Her decked-in compartments, fore and aft, were water-tight, and she would float, anyway.

"Now, wife and I were familiar with the country here around the head of Keweenaw Bay, and we used to talk about the old convent in Nellie's hearing. Wife said that so long as a broken heart was bearable, it was better that it should beat in the convent than lie still at the bottom of the lake.

"Everything went to pieces on Keweenaw about the time my wife died. People were pulling up and

moving off; but Nellie and I staid, though there was nothing to stay for except wife's grave and Nellie's broken heart. Except the few, here and there one, who remained, as I did, the whole point above the Calumet was abandoned.

"One morning of a June I awoke soon after sunrise and went to call Nellie. She was gone. Baby was gone. I called and called. My heart seemed to be freezing. While rushing about here and there I caught a glimpse of a boat through a rift in the trees a mile out at sea. I knew the sail. It was the *Alice*, and a glass showed me that Nellie was holding the tiller. The wind was from the north-east, and I saw that Nellie was tacking, aiming to make the end of Keweenaw Point. She had been so often out with me in the *Alice* that she could handle the boat as well as I could. About she came, inshore, rising and falling on the long swells, and then off again to the north. I shouted, even though I knew my voice would not reach her, and then rushed forward to reach the point, six miles away. I plunged through thickets, dashed along the bodies of fallen pines, clambered over ledges of rocks, and at last reached the bar at the top of Keweenaw.

"The wind had gone down, leaving Nellie at the end of a northeastern reach which would have brought her clear of the land. I sat and watched the boat, which was two or three miles out, idly rocking on the water. She could have used the oars if she had chosen, but she did not. With my glass I saw her take up the babe and press him to her bosom. What little wind there was drifted her back and further out

to sea. Hours of agony passed. By going down on the east coast of Keweenaw seven miles, I could have gotten a boat, but I dreaded to lose sight of her, and I knew that the steamer Peerless ought to pass that day between the point and Manitou, and if she did she would pick Nellie up. Beside, I felt sure that Nellie would round the point and come down, probably near shore. So I waited and watched. The *Alice* was a mere speck, far out to the north, as evening drew on. But I saw the wind strike the glassy water beyond her. It was due north. The white sail filled out. Southeastward she flew. Oh, if she would only tack now and come down before the wind! Though she was three miles or more out I put my hands to my mouth for a trumpet and shouted, 'Steer for the bar, Nellie! Steer for the bar, love! Here I am!'

"At last the boat came about square before the wind, and went like a bird. Due south she went; close along the shore of Manitou she seemed, but she kept right on, and at last tacked again southwest to follow the shore of Keweenaw, then due west. Thank God she was nearing the land! I arose and plunged along the shore in the gathering darkness. I was weak from fasting and grief, and I stumbled and fell often. The last I saw of the *Alice* she was bearing inshore, but it became too dark to see. Fortunately, there was ahead of me a three-mile stretch of sandy beach, and gaining this I ran with all my remaining strength southwestward along the shore, shouting as loud as I could! 'Nellie! Nellie, dear! come to land!'

"About half way along that beach as I ran, I heard

baby cry. I stopped and listened. Right out from shore he was, not over a quarter of a mile away.

“‘Nellie! Nellie! tack and come straight inshore. Here I am!’

“No reply came back, but as baby kept on crying, I quickly perceived that the boat was keeping on her southwestward course, though she seemed to be nearing land.

“I rose and ran again, following the voice of the crying child as nearly as the water would permit me, and I was able to keep up with it till the end of the sandy beach was reached. Here a bay ran inshore, and the bluffs were dense with pines and fallen timber. I managed to clamber the bluff and reach the cliff at the mouth of the bay, and paused to listen. Nellie’s sweet voice singing a lullaby to baby—faint and far, fainter and farther, farther and more distant, and then only the low swash of the waves on the rocks.

“It was not so very dark on the shore, but the moment I entered the forest it became pitchy dark. I must now go due west to get around the bay. I struggled with the underbrush and rocks, and with the dry limbs of fallen trees, on and on, making but little progress. How long this struggle continued I know not. The last I knew of it I had hope quickened in me by seeing a star up in a rift of the pines.


“I was awakened by a crash of thunder and a dash of rain in my face. So stiff was I and so full of pain that it was a torture to move; but I recalled the situation and sat up, and found a log to rest my back against. A quivering vibrant flash of lightning showed me the lake below, now rising into angry waves. The

crash overhead seemed to go off southward in long, loud mutterings, following the wake of my dears. I prayed, oh ! how I prayed, not for myself, but for my child and her babe. Then I rose, defying the pain, and tried to press forward, but found myself very weak. Fearing that I would go off again into insensibility from faintness or sleep or whatever it was, I stopped to consider.

“The summer storm had soon spent its fury, and as the clouds broke away I saw that the east was gray with the early June dawn. I sat down and waited until I could see, and then soon struck a good ‘tote-road’ which led to an abandoned mine, where I knew there was a family remaining, and a boat.

“I pushed forward, arrived at their house, roused them, and before they had time to rise, I lighted a fire for making coffee, and in a little over a half-hour I was refreshed and we were off in chase of the *Alice*.

“We kept a keen lookout both inshore and out, and having only moderate wind, with occasional calms, when we pulled at the oars, we reached the mouth of Traverse River by the middle of the afternoon and stopped to inquire. Yes; the keeper of the lighthouse had seen a boat scudding southward before the coming storm at the peep of early dawn. She made as if she would come into port, so near that the keeper, in the dim light, with his glass saw distinctly a woman with the sheet-rope in one hand, the tiller in the other, and a babe lying across her knees. Then she put out to sea again, and very soon the clouds came down black and close, and the lake rose in combing seas.



"Such was the first news we had of the *Alice* and her precious cargo. Still I didn't lose hope. I knew that Nellie knew the boat, and that the boat would climb almost any sea if she were held right. The only thing was to push ahead. Fortunately, a little steam yacht just then came out of the river, and we hailed her, boarded her, and Captain Wilson at once undertook the chase of the *Alice*.

"We steamed alongshore slowly, examining every creek and nook. Nothing was seen till we came in sight of those Indian fishing nets which you saw out in the bay in front of the convent. There lay the *Alice* on her side, lodged against the netting——"

The teamster here choked up.

"You recovered the bodies?"

"No—no, sir. This cold lake never gives up its dead."

"Nellie was trying to make the convent, you think?"

"Undoubtedly; and but for the storm she'd a-made it safely."

"But you say she passed the lighthouse all right?"

"Yes; and the wind that was flying her then was the first puff of the storm. I think she would have ridden it out, anyway. But you see, the poor girl had been out twenty-four hours then, already, and she had to hold the sheet-rope, and the tiller, and baby, too, in a rolling sea. She couldn't do it. I reckon she let go the rigging to hold baby, and was knocked over. It may have been miles out."


As we returned and the convent bells sounded across the quiet bay, the lines came to my mind:

"Let the bells toll. A saintly soul
Floats o'er the Stygian river."

MUSING XII

CAMP-FIRE PHILOSOPHY

The Mississippi reaches out the Desplaines River to dispute with Lake Michigan for the rainfall that is due to the lake—parallels the lake shore. When at home I spend many Sunday afternoons in the woods and glades which lie along this river. There is nothing merry or musical in this prairie stream. It is small enough to be young, rash, and happy; but it is slow and solemn as a Sabbath afternoon of my boyhood. It flows without a ripple or a dimple between its banks of black loam, and really does not appear sufficiently spirited to kiss a pebbly margin, even if one ran down fresh and sweet out of the woods to meet it. The scenery has no points. It lies down flat, with a dogged determination to cast no reflections on the character of the river. But it is better for a Sunday afternoon than that wild city down there on the lake, where they squeeze the juice out of men as if they were lemons, and toss the rinds away. And then I find no end of pleasant companions in walks otherwise solitary. They are not as vivacious, original and fresh in their ideas as my companions here in the wilderness, but they are the best substitute that is to be had. There are birds, flowers, trees, minnows, horses, honest-faced cattle, all of them sympathetic and talkative; and this in no poetic or figurative sense, but really and truly.



Sometimes the pleasure of an opportunity to requite their hospitality offers. One Sunday I found a sick horse lying upon the cold, wet ground. When he saw me he called for help at once; lifted his head, touched his side with his nose and groaned. I told him I was very sorry for him, and that he must not lie there, but get up and go home; and that he should have a warm bed and some medicine. He was too weak and benumbed to rise alone, but he and I combined our forces, and he was soon on his feet, and he led the way with feeble steps. I did not know where his home was, but he showed me. I do not say that the man who owned him had no soul. I only say that the fact of the existence of his soul had to be reached by an abstract mental process, as we determine the existence of the ultimate atom.

It is the habit of many philosophers and theologians to speak slanderously of these my companions and friends, and of their kindred everywhere. It is denied that they are reasonable beings, that they are intelligent, that they have good moral characters, and even that they have souls. I should like, if I could, to make it appear that these denials are unphilosophic and absurd.

In my musings I everywhere assume the intellectual and moral capacities of what we men somewhat presumptuously call the lower animals, because there is no other way of accounting for the mental and moral phenomena which they exhibit. This, no doubt, is excused by my philosophic friends as poetic fancy, allowable but not to be taken seriously. I beg to be excused from accepting as correct such kindly con-

structions of my writings, and will offer a few considerations which lead me to adhere to the opinion that my friends of the field, forest and air are moral and intellectual beings.

The first consideration which I will offer is this, that the Creator adheres to simple, but great, practical ideas, each one of which is extended to every kind of his work, in all the departments of existence. Take the simple idea of the vertebra, in the construction of animals. It was brought in at an appropriate stage of the development of life, and thereafter employed in every one of the infinite varieties of the higher forms. In physics it is now believed by all the authorities that every kind of energy is the manifestation of but a single and simple force, which is transformed by the exigencies of its work into heat, light, electricity, chemical affinity, adhesion, gravitation, motion, and whatever other manifestation there may be. Back of this is a very simple law or motive, which the old Greeks gave, and I am not sure mistakenly, a mental and moral character when they said that "Nature abhors a vacuum." This motive is a determination to compel all forces into equilibrium. That is a very simple idea, and yet how sublime in its magnitude, omnipotent in its effects, and omnipresent in its operations. It rules with equal energy all spiritual existences from the lowest up to the Creator himself. It drives the sun's rays out into space, lashes the storms forward in their headlong career, causes the rivers to flow, toils at leveling the mountains. It projected THE INTERIOR out upon the literary and religious world. The editor and his contributors having

evolved ideas in their minds were irresistibly impelled to supply the vacuity in other minds with those ideas; and to exchange them for other people's ideas, and thus equalize the general intelligence. Knowledge rushes out to fill the empty voids of ignorance as unfailingly as light and heat rush to fill the empty voids of space, and in consequence of the operation of the same law. This it is which inspires the orator, drives the pen, the press, and the telegraph in more senses than one. The village gossip, in her humble way, is charged with the same divine energy. What she knows she must tell, or perish.

In the field of morals the action of this law is scarcely less vigorous. Virtuous men will make great sacrifices, and incur great toil, to extend the domain of morals. In the spiritual realm, it becomes one of the mightiest incentives that stirs the heart of man. The cross, the dungeon, the rack, the stake, can not hinder the Kingdom of Heaven from extending over the globe, and filling the earth level with righteousness, as the waters fill the sea. We may say that the shining and circling universe came into existence, because God would fill empty space with his embodied thoughts.

My next consideration is this: That while we are thus able to trace the identity of a great law, which dominates the physical universe, upward until it is lost in height beyond the range of our intellectual vision, we may fairly infer that the law of spiritual life is equally simple, omnipotent and omnipresent, reaching through all grades and forms of living things even to the sweet flowers which bloom along our way. In at-

tempting to verify this supposition, I would have an easy task, and strike a responsive chord in the minds of those who read this page, in the assertion and proof that our humble friends, the lower animals, are possessed of a moral nature, differing only from man's in degree. And yet, I can scarcely hope to state a fresh idea in a topic so familiar to thoughtful and observant minds. One no sooner enters this field than he finds himself in the midst of intellectual and moral phenomena as varied, profuse and beautiful as the flowers and birds in a tropical land. And yet, as I have intimated, moralists, metaphysicians and theologians, have lived, and yet live, in the midst of all this interest and beauty, blind to its appeals, and deaf to its music. They seem to fear that the facts might in some way impeach the dignity or discredit the immortality of man. This is a repetition of the mistake of the well-meaning churchmen, who feared that Galileo's discoveries would so far extend the domain of God, that, with his largely increased interests, he would no longer give a fair share of attention to their rites and penances. The fact that it has pleased God to endow the animals below us with intellectual and moral natures, and the pleasures derived from them, is only a further illustration of his all-embracing benevolence.

The evidences that the lower animals are thinkers, that they are endowed with intellectual faculties are too many and too obvious to require argument. Do they possess moral natures? The phenomena of moral existence are love, benevolence, gratitude, fidelity; with their opposites—hatred, revenge, cru-


elty, malice, and such complex passions as grief, remorse, shame, hope and despair. Most of these phenomena are as obvious, to the casual observer, in the lower animals, as they are in man; while all are perceived by those who are more interested in the study of the habits and characters of our humble friends. It would extend this paper beyond the brief limits intended, to cite and describe specific illustrations; nor, as I have said, is it necessary. Personal observations have found their way into literature until they have become the most plentiful as well as the most pleasing illustrations of a topic in which every reader takes great interest. Suffice it to refer, in a general way, to the unmistakable indications of a sense of guilt and of shame; of forbearance and magnanimity; of chivalrous defence of the weak; of generosity to each other and to man; of integrity in the discharge of their trusts; to their long remembrance of and disposition to avenge ill-treatment which they have received, and to reward kindness by confidence, affection and service; their grief over the loss of human friends, so poignant as in some instances to result in death; their wailing and tears on the death of their kindred; their pride, love of admiration, delight at approbation from each other and from man; their clear ideas of a right of property in their homes. No definition of moral faculties can be framed that will not include the faculties in the lower animals which manifest themselves in such phenomena.

The moral faculties of the lower animals voice themselves in language and tones as nearly identified

with the language and tones of man as the physical conformation of the organs of speech will permit. Anger, defiance, alarm, fear, affection, sorrow, pain, joy, exultation, triumph, derision, are heard in all their modulations in the voices and modes of expression of birds and quadrupeds; language well understood by man, and better understood among the several tribes, each of which speaks an idiom of its own.

The most of the passions and emotions named are also expressed in the soft beaming or the flash of the eye, the pose of the body, the exhibition of weapons, the tremors of the muscles, the lofty, suppliant or shamed carriage of the head. Indeed, if we indicate an emotion and its expression in man, the same emotion, and its expression in a manner so closely resembling that of man as to be instantly recognizable, will be proved in all the species of the higher vertebrates, and in a number of the insects, such as bees and ants. When we see a dog, himself hungry, carry food safely to his master, or die bravely in that master's defence, how shall we escape the conviction that noble moral qualities are present in the phenomena? Indeed the companionship and mutual esteem between man on the one side, and the dog, horse or elephant on the other, can only be accounted for by the fact of the presence of a moral nature in each in sympathy with that of the other, the endowment of each differing only in degree.

That these facts in no way compromise the doctrine of the immortality of man, or prophesy immortality of the lower animals, is seen from a few considerations. The immortality of the soul is not due to its



own persistent vitality, but to the persistence of the author of the soul's existence in sustaining it. And indeed the doctrine of the creation of all things out of nothing by an intelligent First Cause compels us to say the same of all existence, animate and inanimate. God's sustaining power withdrawn, all things would cease to be. Whether the lower animals will have a life beyond material death depends upon the will of God. We have no evidence in nature or revelation that their lives will be so sustained.

We have thus traced by mere mention the extension of moral existence and its laws down through the ranks of intelligences to the animal kingdom below man, and find them everywhere so nearly identical as to be readily recognizable. Can we find indication of them still lower, in the vegetable kingdom? Not so easily, it is true, and yet possibly. The flowers at our feet look up into our faces with expressions so sweet and benign that our imaginations will persist in investing them with spirits kindred to our own, or at least kindred to the sweetest and purest of those whom we love. From Lucretius to Wordsworth, the poets have ever been the *avant-couriers* of philosophy. They love Nature, and are loved by Nature in return; and there are secrets whispered in this intercourse for which colder and coarser, though stronger minds, must toilsomely labor in the mines of thought.

The intelligence and morality of which I think that traces may be found in the vegetable kingdom, while sufficient for the purposes for which they were bestowed, are not only limited in degree but limited in their functions. All that is claimed is that some ele-

ments existing in the higher are found in the lower forms of life. It would not do to say that a pyrite, an oxide and a carbonate of iron are identical. The one is a tawny stone, the other a red dust, and the third a polished, lithe, glittering sword-blade. And so I would compare the morality and intelligence of spiritual beings above man to the sunbeams which bear in themselves intelligence of iron incandescent in the sun; the same entities in man to the sword-blade; in animals to the pyrite; and in the vegetable kingdom to the red dust; but down through all runs the same essential idea, the same basis, iron. In like manner I would say that Spirit, the essential basis of the spiritual realm, runs down through all forms of life to the lowest, manifesting everywhere, in some way, its attributes of intelligence and morality.

The contest between materialism and spiritualism has been narrowed down to the question whether the combination and interaction of material forces produce the phenomena of mind, or whether mind co-ordinates both matter and its forces and laws to its own service in building up and sustaining the soul's material habitation. It is impossible for us to maintain our positions against materialism unless we admit, or rather claim, that something of the same nature as the soul, and which exercises some of the soul's functions, dwells in the plant, and manifests itself in the plant's beauty and activity. On this ground we shall have no difficulty in holding materialism with all its modifications at bay. The phenomena are all on our side of the question. Two wild grape vines, planted at short distances from, and on opposite sides of, a tree,

will, each moving in opposite directions, make straight for the tree. The sun-flower will gaze at the sun all day, and turn its face eastward in the night to catch the first beams of sunrise. The vine will throw its tendrils straight out, and when a support is reached it will seize upon it. The elm sends its roots toward the water course. The sensitive plant takes alarm and pretends to be dead. Carnivorous plants show quite as much intelligence as the lower orders of carnivorous animals. The distance, indeed, between vegetables and the lower animals in the degrees of intelligence is not greater than between the lower animals and man, or between man and the probable intelligence of the order of beings next higher above him. I never take the life of a flower without feeling that it is a violation of moral right, unless the act is justified, as in the taking the life of an animal for use, or because the plant destroyed is hurtful to the interests of the lower animals or of man. That plants find pleasure in existence is as obvious as that animals do. That the sensitive plant has a nervous system, and that carnivorous plants take pleasure in food, goes without question. Thus much briefly in regard to the intelligence of plants. The reader can extend the illustrations indefinitely.

Traces of moral character are not less recognizable. But we must remember that to identify vegetable morality we must not require of it all the qualities of morality in man. Because red-colored clay, tinted with iron oxide, is not a polished sword-blade, is no reason why we should deny the presence of iron. Let us analyze, ethically, any beautiful flower. We find first


a gentle, candid, innocent aspect, which reaches quite beyond our sense of physical harmony, and stirs the sense of moral beauty. How is that fact to be accounted for? Next we find the plant appealing to our sense of physical beauty. So far as the plant's individual interests are to be conserved there is no necessity for this. Its immaculate coloring, tracery, shading, are all beyond the plant's individual necessities. A rude and flashy splotch of color would attract the eyes of the bees and butterflies quite as well as all this exquisite beauty, unless we suppose an esthetic faculty in those insects; which supposition, while it might weaken the argument for the existence of morality in the flowers, would by so much strengthen the argument for morality in the bees. But, as the bees have sufficient inducement in the honey, there is no necessity for this array of beauty. The beauty of the flower has, then, for its purpose, the giving of pleasure. It is the plant's benevolence. It is an act of love having in it no taint of self-interest.

I must beg the reader not to press his or her objections to this view too rapidly. Let us get at them fairly and candidly, one at a time :

"Flowers bloom in all their beauty where they are unseen by the eye of man."

True; but let us remember that virtue does not exist for dress parade. The pure and good man would be pure and good if not another being beside himself existed in the universe, if such a situation is supposable.

"The plant has no conscience or will."



Not conscience, perhaps; as it has no use for that function of the moral nature; but what it needs it has, namely, a moral tendency which manifests itself in benevolence. Will, however, is shown to exist in plants by the same tests which show its existence in the lower animals or in man.

“The moral qualities which appear in plants are the moral qualities, not of the plant, but of its Creator.”

True; but true in the same sense that the moral qualities of men have their source in God. There is no reason why the Creator should not make the plant a center of moral forces. However limited, meager or inferior they may be in degree and manifestation, it is an organism, perfect in its kind. It sleeps, wakes, labors, rests, seeks its food and performs all the functions of individual life.

Have I succeeded in indicating the claims of my beloved companions and friends to a hearing? Let the reader learn their language and cultivate their acquaintance. Their thoughts will be found **sweet as their perfumes; their teachings as beautiful as their colors; their companionship soothing and cheering as exquisite music.**

“Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest;
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

MUSING XIII

CAMP-FIRE THEOLOGY

When Dr. W. T. Meloy, of the Chicago United Presbyterian Memorial church, a crack orator, fisherman, theologian, rifle-shot, writer, and camp cook, and I,



were out fishing in June, we went ashore to eat our lunch, and a graceful little hen snipe pretended to be badly hurt. I saw one of the chicks, saw exactly where it stopped under the side of a decaying log, and went to pick it up. I knelt down closely and looked a good while. At last I saw one bright eye, and then the whole form of the before invisible chick, which was open to

plain view, not two feet from my nose all the time. I took it in my hand and it lay perfectly motionless. It knew that resistance would be vain. Then I took out a pocket lens to look at its suit of clothes. There is no use for any one to say, or to try to explain, that that coat of feathers, which looked so much like rotten wood that you could not distinguish it two feet

from your eyes, and which also was a perfect invention for lightness, dryness and warmth, no use to say that that coat of feathers was not made on purpose, and with wonderful ingenuity and skill. I told Brother Meloy that I had a theory that God did not make those feathers; and he said it was a good thing that I had an orthodox bringing up, or there would be no knowing what sloughs and snags I might run myself into. Those U. P's—the most progressive of them—stick as close to the text as a wagon wheel with a thousand bricks on board sticks to the ground. They will admit the existence of second causes in a general way, but are not very free in using them. I showed the doctor that the snipe-chick's feathers were little trees with straight, limbless stems and bushy tops; that the idea was to secure a stratum of confined air next to the chick's skin, and thus to give him a robe at once light and warm. It was an invention so apt, and yet within the limits of human thinking-out. I thought the Lord had indulgently permitted some dainty spirit to dress the fledglings. An artist will paint a bird, but he can not make one. Possibly he may be allowed to make one, have imparted to him the secret of the vital force, and be permitted to direct its manifestations in any way to suit his or her fancy. Take a flower, a peony or a pink, and see what curious as well as what beautiful fancies are embodied in it. Everybody wonders at the endless variety of the freaks of imagination shown by the orchids. Whoever made them must have done it for amusement. Now can you conceive of anything more delightful than for a soul passionately fond of

the beautiful to be permitted to exercise her talents in conceiving and fashioning a variety of flowers, and sending them down through the years in their lovely generations? Why should not the loving Creator allow such pleasures to his children? The plumage of that little chick-snipe was something which, humanly speaking, required a great deal of close thinking. It ought to be very light, warm, waterproof, and to have the dull, uncertain tints of drift-wood. And the way these results are secured is admirable. In my opinion some elect lady set herself to that task and worked over it and thought about it, and considered this, and that, and other schemes, and when she finally got it, received an approving smile from her Lord and the congratulations of a shining circle of friends. Some one of them made an orchid, and following the old plan, rooted it in the soil. Another took the same plant and stuck it to a dry piece of wood and taught it to live without roots. Then came attempts of the whole circle to see what strange peculiarities of form and color might be consistent with perfect conceptions of floral beauty. Then look at the birds. Who but a lady would know that the black wings of a tanager would be in the most perfect harmony with the scarlet of the rest of his plumage? And the wood duck, what a marvelously beautiful combination of soft with bright colors, every feather pencilled with infinite delicacy. And the humming-birds, no end to the variety of them, and every one a fresh design executed with a perfection of art impossible to us while under our present limitations. And the butterflies and the mosses, and

—everything everywhere. They give Rembrandt the first place as a powerful, and Murillo the first place as an exquisite, colorist, and award form to the Greeks, and so the prizes of art are distributed. By what standard are the excellencies of each measured? Confessedly by the works of art which never show a discord in color or form, the works of spiritual artists whose unseen chisels and pencils take no rest from age to age. What are those talented and industrious spirits doing over there? Loafing and talking theology forever and ever on the banks of the River of Life, as Milton represents them? Staying in church from everlasting to everlasting, as Watts represents them? If that were true it would amount to an irresistible temptation to the trouble they had, and which eventuated in the Celestial civil war, and one's sympathies would go out to Lucifer for his good behavior in his duel with Gabriel. But it is not true. Industry is an eternal virtue, and art an undying grace, and invention and creation are everlasting bliss. Even Milton allowed them to paint on canvas. Why should a spirit daub dead pigments on dead cloth, when he has all the qualifications excepting control of the vital principle to invent and create living beauty? The combination, which produces vitality, like every other of the Creator's ideas, is no doubt simple and comprehensible. Undoubtedly the Creator could reserve all such work exclusively to himself, but when there is so much delight in it for his created angels and redeemed saints, is it likely that he would? As for the owls and poisonous mushrooms and such things as are both ugly and vicious, who shall assert for a cer-

tainty that these are not perversions, such as Satan would delight in.

That was the philosophy I was trying to impress upon the mind of the pastor of the First United Presbyterian church of Chicago, concluding my lecture coterminous with his finishing of his lunch. He nibbled the last bit of meat from his bacon-rind, and threw the remainder into the lake, brushed the eggshells and sandwich-crumbs off his pants, wiped his mouth on a napkin, and made the unappreciative remark which I have quoted about snags and mud holes! 'Twas thus that I wasted my sweetness on a desert air.

And this reminds me, as I am often reminded, of a morphic dream which came to my wife when she was lying near to the gates of death. It was of a large, brilliant, many-colored, transparent structure, filled with fresh flowers and singing birds, which she saw floating above her in the air. While she was gazing, delighted, upon it, suddenly it dissolved into snow-like crystals, which drifted down and fell upon the trees and the grass. It is thus that we dream of the future life—sure, though, that if our dreams dissolve and fall to the earth like snow-flakes, it will be because they are not equal to the realities.

It is a curious and yet a pleasant experience, that living out of doors and with nature makes one broad and liberal in his religious thinking. That is the attraction which drew the hermits and mystics into solitary places, an attraction which the great busy world does not know to exist, certainly I did not till I experienced it. The breadth and freedom of the

wilderness penetrates and pervades every faculty, and renders one intolerant of restraint and defiant of the theologic and philosophic authority which is assumed by men. Without my having said anything to sug-



gest it, or even to lead our talk in that direction, my friend, Perry H. Smith, who spends his summers as I do in the woods, said to me that no man could be a good specimen of a Christian while he lived in civilization. In a letter he said, "The further one gets from sin or city, and the closer one gets to nature, and simple truth, the more one turns toward God and opens the doors

of his soul to his Spirit." Such is the voice of experience. Liberality is inbreathed from the breadth of the unfenced landscape. Narrowness and intolerance is engendered in the cloister. Buddha thought it was the Bo tree that had divine virtue in it, but every tree in the wilderness is a Bo tree. Moses, our Lord, Paul, the Bernards, took in the breath of the wilds before they undertook the toil of the city.

Camp-fire-theology must be charitable and tolerant toward the theology of the steam-heated register, and make allowances for its unfavorable conditions. We must be charitable even to harsh uncharitableness. What chance have cloistered theologians, crowded by

circumstances into dimly lighted "studies," with chimney smoke filling the air, ever to see the stars? What have they to ponder upon but the writings of enforced monastics like themselves? Doubtless our Lord could have lived in a cave or a hovel, and his moral almightiness been unaffected by it, but he chose a life more congenial. "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." When that broadest, grandest and most charitable sermon that ever fell from the lips of man was preached, the mountain breeze was toying with his hair. He stood upon the sea-shore and preached, while the waves were breaking and murmuring at his feet. His raiment was wet with the dews, and his locks with the drops of the night. His discourse had in it the perfume of the lilies, and of the purpling grapes, and the rustle of the leaves. It was a bird, circling on its white pinions, which he chose as the minister of his coronation when he stood wet with the waters of baptism on the banks of the Jordan. And whom did he choose as his models and as his apostles? Scholars from the city? Nay, verily, he chose shepherds from the hills and fishermen from the sea. When he spread a feast, was it under candelabra and within painted walls? Nay, but on the wide green grass, beneath the wide sky. The gospel is too broad and free for human-built walls. Christ was too great for any canopy but that of his own fashioning. Come out with me, brother, and look up. There is Orion sparkling in the sky. That white spot in his sword-blade is said to be a congregation of majestic suns. They say there are two

of them which swing around each other, and that one system of them shows each a different colored light, white, blue, yellow, green and red. God seems to have made for himself a stellar, or rather a solar flower garden, the blooms being flames of colored fire, each orb vast beyond the grasp of the human mind. But to our eyes it is only a fleck of light against the outer darkness. To us it is *one*. To God it is *one* celestial garden. So is God's church invisible to him. He does not seem to care much whether a church be Calvinistic or Arminian, Baptist or Methodist. He bestows his Spirit just as freely upon the one as upon the other. If he had any marked preferences he could easily have rendered the existence of one and another type of doctrine impossible by clear definition in his Word. This is what theologians call "Indifferentism." To them it is one of the most horrible forms of heresy.

Last night I was out some miles from the island, and the full-orbed moon shone down through the pines. I came to a high mound of pure white rising hundreds of feet above the hills. The air above a round lake a half mile in diameter had chilled below the temperature of the water, when up rose this mound of vapor. As it lapped over my way the shadows of the high pine-tops came through it in long divergent bars, just like those shown by the setting sun when it shines through clouds upon a humid atmosphere, only that the glory was white and black, the ghost of the dead sunset. Some things are better because of the absence of sharp definition; moonbeams sifting through the pines, sunbeams shot

through evening clouds, and the great truths of our holy religion. When a learned man undertakes to mark it out with his little brad-awl, and circumscribe it with his little dividers, and cut it into blocks with his little panel-saw, some way I can not "catch on" to the interest of it. Theology—theo-logy—Job gave it up after long and arduous study. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" No doubt the cumulose clouds hung high and snowy over the Euphrates, or possibly over the Indian Sea, in his sight; heaven above, the salt blue depths below, but this great thought was "higher than heaven, deeper than sheol—what can we know?"



MUSING XIV

SCARED-UP PHILOSOPHY

I do not remember the name of that youth who went on a stately Johnsonese walk, was beset with many diversions on the way, and as night drew on, was sheltered by a philosopher in his cave. You know whom I mean; and who wrote the story. Maybe it was Johnson himself, though I think of Addison. I wish to express my sympathy with that young man. I wished to go to Wolf Lake to see about the haying, and was told to go to the Norways, the location of which I knew, and then run by the compass five miles due east. But there is so much philosophy lying around loose in those woods that I neglected my compass, and it cost me two miles' extra tramping. A night-hawk fluttered from my feet, and she so successfully imitated a young bird which could not fly much that I was deceived, until she had me well away from her nest, and then she soared away. All the ground-nesters, including the ducks, do this, some of them pretending to be wounded, and some of them to be young. In human affairs we call that conduct lying, and stigmatize it badly. It is not wrong, you say, in the birds, because they are not moral agents, though I have notions of my own about that. But would it be wrong if they were? May feebleness meet strength by guile? Some years

ago I said that Rahab was rewarded for her lying, and was told somewhat hotly that I was a Jesuit; so I will keep shy of that subject.

On reaching the top of the next hill I saw a deer, a doe, flying down the valley at a fine speed. I knew that her fawns were not there. If they had been she would have stood still, suppressed the throbbing of her maternal heart, and have let me shoot her dead, if I were wicked enough to do so. An Indian or a white-bummer would have done it; and thus by giving her life she would have saved her fawns. There are the two cases in the same woods, enough for a duodecimo of casuistry.

An incident out of which some philosophy might be extracted was at Island Water. A fawn, quite little for this time of the year, came out on the shore alone. The wind was blowing from me across the place where its mother would come in, and I knew she would not make her appearance. "Now, little fellow, I will catch you sure," I said, and planned the race. I laid my rifle down on a log and began stealthily to move around so as to get the fawn between myself and the water. When there, I would make a sudden rush and a noise, and the fawn would spring into the lake and swim, and as I could get around on the shore much faster than it could swim it would only be a short time till it would tire out, and I should have a pretty pet. But its mother was up on the hill among the bushes watching the performance.

"Look out there!" she called down in her language. Instantly the fawn's head and ears were up and it was looking for the danger. That did not suit


her. It was not for the fawn to ask questions but to obey. Her next word was sharper and more emphatic, and the fawn instantly leaped into the woods.

Next I scared up some philosophy of a little different order. It was in the middle of the woods, or rather of the five miles of it which lay between the big pine and the lake. A buck was sleeping there, and I suppose he might sleep there every night for five years and not again be disturbed by man. He was much surprised, and the instant he sprang I stood still as a black stump, black from hat to moose-moccasins. He stopped at less than fifty yards to investigate, and began to flash his fine large eyes here and there with quick motions of his head, but though I was in full view, and he scrutinized me, I was nothing to him but a half-burnt stump. Now you know that the two types of philosophy are known as the traditional, and as the modern. This fine deer belonged to the modern school. If he had belonged to the former, his way of solving the question would have been easy. He would have called my sudden apparition and instant vanishment a "mystery," and thought no more about it. If he had belonged to the transitional or middle school of philosophers, half way between the two extreme types, he would have referred me to the category of optical illusions, or have supposed himself to have been dreaming. But this deer was of the strict scientific school. He trotted in a circle, stopping every rod or two to use his eyes. At last he made a long pause, seemingly pondering the question. He would try his nostrils upon what his eyes failed to reveal, and so he deliberately

trotted to the leeward of his late bed. Then I knew he would have me, and sure enough, with the first sniff of his elevated and expanded nostrils, he blew his horn, waved his flag, leaped high in the air, and was away.

There was a great deal of philosophy in that five miles—I made it seven or eight before I was through with it. The next was a streak of applied science. My watch said I had been going over two hours, and that seemed to mean that I had gone far enough, perhaps considerably too far. Woodsmen will tell you never to follow a deer-trail, because it goes nowhere, but I know better than that. I know that a deer never travels on a fairly straight line unless he be on a business errand. So I went at right angles to find a trail, and soon came upon a fine boulevard, paid no further attention to my compass, but followed along in serene confidence, and in a quarter of a mile began to descend to water. It was a small lake, with the skeleton of an Indian wigwam standing deserted and lonely on its shore. I know of nothing lonelier than a deserted wigwam deep in the woods, except a church in ruins, with a few neglected graves around it.

White man never builds a wigwam—Indian never builds a shack. This was disappointing for a moment, but philosophy waved her guidon at me from the other side. She said that deer never would be at the trouble and expense of building such a boulevard to so small a sheet of water—small, shallow and not cool enough for pleasant drinking in summer. I followed, and found and resumed the highway. A few hills and thicketed ravines, and I stood above Wolf



Lake. On one side the white tent gleamed in the sun, and on the other some deer were sporting. Coot and Tom were sleepily switching flies, the McCormick with its cutter-bar lifted straight up, a little fire smouldering: a scene of sylvan peace. A tin pail with a cover on it had enough luke-warm tea to fill a mug, and that, with a piece of a dry loaf, furnished forth the dinner. As for the dessert, that was to be served on the margin of the lake a little way off. Now the way to eat red-raspberries depends on how you like them. I like mine pretty sweet. In that case you pick a half-handful, and then part the bushes, where you will find them on the ground like ripe apples. Every one of those on the ground is a ruby lump of sugar. You pick up enough of these to sort of sugar-frost your handful, lift them carefully to your lips and then by dextrous movements of your hand you will get them in your mouth and not drop one, though something depends, of course, on the size of your mouth. From the noise some people make, I make no doubt a handful of raspberries could be pitched into their mouth at a rod's distance.


It beats all how much philosophy there is in those woods. I struck a phenomenon! The more I ate the hungrier I became! Here was a paradox which needed investigation. All experience was contrary to this remarkable fact. Preaching is no exception. The more good preaching you hear the better you like it. But however hungrily you sit down in your pew, at the end of a half hour you say "Verbum sat," and take a sly peep at your watch so that nobody will see you do it. I sat down on a log to think, when I

noticed that the raspberries were blushing. They had never seen a white man before, and therefore took no friendly interest in my behavior. It must be some righteous indignation that was mantling their clustered fronds. Just then a bird with yellow breast, brown wings with a line of white in them, dropped down on a raspberry vine, rocked to and fro a moment, daintily reached for a berry, flew up on a birch twig and ate it, made a napkin of a bit of moss, and then began to sing. Ah, that was it! I was a huge black monster, rudely pushing and even trampling upon them and eating the morsels in quantities which they had prepared for dainty birds, for refined and elegant bird-gentlemen-and-ladies, so gentle in their touch, so elegant in their attire, so polite in their deportment, and so sweet in their song. As I rose to go one old vine reached out and scratched me, the same vine that had made obeisance when the bird alighted on it, swung him to and fro, and treated him to a berry.

Returning, I again went off from the straight course, and found myself on Deer Lake. A porcupine was going along the margin followed by a young one. I thought I would catch the little fellow, but he showed me his spines and ran into the water, something which a wise old porcupine will never do. He swam back, though, and ran off into the woods. His mother came to find him, and tracked him by scent to the water. Here she rose up and looked out over the lake and began to moan and cry in a pitiful way. I drove her gently to where her child had entered the woods, she took his track, and went off as fast as she could, uttering low calling sounds. I followed and

witnessed the greeting and caresses and congratulations. A tender-hearted porcupine!

The Hon. Samuel S. Cox was called "Sunset Cox" because, when a young country editor, he described a sunset after a thunder storm. If I had his descriptive powers I would try to give you an idea of one. The morning and noon had been the sultriest we have known here, but we knew there would be a change before evening. A pocket of hot air in this atmosphere is a loaded battery, which is sure to be fired off, and we always await the phenomenon with interest, and before we had our storm-proof, not without trepidation. This time the display was a spectacular program which no artist could excel if he had full control of the elements. It opened by a continuous roll of thunder softened by twenty or more miles of distance. We could see by its advance that the wind was not dangerously violent. The storm had nearly exhausted itself before it reached us, but the cloud had enough ammunition left for fine artillery practice when it hung directly overhead. The western sky, up to forty-five degrees, was a solid mass of red gold, without a rift or flaw in it, and you can imagine the billowy gold of the lake reflecting it. While we were admiring this unique display the boys who had taken refuge in the boat-house on the eastern shore of the Island, called to us excitedly to come quickly. We went, and there were two high-arched rainbows, the fainter one equal in color to an ordinary rainbow, and the stronger one a broad mass of powerful painting on an ash-rose sky, with a rift of immaculate blue beneath the arch. The arches were higher for their



span than we had before seen, and as strong at the top as at the sides. None of us had ever before seen such massive and magnificent painting. As the cloud battery overhead was still wakening the echoes, the whole display was one which we will never forget. I must mention a singular freak of the lightning in the forest east of us—a large white pine cut in two half way up, the top standing straight up by the side of the trunk of the tree, as if it had grown there. In the jack-pine forests, the trees growing to a height of seventy to ninety feet, my attention is called to monuments of the giants of the past, of which not so much as a resinous bone remains; a cavity and a hillock so large as to show that the hurricane-blown tree was very large. One can see with his mental eyes, written on these monuments, "Here lived and flourished for centuries a Giant Pine, and here he fell in battle. Peace to his ashes." The new species of pines which have taken the place of the older and greater, preserve their monuments from the leveling wind and rain by a deep covering of fallen foliage. Nature will not permit her great sons to be forgotten. She is the most minute and truthful of historians.

I am quite ready to assent to the general theory of evolution, but it appears to me that the evolutionists are only, so far, dealing with the epidermis of the subject, the cuticle or shell of something that is alive. The dwarf oak holds its dead foliage securely till it is pushed off by the young buds in the spring. Pull an oak leaf off in winter and you will see how strongly it holds to the twig. Now come with me to this oak bush and examine that curious little house made of its

leaves. Here are four large leaves stemmed to the same point in the twig. They are turned with the underside out and overlapped and sewed together at the top. Then the side-edges are overlapped and sewed. Now a fifth leaf is used to close the aperture below. Take your knife and cut one of the leaves open and you will find in the middle of this little house the progeny of its builder asleep in a nest of macerated leaves. How did she know that the only tree in the woods that holds its dead leaves all winter is the dwarf oak? How did she know that the dead oak leaf is water-proof, and wind proof? How did she know there would be cold rains and snows and hard freezing? "Instinct." I despise that word because it is a fraud. It pretends to give you an answer and convey to you an idea, but there is less sense in it than there is in the laugh of a loon. If one do not know, let him say he does not know, and not use a word which is as empty of a thought as a last year's bird's nest is of life. There is as much intelligence and forethought, and, for the material and appliances available, as much skill, in building that oak-leaf house as there is in the building of your home. The old words "intuition" and "instinct" are based upon the idea that something can come of nothing, that there can be a thought without a thinker, a voluntary task of toil without a motive. I have long believed that the spiritual is co-extensive with the material and more, that it includes it, that wherever in plant or in self-moving thing, there is life, there also is mind.

MUSING XV

HUNTING

A party of us, including ladies, the girls and boys and Georgie, some walking, some in the wagon, made an excursion one afternoon to Four Mile Lake, a sheet of water which lies among high hills. We descended to it and were sitting under the trees on its margin when a finely-antlered deer was seen feeding along the shore, and coming toward us. The conversation was dropped to whispers as the beautiful creature came on. My attention was attracted to Georgie. I never saw a richer and clearer complexion than his, a light bronze, better to my eye, than brunette. He is straight as an arrow, fine eyes, regular features, a handsome young man. Georgie was in a quiver of excitement, his eyes glistening, and he shouting in whispers: "Oh, isn't he a beauty! Oh, what a pretty shot! Just look at him! Just see him! Oh! Oh!" But Georgie was familiar with deer, saw them every day, had been raised chiefly on venison, and had successfully hunted all kinds of game, so the deer was no novelty to him, and yet he "went wild" at the sight of this one. It was the hunting instinct awakened by the sight of the game. In the white men it is modified, though never extinguished. In the Indian it is a passion. Rather than forego its gratification he will turn his back upon all the com-

forts and pleasures of civilized life. White men do the same, in large numbers, when they have the opportunity, and when the pleasures of such a life have once been tasted it is not relinquished willingly. Nothing but famine will drive man from the chase and compel him to the dull toil of agriculture. The deer came on till it was within a few yards of the two Wills. They clapped their hands and shouted, and away it went, like a shot.

Nor are the comforts of life all on the side of a high and rich civilization. It is growing chill here, 15th of September, and the time has come when Indians, such as we, must moss our cabins. So we started for a birch-grove where I had observed abundance of "dry moss," a buck-board load of us, with gunny-sacks, and soon had seven sacks full. Seated to rest awhile a lady said, "If I had my choice, I would prefer to die and be buried in a mossy cove like this. I don't want to die in a 'sick-room' and be buried in a graveyard." "Pile me up four or five cords deep of those dry tamaracks, lay my body on them, and send it after my spirit, heavenward," said another. "People might think this is a lonely place," said another, "but I do not. I always think of the trees as persons, and I imagine that they try to be sociable with us."

In hard-wood regions the way they used to chink log houses was to fill in between the logs with pieces of wood laid so as to look like a line of toppled over lll's. Then mortar of sand and lime was applied, and the space plastered nearly even with the outer and inner hewn surfaces of the logs. Some of those

houses, nearly a century old, are doing good service yet. Our cabins, of straight white pine, were dove-tailed at the corners so that the logs lay close, partially touching each other. The moss is forced in with a wedge-shaped piece of wood driven with a hammer, as the ship-calkers do with their oakum. It makes a tight and warm wall, and as the logs shrink in seasoning, the springy moss occupies the space, but it would not bear whitewashing. Perhaps some of our readers remember that "blue clay"—ledges of almost pure aluminum, found among the stratifications of limestone—was employed for whitewashing. Dissolved in water and applied with a brush it gave a blue-white surface. With an admixture of lime it made a permanent surface, not so liable to rub off.

But in these days of dadoes and friezes of one-legged storks, and of the splendors of wall-paper, blue clay would be regarded as impossible. But the Master of Life willing, we will beat civilization out of sight next year, and not take a fiber of its net products. We will build of white birch "logs" three to four inches in diameter, and "paper" the inside with white-birch bark. The friezes and centers will be made of the matchless yellows, crimsons and browns of the autumn leaves, touched on with glue. We mean to demonstrate that architectural and decorative art can do as well without, as with, the help of civilization.

Two or three years ago, while camping on the Sturgeon, in Michigan, I expressed my indignation at a large party who came in with packs of hounds, and I


then avowed my determination in all cases where I saw a race between a hound and a deer, to stop the hound. A hound makes as pretty a shot as a hunter could ask for. I am much gratified to learn that last year, all the hounds brought into that region staid there. The still hunters passed the word, and a fine dog hunt occurred. The only lack of fitness was that the Indians did not do it. They are partial to barbecued dog. A dog can be trained to track down a wounded deer, which is the only proper use for dogs in the chase. It is barbarous to employ them for coursing deer, and it is stupid meanness and pot-hunting vagabondage to drive them into the water with dogs. A man who would do that is by instinct a butcher, and ought to hire out as pig-sticker in the Chicago Stock Yards. He has neither the instinct, skill, nor spirit to be a still hunter. Your still hunter puts on his moccasins and goes over the crumple fern and pine spikes and dry twigs as softly as he can. The deer hears him and starts with a flying bound. The hunter now has his choice, as short a shot on the fly as he can get, or a long shot when the deer turns to gaze. One successful half-breed hunter, whom I know, always shoots on the wing. Another always chooses the long standing shot. In either case the chances are in favor of the deer, and that is fair. Now contrast this with a lazy lout, standing on a runway by a lake or river, and coolly murdering a deer with a shot-gun or club, when the dogs have driven him to the water! The laws of the lake-states forbid killing a deer in the water, and as time advances the game and fish laws will be more strictly enforced.

But the fact is we need a new world about the size of the earth, for the human race. There are, no doubt, dozens or hundreds of worlds which are so similar to the earth as to be adapted to human life as it now is. If there were a chance to emigrate to one of them that is now in the condition in which the earth was six or ten thousand years ago, I would volunteer. We would fix things in better shape than they are here. We would not have any whisky, and that would relieve us of the "Assembly's" temperance committee. We would all, every one of us, be professors in theological seminaries, and spend the five months' vacation in hunting and fishing. We would not have any lordship over God's heritage, but we would all be brethren. We would not have any railroads, the people would not need any for the first thousand years. Our houses should not be packed with stuffy upholstery of plush and velvet, but should be furnished in wood, at which the duster and scrub-brush would have a fair chance. The only pastry which should be allowed would be apple-dumplings with plenty of sweet cream.

Last year a deer swam across to our island and made a pleasant call upon the ladies, and then was protected by them as he safely swam back to the mainland. This (Saturday) afternoon I went some distance to a neighboring lake for fish for the Sunday breakfast. The bass were dull about biting, and I took a stroll into the forests and sat down by a small circular lake, hoping to have a call from a deer, and was not disappointed. Down he came, bounding like a rubber ball, the very embodiment of suppleness

and elasticity. He drank, made a fling or two with his heels, and then plunged overhead into the cool water. I laughed in sympathy with his pleasure. After a while I began to whistle. He threw up his head, flashing his ears this way and that. Then I made a conch-shell of my hands and blew a horn-blast. He sprang ashore and sought with eyes and ears for the source of the unwonted sound. Then I showed myself and he answered! Such a snort! He would bound a few rods and then blow his alarm with an energy that was exceedingly comical. He was bound that every deer within a mile should be aware of the presence of a natural enemy, but, in this instance, of a sympathizing friend, who would not hurt a hair of his red hide. But he did not know that.

As the sun settled toward the west I went back to my birch-boat and again solicited the finny tribes to come to Sunday breakfast, and they came. The bass made the line sing as it cut this way and that through the clear water, and I took about a dozen of them and started for home. It was nearly dark when I entered my boat to cross to the island, and I saw what I took to be a Newfoundland dog swimming for the same goal. As we have no dog of any kind, I wondered thereat, but when, nearly across, he threw up his head, paused, then turned and started back. I saw the water splash behind him and before him, and then came the roar of two forty-five rifles. Zip, splash, bang, bang, bang! and I yelled at him, "Good luck to you old fellow! go it!—dive, you old fool! Why don't you dive? They'll knock the top of your head off if you don't dive!" But the bear, for such



he was, just put in his biggest licks at swimming, and though they pumped their guns empty at him, they never touched him! and he went over the bushes like a deer when he struck land. When I sat down to my late supper, I kept yelling at the cook to send me up some bear-steaks! "George," said Johnny, "we'd better we dead. The doctor will never let up on us for missing that bear."


But I am afraid I am dallying with my scientific chapter on the art of hunting large game, a sport which becomes rarer each year, and which will soon be of the past. More is the pity. But it is an art. Like fishing it consists in an accurate knowledge of the habits and characteristics of the game that is hunted. The most fatal weakness of the bears is their playfulness. They are as fond of romping and tumbling as dogs. They stand up and wrestle and box, and crash through the bushes in their play. Another fatality with them is their strong odor. You can smell a bear, when the breeze is coming from him to you, quite a distance, and the same is true of the fox; and, as still hunting is always done against the wind, the hunter profits by it. One can satisfy his curiosity in regard to the odor which animals leave in their tracks by getting down and smelling the fresh track of a deer. It is an agreeable musk, easily recognizable. The musk is secreted by a gland located above the lower joint and carried by a duct to an opening between the toes. By dissecting a deer's leg the musk gland and pouch can be found. The perfume is similar to the musk of commerce. The odor of a bear is like that of swine. That of the fox is a

rank canine, also disagreeable. The odor of all the carnivora is repugnant to man, and of the herbivora it is agreeable. I may say here, as an aside, that the musk secreted by the human foot, and which, as in other animals, exudes between the toes, is attractive to human nostrils. The reason that the unwashed feet of shoe-wearers is repugnant is because the musk is confined and becomes rancid.

No animal will run till it has taken time to satisfy itself that there is danger, and to locate it. The bear always stands up when he is startled, and thus offers an opportunity for a quick shot.

The deer, beside wishing to know whether there is danger, like all the species of his genus has a large convolution of curiosity in his brain. He will stop to inquire with his eyes and nose into any novelty that may present itself to his attention. The various animals of the cat kind have much self-confidence. They can fight or climb or run, and they are liable to hesitate fatally in deciding which they will do. No doubt there is a temporary paralysis of the will, in all animals, as there is in man, on a sudden appearance of danger. I have amused myself by throwing a bunch of deer into a brown study by displaying the red flannel lining of my vest.

Still hunting brings out these resources of the hunter's knowledge. He dresses himself in a dark color, from head to foot, any color from the dark gray of a Norway pine to black, will do, provided the whole suit is of the same. He must wear moccasins or other footwear of soft stuff, so as to avoid that greatest of annoyances in still-hunting, the snapping




of twigs under the feet. When a lynx, bear, deer, or any of them, hears a twig snap, it will attend to noth-



ing else till it knows what snapped that twig. It is a small sound, but to them it is full of significance. He must not even wear corduroy pantaloons. No one would ordinarily notice the rustle of the ribs of

the goods striking against each other in walking, but in the stillness your game will hear it before you get within rifle-shot. The Indian was described by the discoverers as taciturn. He does not speak unless there be necessity for it. This he learned from all the quadruped tribes of the wilderness. If he would compete with them, either as enemies, or seek them as prey, he must keep his mouth shut and walk circumspectly. In still-hunting I first go to the lake-shore and dip my feet in the water to soften my moccasins. If I happen to wish to stalk game when I have shoes on, I take them off, fasten them to my belt and go in my stockings. With hard-soled shoes the snapping twigs sound to you like a park of artillery. The movement must be against the wind, because if an animal's nose tell it of danger, it asks no further questions, but clears out. Then the hunter moves slowly. He steps as silently as he can a few rods, and then stops and scans the whole range of vision, then a few rods farther and again stops. When he sights game he stands stock still, does not move a finger. If a mosquito be biting him on his nose he will let it bite. His victim is as watchful as he; if it be moving. It scans the whole view, and satisfied that all is clear, begins to feed, if a bear on berries, if a deer on browse. Then the hunter moves forward, and if the animal stop feeding he stops. If the animal show indications of being suspicious, he knows that his stalking is at an end, measures the distance with his eye, is in no hurry, takes a deliberate aim, and does not touch the trigger till he has drawn his rifle-sights true.




But the game may be lying down, in which case it will see him before he sees it. It has time to assure itself that he is dangerous, and his first view of it is when it is in full flight. If the hunter be a mere "sportsman," anxious to show his skill, he will bang away, and even if he happen to hit it, it will probably get away. If he be in need of meat he will stand still, and when the animal has moved a few bounds, give a shrill whistle. That will usually cause it to stop to inquire what the whistle means, and where it came from. The shrill whistle diverts the game's attention from the hunter for an instant. It is something new, something that it has not heard before, and does not understand, and it pauses to make an addition to its stock of knowledge. For my part I will not shoot unless I am sure of killing, not of wounding. I wish to drop my game in its tracks, because if it be able to run only a short distance I am liable to lose it. I aim to kill, or to miss entirely. An absolutely certain shot is at the neck. If you miss, the animal is uninjured; but a slight touch of the bullet in the neck will disable it. The reason is that the neck muscles are paralyzed by injury, and the head falls. Another sure shot is at the spine. Here also if you miss the animal is not touched, unless you undershoot.

When the hunter has made a successful shot he knows it by the vanishment of the game. The smoke of the rifle hides it, and when it has cleared away, if nothing is to be seen the hunter knows that it is down, and hidden by the grass or shrubs. If he have missed he sees it running. I once made a long shot across a

lake at a deer, and saw one bounding away, and concluded that I had missed. But I was impressed by the fast time the deer had made while it was hidden from me by the smoke; the more I thought of it the more I was doubtful, and therefore went around the lake, and there lay my deer dead. After making his shot the hunter remains perfectly still for a few moments. By so doing, if he have missed he will probably get another shot. If he have hit, he must not disturb the game for awhile, as it may get up and run away. If an animal is wounded and not pursued, it will go only a little distance, when it will lie down. I have seen a bear run a hundred yards after it was shot through the heart; a deer mortally wounded may run a mile. It is next to impossible to find a game that has run for any distance before falling. Its color is in such correspondence with its surroundings as to make finding it very difficult.

Good target practice with a rifle is no indication of good shooting in the woods. I have had not a little amusement at the expense of good riflemen. A talented lawyer, well known in literature and in his profession, came with his wife and daughter to visit us. All he wanted was one shot at a deer. We drove, with the ladies, over to Deer Lake, sat down on a hillside overlooking it, and sent our rifleman around to the other side. Soon a fine deer came within range. He drew his gun up to his eye, and my wife covered her face, exclaiming, "Oh, the poor deer!" "Don't you worry, my dear, about that deer. It is perfectly safe," I said consolingly. The gun cracked and the deer ran away.



The target rifleman, in the excitement of game shooting, does not allow for the rise or decline of the ground. If he shoot down hill he overshoots, if up hill he shoots too low, if across water he does not correctly estimate distance, if the wind be blowing he does not allow for the horizontal curvature, and so on. I have made successful shots in which I depended upon the skip of the bullet on the water.

I confess that I once hunted for sport, but now I never take a life without the pressure of necessity. I have never stood over a dying victim without sharp pangs of conscience. It is awful to have innocent eyes turned upon me in mortal agony, a harmless creature dying at my hands. The pain it gives to one's sensibilities far overreaches the pleasurable excitement of the chase. This is especially so where there is an outcry. It is pitiful even to see a bear dying in the woods, and to hear his protests. So now, though when I am compelled to hunt deer for the camp, I am usually successful, I turn the task over to others when I can. The wolf, or the hound in pursuit of a deer, I shoot with pleasure. And yet no one can see even a fangy, cruel wolf in a trap without pitying him. He puts his head down, and if he has a loose paw covers his eyes with it, and is silent.

I have incidentally described fire-hunting in previous musings. It was formerly done by setting a lamp on the prow of the boat, with a black board behind it to cast the hunter into the shadow. Now it is usually done with a reflecting lamp, which is strapped over the left eye. The lamp shines along the barrel of the gun and makes the sights visible. All wild

animals, excepting the wolf, can be approached on a dark night with such a light, if no noise is made in approaching them. I have kicked rabbits and badgers out of my way, gone close to lynx and bob-cats, and rowed my boat into flocks of wild ducks. All animals are accustomed to fire-flies, gleams of phosphorus, and to the stars, so that the lamp does not alarm them. They are not frightened by the flash and explosion of fire-arms at night, as they mistake it for thunder and lightning.

“Sun-shining” is another way of hunting on the same principle. It is done in the morning after sun-up or in the evening before sundown. The hunter places his boat some distance from a shore, upon which the sun is shining. When he sees game come out on the shore he cautiously paddles his boat into a position where the sun, himself, and his game, are in line. Then he moves directly on the game. The dazzling reflection of the sun on the water quite hides him from the view of his intended victim. There are many tricks in hunting, but I will not pursue the subject further. If my friends, the wild animals, were not so nearly extinct that these revelations will do them no harm, I would not thus give aid and comfort to the enemy.

There is always a comical side to hunting. My son and I were out in a rough, boggy place, when he shot a large buck. We cut a pole, tied its fore and hind legs together with grass, thrust the pole between, shouldered it, about a hundred and fifty pounds, and started to carry it in. The ground was a honey-comb of hummocks and holes. If I did not fall and drag

him down, he fell and downed me, and so it went every few steps. By the time we got to water we were beautiful in a coat of mud decorated with blood. Mr. Thomas Kane was in one of his little boats fishing, and he greeted us with laughter and cheers, insisted in putting the big deer along with us and himself in the boat. There was not more than an inch above water to spare, but he said that we needed a ducking anyway.


Once, when out alone, I was foolish enough to shoot a deer that was in the middle of a swampy pond. I walked around the water's edge, wishing I had him out. There was but one way for it, so I cut a sounding rod of bark, sharpened the end, stripped and waded in, testing the bottom with my sharpened rod to see whether the mire was overhead deep, reached the deer and got my shoulder under it, and of course I fell more than once, going under in the miry water. Such a spectacle! Hair and beard clotted with mire and blood. But I carried the game to a clear lake, and took a wash off.

One of the funniest incidents was when I took a friend out to give him a shot, showed him a deer and directed him how to go to get within reach of it, and sat down on a log to watch. In due time the rifle cracked, and the deer began to dance around and look for its enemy. It kept this up long enough for my friend to have fired a dozen times, but he was silent. When the deer ran I went to him and asked why in the name of sense he did not fire again. "Fire again!" he said, wrathfully. "All that time I was pumping the lever, watching the deer and swear-

ing at you!" I had put only one cartridge in the magazine!

My artist protege, Mr. Parker, was out with me when we started two bears. He got one and I went after the other, but did not find it. Returning I saw him at a distance turning somersaults and standing on his head, working off his exuberant delight. When I left him I told him not to go toward the bear till I came back, wanted to be sure it would have time to weaken or die. He then went to it. It had been dead a quarter of an hour, but he stole up cautiously and made passes at its eyes to see if it would wink!

I was out in a part of the woods where there had been fire, and killed and dressed a deer, bent down a small pine and tied my handkerchief to the top and let it spring up again, to mark the place, and went home. I had dressed for the hunt in cotton pants tied at my ankles with strings, old moccasins, a flannel shirt and an old slouch hat. My way was through thickets where fire had recently been. The charred branches struck across my face and hands, leaving a few streaks of white in the black. I do not see how I could have been made tougher looking than I was. As I approached the cabins I saw two spruce, elegantly dressed young gentlemen, standing talking to my hired man. They looked at me and laughed as I went toward them, then became decorous, and when I introduced myself their faces were an interesting study. They were New Yorkers, sent with letters of recommendation to hospitality by our friends. I saw there was a fine prospect for fun, and I acted as awkwardly and spoke as surlily as I looked, ordered my



man to take them to the library cabin, had them served with supper, and they retired, agreeing between themselves to leave the next morning. But the next morning I was neat as a pin, and the politest man in the State of Wisconsin. I set out to give them the most delightful two weeks' outing they ever had in their lives, and I succeeded. The next evening they inquired about me, and said they had never in their lives met a man who improved so much on acquaintance! Still they did not know precisely what their relations were to our hospitality. But an opportunity offered. A "pine-hunter" came over and asked for dinner, which was given him. He drew out his wallet and offered to pay. "What do you take me for?" I demanded indignantly. "Do you think I am a tavern-keeper?" The young men looked at each other. An embarrassing question was out of the way.

The eyes of a deer will shine to a lamp for a few hours after it is dead. Practical jokes are played in camp by setting a deer's head up among the rushes, and paddling a "tenderfoot" to it at night. He becomes very much excited, and fires away at it till the laughter begins. The same thing is done by boring two holes in a box and setting a lamp in it. A piece of green hazel root will answer the same purpose. Freshly cut, it shines with phosphorescent light.

There is a difference in the qualities of guns which are of the same make and appear to be exactly alike in all respects. This difference arises in most cases from difference in the temper of the iron of the barrels. The best metal is the purest, that is to say the

softest, iron. We have a rifle which, when bought, was cheaply mounted, but its shooting qualities proved to be unequaled, and it was given a better dress. Such a gun must be well cared for. It must be wiped clean and oiled after using, and no fleck of rust permitted to appear. It must not be scoured with emery, because its soft substance cuts away. The first good quality of a rifle is uniformity in range and in line. When a rifleman has a gun which he knows to be reliable in these respects, and has acquainted himself with its range, it gives him confidence, and is the first requisite in the pleasure of rifle-practice.

The most reliable cartridge is the U. S. Government 45-70. These figures mean that the caliber is forty-five one-hundredths of an inch, and the powder used is seventy grains. The war office arrived at the proportions of lead to powder and the caliber by experiment. The rifle is marked with these figures near the breech. It is an advantage also to have a rifle which uses the government cartridges, because you can get them anywhere. All the gun-makers furnish this caliber.

The most common error in cartridges is the disproportion of the powder to the lead, too much or too little. I had a beautiful Bullard which was fitted with 40-90 cartridges. It was great in its range, with a "sweet," whip-like voice, and would send its bullet through eight to ten inches of wood. But it was unreliable in line. The reason was that more powder was used than would burn in the barrel. Burning out of the muzzle it deflected the bullet. I venture to

say that the Mannlichers, and others of the small caliber swift-shooting guns with which Europe is arming will fail, for this reason, as sharp-shooters.

The bullet begins to obey gravitation the instant it leaves the gun. The old rule was to have a rifle sighted so that it would strike the center, when the front sight was barely visible, at sixty yards; and that remains the best rule. With his gun thus sighted the rifleman can choose his own way, either to draw a fine sight, point blank, or a coarse one and shoot under, and for greater distances to elevate the front sight out of the notch, according to his judgment. It requires practice, of course, to quickly estimate the distance, and to know just how the front sight should lie in the notch to reach it. The error most commonly made in all rifle-shooting is in sending the bullet too high. "Shoot low, boys," was Col. Baker's constant word at Ball's Bluff.

The back-sight should be flat, for the reason that you can quickly see the front one. If there are "buck-horns" or elevations on each side of the notch it takes time to find and bring the front sight down to its place.

MUSING XVI

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Living under the shade of trees by day and under the stars at night, with a roof over one's head only when it rains or when asleep, it is natural that one should gaze at the stars, see many splendid meteors, and take much note of the coming and going of the moon and the rising and setting of the constellations. There is no such dial for marking the time as that of which the polar star is the pivot. There glitter the constellations of Ursa Major, or, as it has been called, the "Dipper," the "Chariot of Arthur," the "Chariot of David," "King Charles' Wain," and the "Plow," the constellations also of the Lyre, Ursa Minor, the Dragon, and those brilliant queens of the North, Cassiopea and Andromeda, and the "demon" star Algol. These revolve majestically around Stella Polaris, and one can mark the hours as they pass by observing them. Among them is Arcturus, mentioned by Job, though it is probable that he referred to Ursa Major, the constellation.

The plain moon in a clear sky is beautiful, but, like a beautiful woman, its charms are heightened by drapery. This, one may have at times anywhere by the clouds, but always here by the tall pines, of the fleecy foliage of which Luna makes an aureole and a veil for herself, while she lets fall her train of silver across the dimpling lake.

When the August meteors come on, about the 11th of the month, we betake ourselves to the boats for an unobstructed view of the sky, and count them as they come. One of the most curious things about astronomy is the vast number of these diminutive planets, some flying singly and some in long trains. The stellar orbs are of all sizes, from that of a minute grain of sand up to the gigantic Sirius, twelve hundred times larger than our enormous sun, their diameters a sand grain, a pea, an apple, a boulder, a half mile, a mile, twenty miles, an hundred. Vesta, diameter 250 miles, the moon 2,160 miles, Mercury 3,000, the earth 8,000, Jupiter 88,000, the sun 866,000, Sirius, three millions of miles. Imagine little toy worlds with moons not bigger than walnuts as seriously moving in their orbits around the sun as does our own earth, their days and nights only a minute, or an hour long! and then worlds so large that they grapple on nearly equal terms with Algol and Sirius, and swing them untiringly around in space forever and ever!

Persons who do not live by lakes have little idea of the great variety of beauties which they display. I have mentioned in previous years our Fourth of July celebrations. We go to considerable expense in fire-works, and it is always a regret to me that our readers can not see them. Fire-works on the land are tame in their beauty compared with those on smooth water. All preparations are completed during the day. We make some bombs of tough paper and glue, wrapping the paper in long strips about a nucleus of a few ounces of gunpowder. The glue, with which the paper is saturated, makes the bomb as hard and almost

as tough as iron. These are fired for the sake of the echoes, which crash back and forth from the shores and end in long-drawn, far-away diminuendoes. The point of land at the north end of the island is selected for the display of fire-works. All but the operator betake themselves to boats, or seat themselves on the opposite shore. There is but little difference between the brilliance of the rocket or wheel and that of its reflection on the water. Now you can understand that one standing with a Roman candle in each hand can describe ellipses, circles, figure 8's and so on, of the red, blue, green and other colors of the balls of fire which they shoot out, one-half of the lines being in the air and the other half in the water. A rocket makes a great (}) bracket. There is great enthusiasm all day among the little folks in preparing for the evening. We always have a sumptuous dinner served in courses, the fish and roasts and partridges taken freshly in the woods and lakes the day previous. When the fire-works are over, the day's festivities are concluded with a two-gallon pail of lemonade, garnished with birch-bark bowls piled high with snowflake crackers, snaps and other curiosities of the bakery. Lemonade is no sort of lemonade anywhere but in the woods. The absence of tart fruits gives a keen appreciation of the lemon, its acidulous soul reduced to docility by the persuasion of sugar, and, by the way, not clarified sugar. The white granulated sugar gives you nothing but sweet. Take the lightest brown, we bought a 250 pound barrel of it at four cents per pound. It does not have the strong molasses tang of the sugar-cane, but a suggestion of it

only. Light brown sugar in lemonade is a tropical reminiscence. It is a dream of the live-oak, of the gold-orange glistening in the green, of the trailing mosses and blooms of the Antilles.

The patriotic rite of the lemonade and cakes, the union of the wheat-fields of Dakota with the fruits and sweets of Georgia, *esto perpetua!* duly observed—the boys so tired they could scarcely drag themselves off to bed—I retired with the rest but soon found that it was not my night for sleeping. Now, if there is any sensation unmitigated in its meanness it is staring wakefulness when you know you ought to be asleep. I positively will not have anything to do with it. I know of nothing meaner or more humiliating to human dignity, unless it be a heresy trial. So after seeing that my bed-fellow, one of the Wills, was sleeping cool and sweetly, I rose, dressed, waked up the camp-fire and watched the stars. The moon was setting in the pines. There were a number of little meteors, and one splendid one, which came perpendicular with a great train of light and so swiftly, disappearing only on the horizon, that I am sure it was an aerolite, and reached the earth, not very far away. I concluded to listen, to discover if I could hear the music of the spheres. That the celestial spheres do make audible music it were heresy to doubt. There is no tradition better established, nor one that can show an equal array of great names and high authorities, reaching from Pythagoras to Kepler, over two thousand years of unquestioned acceptance by the greatest theologians, philosophers and poets of the world. No straight-away, thorough-going traditional-

ist like myself can ever doubt it. This celestial choir, according to Timæus, commenting on Pythagoras, spans the octave thus: The siren who sings between the earth and the first vitreous firmament has one tone; she who sings between the firmament of the moon and that of Mercury, half a tone; a half tone thence to Venus; one and a half to the sun (the Ptolemaic system, mind you!); one and a half from the sun to Mars, one and a half from Mars to Jupiter, and so on out to the sphere into the inner surface of which the spangle-nails of the fixed stars are driven. A tone stands for 14,286 miles. The sun is distant 500,000 miles, and the firmament of the fixed stars 500,000 miles farther, the whole radius of the universe being 1,000,000 miles, and its diameter 2,000,000. After Pythagoras and Timæus, the next most distinguished name is that of Plato. The crystalline spheres, each separated from, but enclosed by, and enclosing others, are, by their very nature, resonant. Anybody can test this fact for himself by listening to the boom which sounds after a crash of thunder. That is caused by the jar which the thunder gives to the moon-firmament. It sounds precisely as a great bell does when set to vibrating. The greatest name in support of the music of the celestial spheres is Aristotle, not to mention Democritus, Lucretius and others. Following Aristotle all the theologians of the Christian church taught it, and a man who should deny it would be a heretic to be abhorred, as he ought to be. Such a man hath no music in his soul, and, *a priori*, according to Shakespeare, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. In such a case there is

no use in waiting for the overt act, but much harm. By burning him we save, first, the damage to others by the overt act; and second, we save the man himself from the actual commission of deadly sin.

The spheres being in constant and harmonious motion give off the music. I spoke of the sirens. That was the notion of Cicero. It is not orthodox. Cicero was a festive sort of a philosopher with a predilection for sirens. He said they were infatuated of their own divine voices and songs, and danced to the music on the polished surfaces of the spheres, waving their white arms in the ether and weaving in and out on the starry floor. But, as I said, that is a pagan interpolation by Cicero of the true doctrine. The celibate popes and monks would have none of it. St. Thomas Aquinas improved upon Cicero, without wholly rejecting his ideas, by turning the music over to Saint Cecilia, by whom it was rendered more decorous and appropriate. Saint Cecilia was a decided improvement upon the sirens of Cicero, though not so poetical nor so good-looking.

[Inasmuch as this treatise on the music of the spheres was written in the woods, and away from my books, it is proper, with the authorities of my library in hand, that I should make some corrections, and also further fortify my position. I find that Cicero did not originate the Siren theory. Plato sets it forth, (*Republic*, x:14), but he quotes it with his endorsement, from some still more ancient authority, some philosophic school which existed before his time (450 B. C.). It is greatly to the credit of Plato's fidelity to ancient tradition that he did not give up

the sirens, even though Xantippe pitched hot water on him and his master as he sat at the feet of Socrates. Any less resolute philosopher than Plato would have taken revenge on Xantippe by taking the sirens out of the ranks of her sex, and making satyrs of them. So much by way of correction. Now a word to the modern astronomers and philosophers, who have abandoned the old paths, and are teaching the strange doctrines of one Galileo, a crazy Italian; and those of a dreamy Dutchman, of whom it is enough to say that he forsook the honest and homely name of his shop-keeping father, and Latinized himself as Copernicus! "Copernicus," forsooth! His name was Koppernicht, or in plain English "Nary-a-copper." His mother was a "Watzelrode," which shows that she tended geese, or at least, lived on an obscure trail. That is the kind of a man whom these modern philosophers are running after. They profess to know more than the peerless Plato, disciple of Socrates and master of Aristotle, and follow Koppernicht, an impecunious, ignorant, Cracowan goose-herd!

No wonder that we high-souled Platonians regard their philosophy as mere goose-gabble. They come honestly by it. Now what does my great Plato say? What did he say to Socrates, his master? He said that the eight spheres were like casks, fitted one within another, and that a great spindle, like a distaff, was thrust through the middle, and on this they revolve, that there is an opening after the manner of Astarte's lips when she is laughing, through each crystalline sphere, by which access is gained from one to another.

The outer, or eighth, sphere, is variegated in color, the seventh is brightest, the second and fifth yellow, and the third bright white. They revolve with differing speeds. The distaff or spindle is sustained on the knees of Necessity. Each sphere has its siren sitting on the outside of her sphere, and all sing in harmony, though in diverse modulations. "There are," Plato says, "the three daughters of Necessity, Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos, singing to the harmony of the sirens; Lachesis sings of the past (she is my girl), Clotho of the present, and Atropos of the future."

There you have it! Plato against Koppernicht!]

Now I hope I have said enough to convince all true traditionalists of the truth that the celestial spheres are musical. The only reason why our modern philosophers do not hear the music is because they are making an eternal racket themselves. It was past midnight as I sat by the great crumbling coals of the camp-fire and listened. The conditions, after all the advantages, were not wholly favorable. There was still much to take my attention. The glowing coals would crumble and fall, and a new flame flash up. The aerolite fell and set me to thinking about the meteors. A whip-poor-will started up so far away that I set myself to distinguishing his articulations. Then an owl, one of the great northern screamers, and with his first note I was sure he was a wolf, as almost anybody would be, and I rose to my feet to listen to the plunge of a pursued deer in the lake, thinking he would swim across to the island; and then those noisy rascals, the loons. They were calling to each other across miles of forest. I heard one on Deer

Lake five miles away, and that reminded me of the day I took my young New York friends over there hunting.

There came a lull in the voices of nature excepting only the breathing of the pines, and so I looked steadily up and listened, scarcely breathing myself. Yes, there it was, something like a very distant chime of bells, only softer than any expanse of water could make sound which floated across it, soft, dreamy, far away. It was not like a distant bell-chime in this, that the bell starts off with its largest volume of sound, and then diminishes; while this music of the celestial spheres rose softly and fell away softly, the tones sometimes simultaneous and blending, and sometimes melodiously rising and falling.

How long I listened and heard I do not know, for the music passed into a vision, and I was talking to my father and mother. Both of them were sitting near each other and talking to me. The vision also passed, and there was a glow over the water and over the land, and I turned to the northeast to see that the sky was all ashes of roses above, deepening in color down to the horizon.


Yes, I know as well as anybody else that one can hear anything he listens for. I have waited in the woods for a coming wagon, and could plainly hear the rattle of its wheels before it had started. I have heard the unmistakable plash of a deer's feet in the water, when no deer was near. I have heard the plantigrade tread of a bear, and turned with a throbbing heart to catch a shot, when no bear was near. I have heard my name called, and started to answer, when

the quick thought came with a sad disappointment, that the voice I heard calling me had been silent half as many years as I have lived. We can hear what we listen for, believe what we wish were true, expect what we desire, anticipate and dwell in a better future. My body is this cabin-camp where I sleep and rest. My soul is myself, free to wander where it will, to see lands not lit by the sun, and to hear music which comes not in the chariots of the air.

MUSING XVII

BEAR-ORTHODOXY

Two evenings before the time that I write this, after dusk the two girls and two Wills were, as usual, across the lake below the barn bathing. They came back greatly excited. The ponies had begun to rear and squeal, the cow to stamp around, and Bonaparte and Madame Mouseville, those are the heads of the cat family, with their four nearly full grown children, all of whom have equally distinguished French names, came leaping down from the barn and sprang into the boats. The boys and girls in their bathing dresses followed the cats. There was heavy tramping up in the brush. They came across flying, some rowing, some paddling, but all helping, white as sheets, each with a terrifying story to tell,—about all of which we attributed to their excited imaginations, but they insisted that Charley (Mr. Purcell, my son-in-law,) and I should take guns and go over. We took a rifle and when we were behind the barn I began firing, and calling loudly to Charley to “Hit him with the ax,” while Charley encouraged me to “Shoot! shoot!” The boys and girls had huddled around the camp-fire secure on the island, awaiting results. But Grandma took in the situation. She said that it was too noisy a bear fight to be a real one, beside the growls and snarls they heard sounded kind of familiar to her.



She had heard the same kind of noises when the girls ironed the buttons off Grandpa's shirts, or brought in bad coffee for breakfast.

Charley had a terrifying story to tell of the fight. "When we got there," according to his report, "we saw the bear going off through the brush. He had a pony under each arm, the cow in his mouth, and his




tail twisted around a bunch of chickens. What he was mad about was because the girls got away from him in the boats; he likes girls, and especially has a sweet tooth for blondes," and so on, every new incident of the battle more wonderful than the last.

Then we told bear stories till the boys and girls peered out among the dark pines, and wanted to know if bears could swim.

"What is the best way to fight a bear, Grandpa?"

I explained how to do it. When you see a bear in the woods shoot at him, and keep on shooting. But if you don't down him, throw down your gun, draw your knife, and back up against a small tree, about the size of an ordinary jack-pine, six inches to a foot in diameter, and hold both hands above your head. Hold the flat side of your knife toward you with the edge to the left. The bear will rush up to you and,

when within reach, he will stand on his back feet, and throw his arms around you. What he intends to do is to thrust his claws into your back, and with a hug break your back and crush you. But instead of piercing your back, his claws will come against the tree. Now is your time. Grab his nose with your left hand, and strike with your knife as hard and as rapidly as possible. You see by holding up your hands they will both be free. Now, if the edge of your knife were toward you, his ribs would protect his vitals, but in the three to five blows you can give you are almost certain to go between ribs in one or two of them, and reach his heart, anyway his lungs, and to cut his spinal muscles. He will not try to bite you in this first round, but he will let go and whirl around, thinking an enemy is attacking him from the rear. You musn't follow him, but dodge behind your tree, and hold on to it with your left hand. Now, if he is not mortally hurt yet, or if he is, and still has strength to renew the fight, he will charge upon you again. Now you will see where your tree comes in again. By holding on to the tree you can get around it faster than he can. He would strike you a deadly blow with his paw if you were in open ground, but he can not strike you at all, because he has to use his paw that is furthest from the tree to get himself around trying to catch you, and he can not strike you with his other paw for the tree. Let him have the knife again. If he is chasing you around one way he exposes his side. If the other his face and eyes. This will be a short round in the fight. If you give him a couple of good stabs or



slashes, he will haul off again. If you are an extra quick climber you may now get out of his reach, but that is a dangerous attempt. The best way is to stand your ground. The probability is that he will take a rest, settle down and roll over dead. Anyway the fight is practically ended. Whatever the situation, if you keep your knife-arm free you are certain to win.

The boys looked in the fire steadily. As a result of their reflections, one of them said, "But, Grandpa, it seems to me that that is not a good way. You see, you would completely ruin his hide."

"Well, that is well worth considering, too. You see, the question is whose hide shall be spoiled, the man's or the bear's. As a newspaper man, I must admit that there are a good many men so mean that they are not worth skinning, and I never touch them, 'twouldn't pay. If a bear has a mind to, why that's the bear's business. If the fight were between such a man and the bear, I would say it was a waste of good fur for the man to use his knife at all. If he were honest, which, of course, he isn't, and would tell the truth, which, of course, he will not, he would say, 'Come on, Mr. Bear, and take me. If you can use me for meat, very well. I don't know of any thing else I am good for.'"

The next evening about sundown, Charley and I took our rifles, crossed over west, and went into the woods. Charley left me and went south, and I walked around, here and there, and finally sat down on a log, near a little lake, and was looking along the top of the ridge, when, sure enough, a large black bear

came over from toward the barn. I rose, cocked my rifle and stood watching him. He was trotting along near the top of the ridge. I tried to get a bead on him between the trees, and at last the way was clear and I made a noise by stamping on the ground. He stood up, at once, and I took careful and deliberate aim, pulled, "click," no shot, a bad cartridge. At the snap of the lock he came down, and as he was on the top of the ridge, a single bound took him out of sight in the bushes. I fired as quickly as possible at a guess, but he was safe.

I flattered myself that I had hit the bear and went up the hill to find him. Fact is, I seldom miss with the rifle, running or standing, if I do say it myself. Charley came up the hill, and as soon as he was in speaking distance wanted to know. "Got him?" "Yes, I think so, here's his track as he ran, and yonder he is," pointing to a bear-like object on the next ridge. We ran to it but it was only the end of a burnt log. Then Charley got down and examined the bracken and other leaves, and carefully scrutinized the logs that the bear had crossed in his retreat, got up, shouldered his gun, as he laconically remarked: "Never touched him." Then as he stalked off he muttered, "Such shooting as that!" Charley was disgusted.

It was all right, though. I found his trail, and, going to a birch tree, took off a small piece, and wrote on it as follows:

MY DEAR MR. BEAR:

I beg your pardon for disturbing you in your evening ramble and meditations, but I would be happy at your convenience to meet you


for a longer interview. I wish to say to you, confidentially, that I expect some distinguished ministers to visit me, and I should not be surprised if you took a liking to one of them and gave him a call. Bear receptions at our barn every evening from eight to eleven o'clock.

Fraternally yours,

THE MAN.

P. S. If you want a minister, ask for an interview on the North Prairie, not here. They climb—the better the preacher he is, the higher he goes.

Bears and lions, all through geologic time, were proportioned to their game in size and strength, and are so now. The "cave-bear" was an enormous animal, four times as large as our black bear, but he had to deal with the great "Irish stag," and the fierce urus, and with the cave lion, who would eat him if he could whip him. The cave lion had to deal with the primitive elephant, the most enormous animal that ever trod the earth. There was only one moderate sized tiger, the machairodus, the fellow who carried a pair of hooked and serrated sabers. Man was the only other animal who could meet the huge bear, on anything like equal terms, though it is probable that the bears ate as much man-meat, as the men ate of bear-meat. As always, the primitive hunter took advantage of his knowledge of the bear's habits, and particularly of the fighting tactics which no bear ever varied. The man could also depend on the bear never abandoning a fight till he was either victorious or dead. Men will talk about dying in the last ditch, but they never do if there be any chance to get away after the fight is hopeless. Primitive men were very swift runners and agile climbers. The man who wanted bear had to select his ground. He must have



a tree with strong low-hanging limbs. Having found such a tree he would swing himself up into it and secure his heavy stone ax to a limb, descend and hunt his bear. If he found one, or if one found him, he would run for his tree, swing up into it, bend his bow and sting the bear with an arrow. That settled the question as to the fight. He must kill the bear, or the bear would keep him up that tree till he starved. Then he hung up his bow and quiver, and took his ax. Now he must be very cautious, because his life depended on the ax. He would descend upon a limb just out of reach of the bear when standing up. The bear would get up and reach for him, when the stone ax would come down upon his skull with all the force the man could give it. This only enraged the bear, and he would continue reaching and receiving blows till he was blinded or unable to rise, then the man would leap down and finish him, striking at his back muscles and springing out of the way.

There is no evidence, that I know of, of primitive men attacking the cave-lion, excepting the presence of lion bones in men's caves. There is nothing in tradition on the subject, and it is difficult to imagine any way of assailing him unless with poisoned arrows. Those lions were well able to kill a primitive elephant. It is probable that the bones in the caves were those of old lions who had crept in there to die, though it is possible that men found a way to kill them.


Nowadays we would think we could not go fishing without nets or fish-hooks, nor hunting without guns; nor doing any thing without iron tools. But an Indian will catch all the fish he wants with only a bit of bone

or of hard wood, sharpened at both ends, and notched in the middle, a line, a strong string of any kind, a slender strip of buckskin, or the macerated root of a dwarf-pine. The line is tied in the middle of the bit of bone or wood in the notch so the string will not slip off. The bit of bone or wood is now covered with the bait and thrown into the water. The fish swallows it, and one end will be tilted, making a secure hook of the other end. The fish must be cut open before it can be got out.

Dr. Sam Johnson instructed Boswell that American bears are innocent. As the old doctor himself bore the cognomen of "Ursa Major," he was excusable for exercising a fraternal spirit, and making his generalization more charitable than discriminate. Whether a bear be innocent or not, depends, as among men, on the kind, and especially on the species, of bear of which he is. As between the Puritans and the bears, Macaulay seemed to give the preference to the quadrupedal plantigrades. He said the Puritans did not object to bear-baiting because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the people. But neither did Macaulay discriminate. He did not mention, if he knew, that the Puritans, if bears, were polar-bears; and that they were from a region where the skies are clearest, the stars brightest, and the air most bracing; though it were rather cold for an efflorescent rhetorician like himself.

The polar bear is semi-aquatic, and he has a good deal of confidence in himself as a swimmer, but there are sad cases of misplaced confidence. The strictly polar ice is what they call "paleocrystic," old ice,

very solid, and the bergs are flat at top, wide level fields, not the battlemented and spired icebergs of Greenland and Grinnell Land. That is how they know that there is a circumpolar continent, because these paleocrystic floes must have a large area of land on which to form, and they must form slowly, because the lands of the lower latitudes of the arctic circle take most of the moisture out of the water-bearing air currents, so that the circumpolar continent does not receive so large an amount of snow as the more southwardly lands. This accounts for the flat fields of adamantine ice which come from the furthest north—very old and very rigid. Now our beloved brethren, the polar bears, with their optimistic and cheerful nature, mistake these paleocrystic floes for solid land, and take up their abode on them. As they float into open water the seals and auks and fish become plenty, so that our confiding brethren, the bears, are cheered and lulled into a feeling of happy security. But the floe moves on and on toward the Southern Cross, while *Stella Polaris* increases its angle to the plane of the zenith. At last the bear and his floe are where the sun rises every day, where the whales disport themselves, and where, if he be in sight of land, he may see green hills and human habitations, and white sails on the ocean. The regions of eternal desolation are left behind, and the zone of life, of sunshine and human hope, is reached. But all this is despair to our poor brother, the polar bear. The edges of his floe show little cascades of water pouring into the sea. Appalling rifts split across it, and at last it is gone, and he has only his paws with which to battle with the



broad ocean-river which comes rolling up from the shores of eternal summer.

But the warm waters will flow northward and the ice will drift southward, in all seas, those of human thought as well as those of oceanic brine. God wills it, and it is good for all but the few who mistake paleo-crystic ice-floes for solid land.

I met the best editor connected with the Methodist press—all the western Methodists know who he is—and I am tempted to go into a little digression about him. He is perfectly fearless as a writer, and his style is animated, racy, always fine, and when it is appropriate that it should be so, elegant. It was he who demanded that the doctors should release the wrist of the church and permit her beautiful hand to resume its blessed work. Well, I was going to say that I met him a week or so ago in the streets of Chicago, and found that he indulged a growing interest in the important subject of bears. In the course of our conversation on the subject, he inadvertently let slip an inquiry that hurt my feelings. The question that rankled in his mind was whether he could rely upon my valuable contributions to the subject, as scientific data, or whether he should study them simply as models of imaginative genius! There is no way out of a dilemma of that kind. If I had replied that my labors on the subject of bears were limited to scientific investigation and a record of the results, he might have marked me one notch higher as specially gifted in the region of the imagination.

“Doctor,” I replied, “there is only one way in which to study such a subject, and that is to inspect

the specimens *in situ*. Name the day when you will be at Iron River and I will be there with the ponies."

He said that he would, because he was fond of bears. I looked sharply to see whether that bow had



two strings, but concluded that it was literal. Still one can not always tell.

I shall explain to him when he comes that my bear-congregation is solidly Calvinistic, but the Methodist

editor shall have an opportunity to preach to them. I will take him a pleasant walk over to Bess Lake, then between the two where you always see deer, across the west prairie, to the bear-wallow woods, and then I will dodge him, and allow him to conduct the meeting alone.

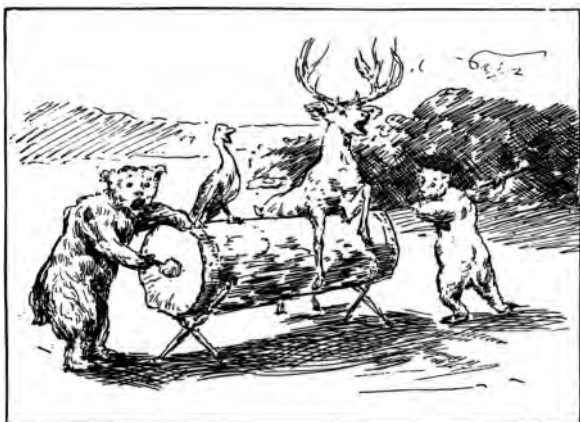
I have no doubt my congregation will be deeply



moved, that they will evince a decided liking for Methodist doctrine, and that the sermon will be fol-

lowed by social festivities and an enthusiastic reception.

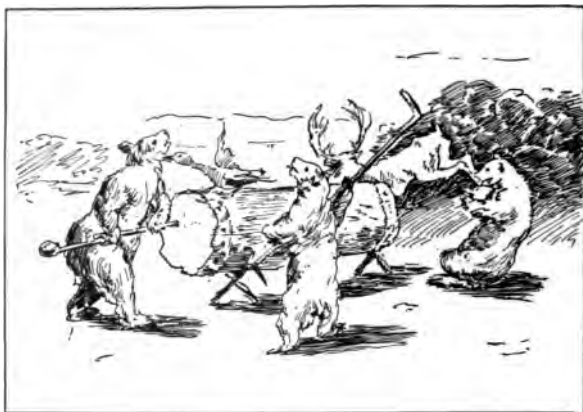
I shall pass over the lapse of time and events since my Methodist brother preached to my people. But I am afraid my congregation imbibed an insubordinate spirit when they ate up their temporary supply. It is a good deal of work to get such a congregation in running order. There is the building of the organ,



for example. It takes a week of hunting over hill and dale, wading tamarack swamps and swimming lakes, to find a gum-tree, or a hollow yellow pine, for organ timber. Then you must saw it the right length, split out the heart in little strips till you get it thin, fire it to give it resonance, stretch hard tanned buckskin over the ends, prepare a cedar pole ten feet long for a bow, tap a white pine for rosin, and make your drum-sticks out of basswood.

Then you must have a first-class shrieker of a loon

for a soprano, a five-pronged buck for baritone, two good drummers, and two accomplished bowyers. Well, of course we shall expect the super-refined city choristers to turn up their noses at our organ, and say it is a cross between a bass-drum and a very bass-viol. But our loon soprano can go a full octave higher than the best shrieker they can produce, and our baritone, he is a four-snagger, can warble along lower keys than the prettiest whiskerando out of Italy, and our drummers and bowyers, well if they all start in fresh the melody will be heard five miles. But, as I remarked, Methodism does not assimilate with the Calvinism of my congregation. Anyway there is a lack of harmony in the choir.



But I am bishop of this church. In Chicago I am only a Presbyterian elder, of a class whose duty it is to keep silent and do as they are bidden do. My congregation here is Episcopalian, and I am in the apos-

tolical succession. I run the choir and the whole business, and have no fear of failure in negotiating for more harmonious relations in the musical end of



my church. It is a mere matter of the faithful administration of discipline.

It is not surprising that primitive men regard the bear as of a human tribe, endowed with a spirit. His ambling walk is a good deal like a man's; his foot is the same; he is wise and thoughtful looking; in his youth fond of play. He fights the same way, wrestling and striking; he is a good fisherman, he eats the same food, like man being omnivorous, and, like him, having canine teeth and grinders. His highest idea of business bliss would be to keep a candy store, and he is a good-natured fellow every way. I would like to edit a paper for the bears: I mean the real bears

We would have editorials and contributions about the best way to find bee-trees, to catch opossums and other game; the crop prospects, the blueberry and cranberry and blackberry, all the berry crops; the acorns and chincapins and pawpaws and beech-nuts. We would establish fisheries in the rapids, and discuss their management. With a good newspaper we should have more co-operation. We would have a line of bears across the rapids, and send a squad up stream and one down to drive the fish, and only have as many tossed out as were needed. Of course the paper would have to be suspended from November till April, as the subscribers would all be asleep. While the Ursine people were reposing under their warm white sheets of snow, I could profitably occupy my time in missionary work among the Floridian bears.



MUSING XVIII

HERMIT PIETY

What a cheap thing was hermit piety! I know of no pleasanter road to heaven! Those cozy old fellows got themselves well away from the work and worry of the world, presumably for the purpose of holy meditation and the contemplation of divine things, really because it was the freest and easiest way of spending a life. They did not have the luxuries of the table, but when they had tramped about till they were thirsty, what nectar in a silver cup could compare with dipping a felt hat in an ice-cold spring and drinking abundantly? What sauce gives such a flavor as the genuine hunger of a robust constitution? What bed so downy and luxurious as a straw pallet to tired limbs? The real crucifixion of the lusts and desires is made by those who stand in the highway of the world and give sympathy and help to all that are in need or distress. This mysticism, this dreaming of heaven is no better than the idle man's dream of golden possessions. Why should not an improvident person like to think of a place where he would have plenty to eat, and nothing to do but sit in a paradise and listen to the performances of a string band? I would like to know just what sort of a man, in the way of practical benevolence and self-sacrifice for others, Bernard of Cluny, author of "Jerusalem the

Golden," was. I think that there are men and women in all our churches who would, without knowing it, give him half way in the sainthood of practical benevolence, and then beat him out. I well remember, in corn-hoeing time, we would sometimes have for morning family worship the psalm which contains the stanza :

Unto me happily the lines
In pleasant places fell ;
This is my rest, here still I'll stay,
For I do like it well—

and as Ortonville was a familiar tune the last line came in as a refrain :

For I do like it well.

But I did not like it, not by a great deal. The idea of rest, at the beginning of a hot June day, in hoeing and pulling weeds out of the corn ! But let me not speak lightly of lines which, however inappropriate they may seem for divine praise, come back across the years in the quavering voices of the saintly dead. Hoeing the weeds out of the corn ! There is more of the pain of over-weariness in many a home set about with luxuries, in hoeing the weeds out of the family, than ever I suffered in back and arms on the hilly fields of the old farm. There was a lady in Cincinnati, the wife of a distinguished jurist, who lived opposite us on the street. I have seen her follow her sons to the front gate with words of sweetest persuasion, but all in vain. As they went away down the street she would break down in sobs which were the last efforts of a broken and despairing heart. I do not

know whether she is living or dead, but the sons are dead. They died as the fool dieth.

When our first child was born an old bachelor friend said, "Well, now you have a new and interesting plaything." I knew better than that, even then. When the child was shown to me I took a pillow, threw it on the floor, lay down, laid him upon my breast, and there he took his first sleep in this weary world, and I slept also. My father said, "Those little children will be on your hands and on your heart before you know it." I did not understand that, did not know that keeping the weeds out of the corn was something that would drive sleep away, not invite it. A man or woman never knows what his or her personal cost to parents was until parental experience with children comes at the turning points of the development of character. It is after this experience that one looks back with regret at the follies of his youth. We sometimes look upon the blinding partiality of parents for their children with a sort of disgust, the love which can not see even glaring faults. And yet without this assuagement the sense of responsibility in the hearts of Christian parents would be too heavy to be borne. It is enough if the parent sees the real weeds in the corn, and has wisdom and nerve enough to uproot them.

But I was thinking when I began to write of the breaking up of our delightful relations with the little ones in this free and easy and careless butterfly summer life. We must get out the chests and old trunks and boxes and pack away our effects with a view to the inroads of the sharp-toothed squirrels. We must

drop the curtains, bar the windows, close the court with great barn-doors, and leave it all to the silence and the cold and the banking snows of the winter; to seven or eight or more months of loneliness. What a contrast. As I write this, the silence about me is as absolute as if I were in inter-stellar space. There is a soft ringing in my ears, yet on a high key. What is that? It is the running of the vital machinery. One hears the beating of one's own heart. I must go back to the roar of iron hoofs and tires on the granite pavements, to the bellowing of the tugs, the fearful yells of the locomotives, the clangor of bells, to criticisms and complaints and compliments, to anxieties about this and that interest, to leather shoes with stiff soles, to starched linen and all the other miseries of mural life.

Bernard of Cluny, the mystic, lived in the country, if not in the wilderness. He wished to try life in the city, so he dreamed of "Jerusalem the Golden." He did not sing of paradise; of the ideal happy life which was in the midst of the trees of a garden that man had not planted. One evidence of the genuineness and great antiquity of the Scripture is that a garden, not a city, was the highest ideal of happy surroundings. There is not a word said suggesting that Adam and Eve had so much as a log cabin. Milton thinks that they slept under a sort of natural arbor, and that the roses rained their leaves all night long down upon the happy pair. But that is too much of a good thing. I will not stand back for Adam in love of unsullied Nature, but when it comes to sleeping, give me a wool mattress and my pair of half-inch

thick camping blankets. I will take them in preference to a coverlet of loose rose-leaves, every time; and I will undertake, for Eve, to say that she would, too, after she had given the blankets a fair trial. But, as I was saying, the walled city became essential to the existence of a community, and so the blessed future was presented by comparisons which would be most highly appreciated, a city, the walls of which were as high as the city was broad, and its gates of massive jewels. If I have my choice in the next world, Jerusalem the Golden may go to them that like it. I shall take to the woods.

I took a three-mile walk this afternoon to find our old keeper of the island, an old man of seventy-two years, one of the most curious and pathetic cases of appetite for strong drink that I have known. Some four years ago our Indian friends recommended him to us. He had gone into the woods about two miles from their home and built himself a shack for the winter. There was a very deep snow that winter, and his small stock of provisions ran down to a handful of dried currants. He had two or three hens, and he gave his currants to them, and then started to find his way through the four feet of snow to Mr. Morrison's cabin. No man, white or red, ever asked bread or shelter of our Chippewa friend who did not get a share of what he had. The old man's strength soon gave out, and it was a question whether to lie down in the snow and die, or go back to his shack and die there. But after resting, he pushed on and reached Mr. Morrison's. That summer we employed him. He is a man of much more than ordinary intellect, a

fine head, pleasant face, witty, humorous, a gentleman in manner and in language, and one of the most industrious of men. The first two winters he spent here entirely alone, with no one within miles of him. The peculiarity of this case is that he hides himself away in the woods to be out of the reach of liquor. He refused to draw his wages except a little for his winter's supplies, his clothing cost him nothing, more camp suits being left for him than he could ever wear out. But when we insisted on paying him, he went out to the nearest town and threw away two years' wages in twenty-four hours. He has been in possession of plenty of property two or three times in his life, and has traveled extensively. He is very fond of pets, and always has chickens, dogs and cats with him. We did not think it safe for him to stay alone here in winter, nor did he, so we employed a man who has a family. I found him in an old logging camp where he had fixed up quarters for himself, planted a little garden and was again living the life of a hermit. "I have been praying," he said, "for seventy years, and every year it seems to go worse with me." "Oh, well," I said, "it will soon be over with you and me, and I think the good Lord will allow us to build shacks for ourselves in the woods in a better world, where there will be no woods-bummers, no saloons, no rheumatism, nothing but good times." We are agreed that we do not want to go to the New Jerusalem, that is, not to live there. There will be too many people, too much noise, too much theology and philosophy, and may be politics. We will not mind listening to the golden harps for an evening or two,

but for ourselves, give us the wind in the pines, the songs of the white-throated sparrow by day and the weird calls of the loons and the whip-poor-wills in the night, the shimmer of the lonely lake, and the deer waving their white handkerchiefs at us as they bound over the logs. No city heaven for us. I do not expect to see such men as Dr. Withrow and Dr. Johnson in that land more than once a year, I don't know about Dr. McPherson. I think he has in him the making of a good camping Christian. But there is no hope for Johnson. He goes to Saratoga.

How irreverent such an aspiration would have been, three score years ago, in my boyhood! In those times just about everything that anybody wanted to do was imputed to human depravity. If you wanted a little of the milk of mercy to soften a hard doctrine, it was because of your natural depravity. I well remember my two grandfathers, both born in Calvinistic Ulster, and members of the Associate Reformed Church, which has ripened and mellowed down to the present *organ-ized* United Presbyterian brotherhood. But somehow a little trace of Methodism had percolated through the hard Calvinistic shell of him on my mother's side. Well, the two white-haired old friends fell to talking religion, which, of course, in those days, was the setting forth of dogmas, and the Gray was laying down the five points in a specially pitchforky manner, when the Woods gravely said, "Oh, brother, I do not think it in that way." "Poor man," said the other, in words of compassion, but in tones of vindictiveness, "what will become of your poor soul!"

It seemed to me that the walls of the straight gate

and of the narrow way had caved in, and that there was no way at all.

What a curious old fellow that old revolutioner was ! He used always to pray at midday, and in the summer time he was in the habit of going to a sort of a thicket in a corner of his garden and praying aloud there. I heard him say, "forgive me my trespasses as I forgive those who trespass against me." When he came out he found me knocking apples off his "airly sheep-nose" apple-tree, and he caught me and gave me an "all-fired" licking with his cane. I yelled, then, for all that was in me; but I have laughed about it ever since, when it came to mind. I managed to get breath between sobs after he let go, to say, "You just-uh-uh-wait, grandad, till God catches you, and if he-uh don't give it to you, boo-hoo-hoo !" I think I really got in upon the old man with that retreating shot, because the next time I was in his house he cut a piece of bread and buttered it and then piled sugar on thicker than the bread, and said that I was his good boy and that I should go to Londonderry with him the next time he went there !

Were you ever impressed with the *character* in things? in every individual thing. Take a window, for example, especially if it be draped. There is calm dignity and kindness in its open and serene countenance. It has no frown, no reserve, no thought hidden behind its brow which it fails to express to you. If you come, its welcome does not embarrass you. If you go, it does not constrain you. There should be no fussiness about the drapery of a window, and no bric-a-brac near it. Its own transparent goodness is

all the adornment that it needs, except so much plain and neat curtaining as may heighten its kindly individuality. I have sometimes sat and communed with a fine window until I should not have been surprised to hear it speak to me. All this is lost in the use of cathedral glass. There is nothing of it in colored church windows. If the glass be cheap, you think of it as a characterless and beggarly pretense. If it be fine and rich, then you may admire the colors and the art, but the window itself is not there. It is not a window, but a display of harmonies and contrasts in light. This is not saying that fine church windows are not desirable, but only that what they gain in fine display they lose in fine and subtle goodness of character. Trees are especially full of intelligence. As we passed along under them in silence, we said, "It really seems to me that the trees are looking at us, and that they whisper to each other about us when we have passed by them." What is the reason that such impressions are made upon so many minds? It will be said that these are only shadows of our own thoughts, only reflected images of ourselves. But I do not believe that. I think that the spiritual world would impress itself upon us a great deal more than it does, if we did not refuse to believe in it, and turn away from its advances.

And yet we are so subject to illusions that the reality becomes a matter of doubt. I was pushing off alone into a part of the wilderness which I had not visited, and came upon two lakes, twins in size and shape, hidden in wooded hills. Looking down to the margin nearest me, I saw what I was sure was a bear. It was

among some rushes and bushes, and I took a rapid survey of the surroundings. To get away he would have to run up a high hillside that was free from undergrowth, and so I muttered, "I have got you now, old fellow," cocked my rifle, and waited for him to show himself, and after a considerable time "he" did, two porcupines, one toddling along after the other. It was hardly credible that the little fellows could have appeared to be so large. They came up directly toward me, and, though I spoke to them, came on till I punched the leader with the muzzle of my gun, when he turned around and humped his back, ready for an attack. I sat down and looked over the lakes. A covey of ducks was swimming away to the other side, having seen me, and as they approached a low ridge which divided the lakes, I saw a movement among the bushes, two pairs of sharp ears came up into view. Now I shall see a real game of fox and geese, I thought; but the ducks went under water and the animals came out. "Too gray for foxes," and I elevated my sights, made the best estimate I could of the distance, and of the force of the wind, and fired. If I had gone a foot higher I would have had one of them. They went leaping over the bushes, just like deer, and up the hillside. They were going at their best, and I was interested in observing their speed, and was pleased with the conclusion that any sort of a deer could beat that. They were the largest-sized gray "timber wolves." The hunters here were much surprised at the account of Mrs. Van Cleve in regard to her wolf-trapping experiences. Since that time all timber wolves have learned the meaning of a

trap. You can protect the carcass of a deer from them simply by cutting a couple of sticks and laying them across it. The surest way by which they can be destroyed now is by poison. The Neanderthal skull of the "primitive man" showed as good a brain as that possessed by the modern man; so the primitive dog is as wise as the educated dog, and a great deal wiler.




MUSING XIX

COOT AND TOM

Equines, all points considered, are the most beautiful of animals, the most graceful in outline, drapery and motion : some of them like the quagga, beautifully marked. A fine horse has a finished look, like a completed work of art : his round, solid hoofs, hard, sinewy legs, fine eye, expanding nostril, floating mane and tail, and kind, serviceable disposition. Our ponies, Coot and Tom, are peculiar little animals, weighing, I should guess, 800 pounds each, wonderfully tough and enduring, and full of pranks and intelligence. When they are wanted in the stable, Georgie makes much ado about putting oats in their mangers. Tom will come and put his head into the window whence he can see his manger, and if there be no oats there he will run off kicking up his heels.

What has most attracted my attention is the heavy loads they can pull on these steep hills, and the way they do it. Ordinarily a team, when they come to a hill with a load, become excited, and put all the dash and speed into the ascent that they can. That is because they expect to be whipped. When our ponies come toward a hill they manifest their uneasiness by snorting, but when they have taken to it their motion is very slow. I never saw horses, nor I believe oxen, move so slowly. Then they will stop to rest, and start



again voluntarily. It is plain that if a horse takes a hill with a dash, his strength is highest at first, and it rapidly diminishes, so that he is liable to become discouraged and fly back and balk. It is also obvious that it requires more strength to take a load up a hill in a short time than it does in a longer time. These slow-moving ponies do not exhaust themselves. When they have made the ascent, they show no results of extraordinary exertion. The best indication of their coolness on the worst side hill is that they will reach out to crop the grass. But they make up for it on a descending grade. They can not be depended upon to hold back. We have strong brakes on both the buckboard and the wagon, and the other day I noticed that Georgie had ropes to tie around the felloes so as to increase the friction. If horses were trained to pull slowly over hard places, instead of being excited by whipping and yelling, they would never balk, nor would they be injured. As to the wagon-brake, it is absurd and cruel to make horses hold back going down hill. The descent should be a rest for them, the brake being regulated so that they would not have either to hold back or pull. When I am driving and there is a ravine, a descent immediately followed by an ascent, I release the brake before finishing the descent, and the ponies immediately break into a gallop, the momentum giving them a lift on the ascent. Persons who own horses should notice whether they are easily frightened in their stalls, and elsewhere, by a person approaching them. If so, the hostler should be discharged. He is so abusing them as to make them disagreeable and unsafe. All the usual defects

in horses come of abuse. Our ponies are never shod. The sand, of which the whole country is composed, is wearing on the hoofs, but nature regulates that. When they become too thin, the secretion of the horny material increases; and when the protection is superabundant, it decreases.

The extinction of the native American equines is one of the strange things in past natural history. They were abundant in eocene times, and lasted till about the time of the advent of man. Our horses are Asiatic. Their value, no doubt, came to be known in consequence of the love of barbarous people for pets. All the herbivorous wild animals, and all but the dangerous carnivora, are very easily tamed, and the barbarian is fond of them. An Indian family at Gordon have quails, wild geese, fawns, more tame than common domestic animals. The children of the primitive man would soon learn to climb upon the back of a colt which had been captured and petted, and their father would not be slow in taking the hint. We have lost the making of a very valuable domestic animal by exterminating the moose. They are strong as an ox and swift as a deer, and, when tamed, perfectly docile.

We bought ladies' saddles when we first discovered the ponies, but they have hung in the loft unused, the result of the discovery that, respectful as they are in harness, they "buck." This is an art which their ancestors cultivated when the only equestrians were cats. The panther in all his species, cougar, "mountain lion," lynx, etc., in leaping upon the back of a herbivorous animal, plants itself with its head above the victim's neck. Bucking consists in two or three

leaps forward, an instant stop by throwing forward the fore, and leaping up with the hind feet. The effect is to throw the rider out on a line perpendicular to the horse's back. The impetus given to the rider's body by the forward leap is nearly doubled by the quick leap of the back feet while the front are stationary. The rider, cat or man, must depend upon a hold with hands or feet secure enough to overcome this momentum. As the cat's claws were to the front his hold was pretty sure to be broken, and he thrown. It will be noticed that in the act of bucking the horse puts his head between his fore legs, hunches his back, and throws the rider from the apex thus formed. The rough rider prevents the full execution of the bucking act by holding the horse's head up with the bridle. I doubt if either cat or man ever sat a bucking horse where it was free to put all its science into the effort.

It was considered remarkable that when a lady first tried to ride Coot, the pony did not buck in the traditional way, the way all her ancestors did, but sat down like a dog, and the lady slid off. The pony did not leap nor rear nor show any indications of fright, but deliberately sat down, and when her burden fell off she began grazing.

Georgie came across from the barn and reported that the ponies were so badly frightened that they would not eat their oats. They were trembling and snorting and tugging at their halters. The trouble may have been wolves, but more probably a bear. Horses are desperately afraid of bears, and go wild at the smell of them. But these horses, of their own knowledge, should have no more fear of bears than of

sheep. The ancestors of these horses were hunted by bears, perhaps many thousands of years ago, and yet the memory of those old conflicts has come down through the blood as fresh as if the chase was only of yesterday. Some years ago our Mr. Ramsdell and another man camped on the margin of our lake, having with them a powerful and valuable horse, which was tethered out a short way from their tent. When it grew dark the horse snorted loudly, broke his tether and came rushing toward the tent, and then turned and started on the trail by which they had come. They gave up trying to find him that night, but started as soon as it was daylight. The tracks showed that he had gone off bounding at his best speed, and that he had never broken the gallop for a distance of full twenty miles. When found he was exhausted, and so injured that he was not of much value afterwards. The cause of his fright was a prowling bear.

People who do not observe animals have no idea of the extent of their knowledge. A thirsty horse will locate water three miles off, in a country where he has never before been, and go to it straight as a line. The camel has credit for being the best water-hunter, and probably his senses in this particular are sharper than most other animals, because he lives in an arid land. But put a horse in the same situation and it is probable that he would be as quick as his Arabian friend to lead to an oasis. The horse was originally a swamp-feeding animal, with five well-spread toes, which enabled him to traverse miry hummocks in safety. He retains a sweet tooth for rushes, flags, water-cresses, and the growths of the swamps generally. But he had

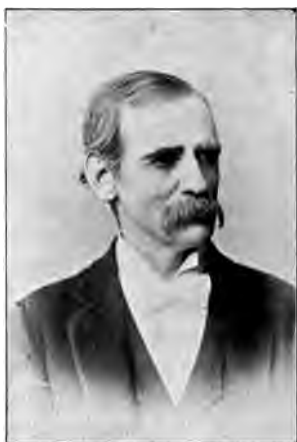
too much foot for speed, and as speed and kicking were his only defences against the wild lovers of horse-meat, he dropped them one by one, till but a single toe was left on each foot, and he was able to deliver a cutting blow of immense force. If you will observe a horse kicking, or threatening to kick, you will see that he aims to strike with the front edge of his hoof. Now observe the foot of a horse that never has been shod, and you will see that the enamel of the hoof projects, is sharp, very hard and tough, a cutting instrument at the end of a leg which is as flat as an ax-handle, and which offers the least resistance to the air when he is striking. There is no good reason why a horse should fear a bear. He is quicker, and a double-barrelled blow from those knife hoofs of his would knock any ordinary bear *horse-du-combat*. How is that for a pun? But the bear also is a swamp walker, with half his leg on the ground. The probability is that our ponies unconsciously remember the time when they also were five-toed swamp-walkers, safe from any carnivora except the huge plantigrade cave-bear, who loved to make his regulation dinner upon a little equine, and top it off with some frog-legs, turtle-eggs and swamp berries, and that they therefore still regard the bear, as of old, their only dangerous enemy.

When I think of the wild freedom and inexhaustible abundance which those creatures enjoyed, and which taken together make the very cream of the cream of earthly existence, I always feel sorry that the human race has increased so rapidly. Now contrast such a life with that of a Chinaman, and say

which is the better life worth living, that of the deer or that of the Chinaman. The one is a joy; the other a miserable, starveling, imprisoned, care-worn existence, which the parents save their children from by smothering them. No wonder the man having no higher hope cleaves to Buddhism, which gives to him as its highest reward the possibility of absolute extinction. Who would endure such life if he were sure that "he could his quietus make with a bare bodkin?"

On a Saturday afternoon Mr. Kane regarded it as our duty to make a good catch of fish for our family of eighteen, counting big and little. The clouds were gathering, with occasional rolls of thunder, but he and I took our rain-coats and rods and went away something over a mile, and began our useful labor. The rain came on heavily, and he said it was the first time he had seen, from a close point of observation, the raindrops striking the water, a beautiful spectacle, quite familiar to me. One must be in a row-boat, so that the eyes are near the level of the water. The raindrop rebounds like a marble striking a stone, carrying up a little crystalline column which sparkles in the light. The whole surface is studded with them, and the liquid tinkling is pleasant music. We went ashore after a heavy shower to tilt and empty our boat. There was a prolonged roaring like that which a freight train in motion makes when half a mile away. I said, "That is wind," and ran to the top of a hill to obtain a view of the sky. I felt sure that it was a hurricane grinding up a forest. But there was no commotion visible. We had fish enough in our gunny-sack, the boat was hidden away from possibly skulking

Indians, and Mr. Kane shouldered the sack and



started for home, thoroughly wet and bedraggled. I could not help thinking how curious it was. Here was one of our most accomplished business men and gentlemen, the president of the Social Club, and the employer of a large number of the higher class working people, heads of departments, etc., trudging along with a gunny-sack containing thirty pounds

of fish on his shoulder, his face and clothes wet with rain, his shoes full of water, and an air of serene satisfaction in his countenance. He turned half around to say, "I am glad it rained. It added ever so much to the liveliness of the afternoon, and then it was so beautiful as well as refreshing." "That is the difference between one who has a genuine love of nature and one who affects it," I said to him, "for nature is beautiful and gentle and refreshing, and the nearer we come to it the more we realize it." Your "sportsman" would have been neatly dressed for the occasion. He would have had his "man" along to row the boat and carry the fish, and he would have been scolding at the "blarsted weather."

One exhibition of instinct, with which I had become familiar, surprised Mr. Kane very much. Frogs, on

the margin of a lake or pond in which there are no bass or other game fish, will, when you approach them, swim out into deep water. But catch them with your frog-net and carry them to a lake in which there are fish, and you can not drive them away from the margin. They will swim out a few feet to get away from you, but hurriedly swim back to land.

The wagon which took Mr. Kane out brought Dr. C. L. Thompson, of New York, and his thirteen-year-old son, Ralph, in. These two gentlemen, I firmly believe, are water drops of the coming wave, specimens of the coming elder and the coming minister. I have heard during the last few years lamentations, in high theological quarters, that theology is falling into neglect. That means that the morning of the ministerial millennium is dawning, when the churches shall no longer be forums of dogmatic theology, and the pulpit shall no longer be the only treadmill of Christian labor, but when the minister shall be elevated to the place of a director of other men's and women's Christian activities; when the pastor shall no longer have to belabor his brain for a Sabbath's entertainment, but shall have time for the much more joyful and inspiring work of directing the harvesters and garnering the sheaves.

Dr. Thompson wanted to make himself useful. All of them do. About the first thing one of them does is to go to one of the big wood-piles and get into a controversy with an eight-foot log, arguing with it that it ought to roll itself to the camp-fire. The next morning I was going for a load of hay. The doctor and Ralph wanted to go along and help. The ponies

were hitched to the hay-rig, and we started. The doctor expressed high appreciation of farm life. If he were not in bonds to the ministry, he would be a farmer. I was driving along when Ralph spoke up excitedly, "Papa, look out now! You will smash the rods in the branches of the trees, sure." I turned to look and there sat the centennial moderator of the Assembly on the hay-wagon, going to help make hay, with two fishing rods, a split-bamboo in one hand and a silk-wrapped lancewood in the other! Arriving on the ground I began pitching the hay on the wagon, while Georgie loaded. "Now, Crusoe, I'm ready; how can I help you?" said the doctor, as he stood under the refreshing shade of a white-birch. "You saw, as we were passing Pear Lake, a ravine which came in from the west, didn't you, doctor? Well, follow that ravine, and it will bring you out on Bass Lake. You will find a boat there and plenty of hay for your split-bamboo pitchfork." Anybody who says that Dr. Thompson is not an enthusiastic farmer, don't know.

MUSING XX

AN INTERVIEW

I like to go off of afternoons by myself to my individual "Clear Lake" in the woods, fishing. Not that I care about the fish, for I never eat them, and Mrs. Gray likes to provide the table from our Island Lake. But it is pretending to have an errand, something to do. So I keep my own little boat there, one which I can carry about on my back and tramp off the couple of miles to any lake. Yesterday on my way I felt something pricking my foot through the moccasin, reached to pull it out, but it would not come, and so I looked. Mighty lucky escape! The moccasins on both feet were stuck with porcupine quills, none of which had gone through the skin. I sat down on a log, took off the footwear, and got the spines out by pushing them through. I must have run over him in the brush, but no, for why did he not give me a slap with his tail? If he had done that, I would have been done for. I must have walked over a place where a porcupine had died, and left his meanness as a monument to his memory. While I was fishing a very handsome deer came down to the lake-side, and his attention was called to me by the floundering of a bass in the boat. He looked sharply for some seconds, then he brought his hind feet forward under him, and kept on gazing. The fish again rattled in the

boat, and I saw how the deer started. He was facing me. He threw his head to one side, sprang with his fore feet to that side, and with his hind feet hurled himself into the air, where he turned and came down face the other way, ten feet up the hill! It was the finest athletic act I ever saw. I gave him an encore, but he was a retiring sort of fellow, and refused to reappear.

I caught as many fish as I ought to, put them in my sack of netting, dismantled my bamboo-rod of line and reel—if you do not want to have an unpleasant controversy with your fishing-rod never try to carry it with the line on it—shouldered my sack of fish and started for home, following the margins of other lakes. When I came out on North Sandbar, I stopped. That must be a bear among the rushes a hundred rods away. The thing moved. If I only had my rifle! But anyway now I will see how a bear works it when he starts. So I stole along toward it. No, it is a man. Yes, it is an Indian. I went up to him and saw he had a Winchester rifle across his legs. "How?" I said to him. "How," he responded. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "Nothing," said he. "Yes, you are, you red rascal, you are shooting deer for their hides." "Naw," he replied. "I make tatas," and he put his hands to one side and moved them as if pawing dirt around a hill of potatoes. "Do you know what I do with Indians who shoot deer for their hides?" He grunted, but did not look at me. "I tie big stones to their heels and pitch them into the lake, into big water." "Naw, I make tatas;" and again he pawed the dirt around his imag-

inary potato hill. He was not a pretty Indian. Some brave warrior had evidently reached for his scalp, but cut two inches too low for lifting it in the best form, and so slashed him across the nose and cheek. Then



an idea struck me. Lawton, that is Mr. Parker, is painting on large canvas for the World's Fair Art Exhibition. It is to be catalogued as "The Still Hunt." A hunter is shown in the foreground in the woods above a lake. Seen through a vista is a bear on a point of land near the water. The hunter has just sighted him, and is hidden from him by the foliage.

Without moving his feet, which stand somewhat to the bear, he twists his body half around, lifts his hand toward the observer of the picture in a deprecating way, and by the attitude and expression of countenance says to him, "Stop! Keep quiet. There's a good shot." M. Gerome, the great French artist, Mr. Parker's master while there, said to him, "Do not paint a European picture. Paint an American picture," and that is what he is doing. Parker makes me stand for the hunter, models being scarce here in the woods, and the truth is I don't like it, because the artist will paint me in my hunting suit true to the last wrinkle, and people who know me will recognize me in the painting. So the idea struck me, I will capture this ugly Indian for a model for Parker. "What is your name?" I asked. He grunted. "What is your name, you understand me?" "Name John." "Well, John, get up." He grunted but gazed out on the lake, probably thinking about the disaster of the discovery of America by that bad man, Christopher Columbus. "Get up, I tell you, stand up on your feet!" By this time the noble son of the forest began to get mad. He sprang up nimbly as a cat, his rifle grasped handily, and looking at me angrily, said, "Now I stand up. What you want?" "Oh, I just want to look at you." John sneered. "Look at me; what good?" If there ever was an ugly Indian his name is John. The cheek that was not slashed appeared to have had a piece bitten out of it. The texture of his shirt under the grease and dirt appeared to be blue. One leg of his pants, color unknown, was patched with a piece of red blanket. A big hole in the other

pant's knee had not yet been repaired, and his red skin was visible through it. But he had on an excellent pair of new moccasins. "John, you make moccasins? I want some." "Yes," he said, "squaw make 'em good. You want some?" "Yes, you bring me some?" "Yes; where your shack?" "John, you know the old Bayfield trail?" "Yes." "Well, go to that trail, and then go toward sun-come up, and you come to my shack. I will give you bacon and sugar." "Yes, I come 'morrow." By this time we were walking socially toward Crane Lake, and for the first time he volunteered to continue the conversation. "Been fishin'?" "Yes." "What kind fish?" I turned so he could see them through the meshes of the net-sack. "Ah!" he said, "I like fish." "All right," I said, and threw down my sack, "take some." Then came the funniest thing. He sorted them over, picked out three of the largest, and shoved the slimy things between his shirt and his skin, where they were held by his belt. Then he eyed the bulge of my hip-pocket in which I had stowed my handkerchief, reel, fish-knife, hook-book, etc. The gash in his right cheek folded together, the hole in his left cheek elongated, and as John was not weeping, I knew he was smiling, putting on a winning expression. "Whisk?" he said. I had to turn the pocket inside out before he would believe that anybody would be fool enough to go fishing without whisky. "John," I said, sternly, changing the subject, "you came here to kill deer, and I will tie big stones to your heels and put you in big water." "Naw," said John, and again pawed his imaginary potato-hill, "I make tatas." John was bound to con-

vince me that he was an honest farmer, whose only ambition in life was to paw dirt around potato-hills. At the lake shore we parted, he going south, I north, and that was the last I saw of John, the noble red man. He did not keep his appointment.

Still I recognized the injustice. It is John's right to pitch me into the lake, ballasted with stones. I am the trespasser, not he. The Chippewas owned these lands before Columbus. Still it is something to reflect that they obtained them by conquest, driving out the agricultural mound-builders, and allowing the land again to go to waste.

The cow has been somebody's pet. She has a good voice, and she amused herself and sought to dissipate loneliness by bawling pretty much all the time; but it was noticed that she would stop when anybody was in sight. Finally Grandma decided that she must be brought over to the Island where she could see people, and find plenty of blue-joint grass, and where she would be fenced in by the water. George prepared a pail of feed, let her taste it, then went to the lake, put it in the stern of a boat and started. The cow swam after him so fast that he could scarcely keep out of her way. The only trouble is that she is too sociable. She has taken up her sleeping quarters on a plot of grass not far from the boat-house, where she can see people coming and going. One evening we were sitting around the fire, rather late, when the cow gave a short, frightened bawl, which raised the question as to what made her do it. I thought she had eaten too much blue-joint and was having a touch of nightmare, had seen visions and dreamed dreams of an alarming

nature. In a moment some one exclaimed: "What's that? Listen!" It did not require much listening. There was something appallingly savage in the noise the wolves were making over toward the North Twin. When it ceased I said, "All right, the deer got away." Wolves would not make that kind of a noise if they were not disappointed and mad. Then the alarm-bawl of the cow was understood. She had heard the first chase-yells of the wolves. Now dogs might bark to any extent, and it would not disturb her. But at the first note of the wolf she called for help, and the whole scene came up in imagination. Her remote ancestor, peacefully feeding in some grassy valley of the Caucasus, had been attacked by the spotted wolves, and gave the alarm just as we heard it that evening. Instantly there was commotion in the whole wild herd. The cows and younger cattle ran for the center, and the bulls for the outer circle, where a picket of long, sharp horns, flashing eyes and snorting nostrils, surrounded the weaker and younger cattle. On came the pack of assailants, trying by their ferocious yells to stampede the bulls and throw them into confusion; but the line is maintained. Round and round the circle the wolves run, trying to find some cowardly bull who will break ranks and retreat among the cows. One old wolf, who has successfully tried the tactics before, makes a sudden leap and is through the line and among the cows. This time he does not succeed. He is surrounded and gored and trampled to death. Suddenly a bull orders a charge. Every bull sounds his trumpet, and the field is cleared with a rush. If the herd had been stampeded, the females and

the younger cattle would have been caught and killed.

But the wolves sometimes won the victory, and succeeded in isolating and killing a cow or a bull. The victim's cries would bring the herd to the rescue, and there would be a confused battle, ending in the retreat of the wolves, which, now secure of their carcasses, could bide their time. The cattle would surround their dead, take short hysterical sniffs of the blood, and then fill the air with cries and rage, their eyes watery with tears.

Heavy wild cattle do not retreat. They know it is of no use. They must stay in herds, within easy call of each other, and, when attacked, form in battle array and fight. The lion and tiger do not attack them *en masse*, but leap upon an isolated individual, kill it, get it upon their backs, and immediately carry it away to some place inaccessible to the herd.

It is noticeable that the urus or primitive ox of Western Asia and Europe, a few specimens of which, of pure blood, remain, was armed with winding horns, thick at the base and sharp at the point, the longest, strongest and sharpest weapons found in the genus. He was a forest ox, muscular, nearly as active as a deer, with the courage and the weapons to resist the quadrupedal and bipedal lovers of good beef. He differed from the European and the Asiatic buffalo, and the American bison, chiefly in the superiority of his horns. The buffalo and the bison, dwelling on the plains, had only the canines for enemies, the hyena, wolf and coyote, and did not require the weapons which the ox did which was liable to be attacked by cats. Domestication tends to reduce these weapons,

but in the semi-wild condition of the Texan and western herds, the domestic ox regains them. But domestic cattle do not forget to give, and to heed, the short alarm-bawl. When it is heard, the most gentle cows will rush to the rescue.

Now here is an instinct common to all animals, including men, which even churchmen ought to take account of, which is, *sympathy for the pursued*. It takes on extremes, notably in the sympathy of women for condemned criminals, when it becomes mawkish and offensive. I confess that it is a weakness with me to make fight for the weaker party, at least to the extent of securing fair play and fair fighting, where the weaker party is in the wrong. We need not, therefore, be mawkish sentimentalists. A murderer ought to be hung, and our sense of justice ought to impel us to see that the law is executed upon him. In punishing criminals we are defending the weak against the strong or stealthy or cunning. The sentiment of mercy is the sentiment of justice in God and in man. Even hell is a merciful providence for the moral universe. There can be no liberty in any kind of society, civil, social or religious, where there is disregard of law, or of obligations or of promises; and a man who violates order and obligations must be compelled, by the united force expressed in government, to respect them, or we shall have confusion and anarchy.

It is comfortable to be within reach of a physician, chiefly for the mental satisfaction of it. But the human race thrived when there were none, and especially when magic began to give place to medical sci-

ence. That was the crisis in the life of the race. Bleeding, drastic drugs and many superstitions, among them the worst was the idea that cold water was fatal to fever patients, were prevalent within the memory of persons who do not call themselves old. We rather have prided ourselves that the doctors can not get at us here in time for either good or evil, and yet when one wants a doctor, he wants him. One of the Wills, the more slender and nervous of the two, bruised his right hand in performing on a rope. Not much was thought of it, but for four days it grew worse, until it was a dangerous-looking hand, and then the pain set in till it threw him into a nervous chill. I knew it ought to be lanced, but was not certain where, and beside had nothing fit for cutting such inflamed and sensitive muscular tissue, more pointed than a razor. I would have been glad to pay a good surgeon a hundred dollars for five minutes of his time and skill. But there was nothing to do but to await developments. The pain was unendurable. The two things possible were for Grandma to hold the suffering hand above his head to lessen the pressure of blood, and for me to practice faith cure upon him. This I did by trying all sorts of expedients which kept his attention and kept up his courage. The pain would have to continue while the pus was cutting its caustic way through to the surface and developing its location. He longed to go to sleep, and I invented enough beds and positions for going to sleep to last him his lifetime, and he faithfully tried them all. Noticing a little lull in the pain, I told him that now I thought I had fixed a chair out under a tree so that he would go

to sleep sure, and he dropped off into a doze. Then I woke him, and took him to his bed, but he could not stand it. Having tried this twice, I got up a new sort of a bed of chairs, and he went to sleep, and I waited an hour to ensure as sound slumber as possible, then arranged his bed and carefully took him in my arms and carried him to it without waking him. Then I began to grow very uneasy. It was now three o'clock, past midnight, and at such a time small dangers grow to be very great to one's tired nerves, and I determined to awaken George and dispatch him for a surgeon, but on consulting Grandma she said we would wait till morning. He slept till eight o'clock, and on awaking we were overjoyed to see that the trouble was now clearly located and within reach of the razor, and in a few minutes Will, with his hand in a sling, was going about the camp, whistling and happy. Mr. Kane heard him and said, "That is the sweetest music I have heard for a long time." No music in the world could have given the camp so much pleasure. A surgeon would have saved the night's suffering, but, after all, Nature was doing a good work, and doing it thoroughly, in removing the bruised tissue. Pain is always the expression of Nature's protective or curative operations. It is said that there is no reformation in pain, but that is a mistake, that is, if in the word pain we include both the cause and its effect. There is no pain, physical, mental or spiritual, which does not arise from the innate curative powers of life, engaged in a struggle with evil and seeking to cast it out. What we call retributive justice is not, when we come to analyze it, anything different. The pain

which a culprit suffers results only from the effort of a healthful body trying to eliminate that from itself which is hostile to its life. Only incurables are consigned to perpetual imprisonment, otherwise they would be a perpetual menace.

An enterprise was in the air to discover a lake which I had heard of, and made a number of efforts to find, in past years, without success. George had been to it since last fall. But we would not add to Will's pain by the disappointment to him of going without him, so it was postponed till he could go without danger. Then axes, compasses, a huge basket of lunch, an old coffee-pot that would not be injured by a smoky fire, a pail of ice, and we were off, a full wagon-load of us, big and little. George went ahead, and two followed, plying the axes. Mr. Kane formed the military guard, armed with a rifle and a fishing-rod. He scouted in every direction. Coming out on the hill above Deer Lake a strange figure was seen stalking along the sand in white leggings. Nothing of that kind was ever before seen in this country, and I expressed my surprise to George. "Oh! that's Mr. Kane," he said. Just then the apparition waded into the lake till the leggings were under water, and a fishing-rod flashed in the sun. Coming down to the lake I found a pair of shoes and stockings which appeared to be about Mr. Kane's size. A halt was made for consultation in regard to the right direction to take, which was soon settled; but there arose a much more serious question, in which positive convictions, not to say consciences, were arrayed against each other. The question was, "Shall we make coffee and eat our

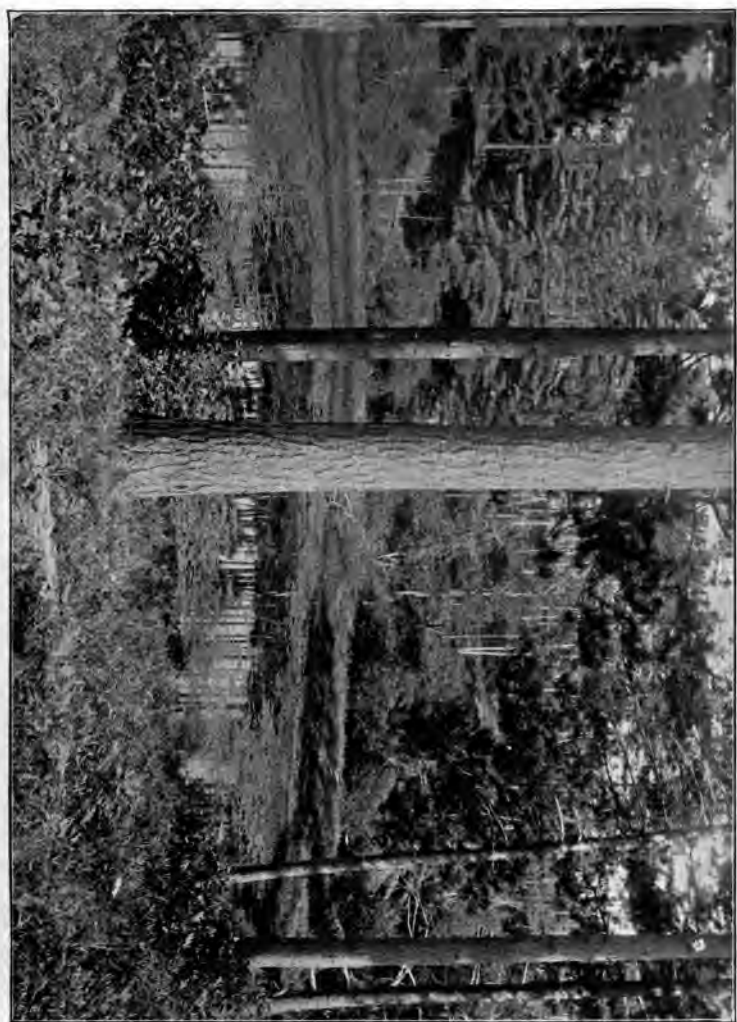
lunch now, or wait till we discover the lake?" On the one side it was feelingly urged that we might never discover the lake, and this involved the danger of the perishing of the whole party by famine. It was the most serious question that had ever come before the church, or I should say the exploring expedition, one involving not only the existence of the expedition, but also that of every individual member. On the other hand it was reasoned that, the lunch eaten, the *clan* would be gone out of the party. After loafing around for an hour or two, the majority would vote to go home. But make the objective the lake, plus lunch, then the ardor and energy and enthusiasm of the *personnel* of the expedition would be brought to the highest effectiveness. The military view prevailed over the theological, and again the forest was attacked. This, the reader will perceive, was the reverse of what occurred at Portland. It was a long, tough job. When the space between two trees was rather too narrow for the wagon, we would lift the wheels this way and that, and notch room enough for the hubs. At last we came to a little lake which George said was no more than three-quarters of a mile from the object of our search, and there we halted, unhitched and stripped the ponies, and prepared to battle with the forest which in the low ground had become impenetrable to the wagon. I was to carry four-year-old Ralph, and the others were to carry the rest of the plunder.

Now here is a case of the stupidity of mankind, which has always been a mystery to me. A man will always carry a baby just as a woman does, put his

arms about it and lug it on one side of him, with infinite arm-ache and stress on the muscles of one side of his body alone. That will do for a very small baby, but it is criminal carelessness when it comes to a toddler. "Here, Ralph, hop up," and I stooped. "All right," said he, with a tone which indicated profound satisfaction and approval, and the right little leg came over my right shoulder and the left one over the left, then my left arm passed above one little foot and the hand grasped the other. His weight came evenly and with perfect balance; no effort of my arms, no strain on any muscle. As for the baby, with his feet he had a purchase on my left arm and hand, so that his hands were free, and he could lean backward or forward or sidewise, or perform any antics he liked without any fear of losing his balance and falling. It is an easier tote, weight for weight, than one can get by any arrangement of pack-straps. Little boys appear to have been built with that mode of traveling especially in view.

The lake was the loneliest sheet of water yet seen. The forest is so dense all about it that you would not see it a hundred feet away; about three-quarters of a mile in diameter, set all around with white, yellow and spruce, pines, hemlocks, maples, birches, basswood, ironwood, popple, cedar, tamarack, and the alders, rooting in the margin, reached as far out over the water as their anchorage would permit. I would make a long and tough tramp, with my boat on my shoulders, for the sake of floating on that lake in the bloom of autumn. Nobody who has not had that delightful experience can form any conception of the colors.

The lake, sheltered from the wind by the forests, is as smooth as a pier-glass, the color sky-blue, with the reflection of the clouds, if there be any. Look down in it, and you seem to be in mid-space, the clouds and sky beneath as well as above you. The colors on the shore are not glaring. There is no gaudiness about them, but an infinite delicacy as well as variety in their blending. You have all the greens, all the yellows, all the reds from pink down to black, and, by the blending of these, all other colors, in shimmering veils of lace-work, a ribbon 150 feet broad, the shore-line almost invisible in its middle, and the side of the ribbon in the water not distinguishable, except by reasoning, from that in the air.



MUSING XXI

FIRE !

The situation was this. There was such a confluence of friends whom we had invited to share the hospitalities of our cabins that every invention for somnolent luxury was occupied. The library, above and below, had been utilized for sleeping purposes. The lofts in the dormitory, ditto. An extra tent had been set and provided with cots. And yet there was left the hay-mow, over at the barn, which was good for a dozen more, had they made their appearance. It might be asked how people of our limited means could afford such wide armed hospitality. Easily. As for fish and venison and partridges and blueberries, there were no end to them. And for the store-groceries we had more than we could eat ourselves, two or three times over. So it was a positive act of benevolence for our friends who had good appetites to come and help us devour them, and thus save them from being wasted.

We had tarried late at the camp-fire. It was the wistful and quiet hour of eight o'clock in the morning when I rose and was sitting in my night dress on the balcony of the library looking at the crows. It was like

The night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

Mr. James Lane Allen showed signs of life because he was hungry, and he passed below me in his night robe and bare feet, going to the lake for a pitcher of wash-water. Mr. Patterson had turned over on his downy couch and yawned:

“Fire! Fire! The kitchen is on fire!” came in wild shrieks from the other end of the Island.

Now the reader can never, till the day of his death, take in the whole awful import of that cry. The kitchen consists of the kitchen proper, the man’s room, the culinary work-room and the store-room. Every morsel of food within twenty miles of this place was in that store-room, excepting only the supplies aforesaid, which were running, swimming or growing, wild in the woods. To say nothing of the substantials, the flour, oat and corn meal, the ambrosial hams and bacon, spring chickens all ready for the griddle, a barrel of sugar, pies, cakes baked with raisins and things in them, a layout all ready for a family of sixteen, for dinner, and every one hungry as Elijah before the ravens came, kerosene, candles, matches—there were things of finer mould and more exquisite spirit. There were jams, jellies, sardines, cheese, crackers, both plain and ornamental, pops, snaps, biscuit, canned goods of all sorts, and other things which nobody but a woman can remember. From year to year we have kept the bills, and touched them up, elongating the shorts and foreshortening the longs, till every thing starts in even and runs out even under the string, on the homestretch. King Solomon in all his glory, and with all his women to make suggestions (I do wonder if they all took a hand in

getting his breakfast) never had a store-room so sub-



OH PAPA, PAPA, THE KITCHEN IS ON FIRE!

stantial and splendid. (My own opinion is that those women of his had nothing but boiled dinners.)

Everybody about the camp, excepting little Dot, knew, in a flash of thought, the whole circumference



ARMED FOR THE FIRE.

of the calamity. The burning of Moscow, and the retreat of Napoleon Bonaparte, were about to be repeated in the history of the American continent.

We did not know what measures were being taken across the woods to avert the disaster, nor anything but the one awful, overwhelming fact, that the kitchen was on fire. But as a matter of fact all the ladies were up and about ready to have the tocsin for break-



CHARLEY EN ROUTE.

fast sounded. Grandma was the first to discover the flames, and she started for the fire.

Miss Bella Allen ran to the point where the trail starts out for the library, calling, "Oh, papa! papa! the kitchen is on fire!"

Mr. Allen had just filled his pitcher when that cry reached his ears, and he sent back echoing down the shore, "I'm coming!"

For a wonder, Charley was up and dressed, he had slipped his feet into his moccasins, and he started for the fire.

Mr. Allen did better than I, under apparently less



"I'M COMING !"

advantageous circumstances. He was on the lake-shore, at the furthest point from the fire, as shown in the scientifically exact diagram. I think he must have

obtained his idea from the lightning express mail train, which catches the mail pouches and flings them in while going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Any way he started in as shown in the architectural elevation of him by our artist, came up the hill,

Right up Ben Lomond he could press
And not a sob his toil confess

past our cabin, and when he emerged from the trail at the kitchen he was in full fire regalia, minus only shoes and stockings. I think he must have grabbed his bifurcated togas and got into them in mid-air, in one of his prodigious jumps.

Short work had been made of the fire, which had only gotten a fair start where the stove-pipe runs through the roof. The breakfast had, for the most part, been carried to the dining-tent, before the alarm was given. We were seated in due time, grace said, and I remarked, "My oatmeal, if you please." "None this morning," replied Grandma. Then Charley put in, he did. "The oatmeal mush was all aflame, burning furiously, and I pitched a bucket of water on it." "You *did*!" "Why yes, of course," said Charley. "I did all I could to save it for you."

As I have heretofore remarked, the women are ruling everybody and everything. Grandma occupies one end of the table and Miss Bella the other, and they gave orders that no puns and no slang would be tolerated at any time, at table. One of them keeps possession of the coffee, and the other of the cakes, so they are in position to punish severely any infraction of their rules. Now just see the result of this reign of terror. All the conversation that passes

across the table is pure dictionary; but the puns and the "proverbial phrases" which fly from end to end of that table are positively frightful. And the worst



of it is they can discover a pun or a touch of slang in the most innocent expression. As our artist has taken an undue liberty with Miss Arabella's face in his fire sketches, I intend to convict him by printing her photograph here, if I can manage to get possession of one.

Mr. Allen is a stormy petrel. Last summer he concluded to drop in upon us unannounced. He left the railroad dressed in a business suit, a shiny plug hat and fine shoes, and walked the whole seventeen miles through a downpour. It did not take me long, on his arrival, to dress him in my camp flannels, and hang his clothes where they could drip. The next day we took a long afternoon stroll along the north chain of lakes. A shower came on, but a jack-pine shed the rain off us like a roof. The shower over, we saw that the sky in the north had a windy and stormy look, so I said we would run by the compass directly for the camp, some four miles. The tempest came fast, for awhile with incessant crashes of thunder, which meant business. A large Norway near us was stricken, two bolts, one on each side, riving the tree to its roots and

setting it on fire. The air darkened and then came a storm of hail; then the rain. The character of that shower can be judged when I say that open vessels showed that three and a half inches of water fell in a short space of time. In a moment after it began we



were as wet as we could be, and so all right for any kind of a downpour. I held the compass in my hand and we plunged straight ahead, thickets, forests, ravines, hills, fording everything that was not deep enough for a swim. Mr. Allen is the right man for the woods. When the hail came, he exclaimed: "That suits me to a dot, I am very thirsty," and gathered a

handful of the ice. When the rain was roaring in the wind he was on the lookout for berries, which he would stop an instant to get. Between the crashes of the thunder I could hear him singing. The way was pretty long, and I think for awhile he thought we were lost, because when we dashed out of a thicket into the wagon-trail he celebrated the event with a yell, and Mr. Allen has a good voice. The road was a rushing river, in some places up to our knees. The lake reached, the faithful old dugout stuck its rough black nose up at us with a welcome. All the other boats had gone careering across the lake in the wind.


The dugout was half full of water, but we did not stop to bail it out, steered for the library, and as soon as we were inside I threw out of the bureau the warmest flannels, shaker socks, winter underwear, woollen overshirts, pants and dry shoes. Some towel exercise, and the flannels on, we were in a glow of warmth.

This summer Mr. Allen came with his wife and daughter. There were indications of a storm, and they pushed on through the forests to get into the treeless barrens, which stretch six miles between the forests of the river and those of the lakes. There they paused, the ponies were unhitched, and they made what preparations they could. It came with a roar behind them of the crashing trees, but fortunately the wind was not strong enough to pick them up and carry them away. When it passed and they came to the lake-forests they found the road encumbered by forty or more prostrate trees. I was expecting them and fearful for their safety, and concluded to cross over and go to meet them. The wind struck when I was on the lake in my boat, and then I became alarmed for my family, and tried to go back, but the wind drove me swiftly across. So I stood upon the shore to watch the Island where my loved ones were.

The first thing that impressed me was the battle which the tall trees on the Island were making for their lives. It was wonderfully life-like. As their tops bent over toward me, it was as true a frown as was ever seen on human brow, and then the furious struggle as the tornado grappled them. They twisted, writhed, lost, regained and lost again, every one throwing off limbs. The white pine saves itself in

this way, while the yellow pine depends on main strength. You will notice in a pine forest, after a tornado, that the prostrate trees are of the yellow variety. As two trees came crashing down, the rest seemed to become more desperate than ever. The air was filled with flying limbs of all sizes. The next peculiar thing that I noticed was that the rain, which was heavy, was beaten into white spray. It looked like snow, and waved in a succession of curtains. These, flecked everywhere with the flying limbs of the pines, and accompanied by the usual incessant play of electricity, made a spectacle of wild activity.

These forests have been subjected to such storms always, and why is it that they have not before succumbed to them as they are now doing? The reason is that the Creator planted them in battle array. A native forest always slopes off at its edge to dense thickets. The tornado strikes these small trees and bushes first, and is tossed upward by them. The higher and higher trees each bear their share, and by the time the wind has reached the tall trees of the forest proper, which, standing alone would go down, its main impact has overshot them. Every tree in the forest gives the wind an upward toss, and thus the entire strength of all the trees is united as one against the storm. Thus united they successfully resisted tornadoes, till man made a breach in their array, and gave the tornado a chance to grapple them directly. Wind in motion is easily diverted from its course, as indeed so is a bullet. If you are out in a yacht, and a large vessel come between you and the wind, you immediately lose it. I used to drive in my cutter



from Chicago out home, and of a cold, windy evening, always looked forward hopefully to the branches of trees for a respite.

It is so also on the ocean. The waves slant the wind upward, and throw it from the surface. It is not mere friction. Both the trees and the waves change the horizontal direction of the wind, and send it to rush harmlessly through empty space.


We do not get the benefit of the finest things in the world. Housed up as we are in cities or in our country homes, we only get the things which we can not help seeing. There are fine touches in a storm which we do not see, housed up as we are. At the home of my boyhood the storms and sunsets were very fine. We could see across the broad valley of the Miami, an old glacial lake, about fifteen miles, and were about three or four hundred feet above it. This gave a specially noble view of an advancing storm, and superlative sunsets. The long line of black, battlemented clouds, stretching across from horizon to horizon, blue sky above them, and the lightning flashing out of their black cliffs: nothing could be more sublime, the sublimity heightened by the resistless approach, and the exhibition of overwhelming power.

Nor is there anything more sublime than a storm on the ocean, the huge waves streaked with white foam and crowned with rolling cataracts. With the consciousness of a good ship, trim on her keel, the certainty that she will climb the mighty billow which seems about to overwhelm her, and with the absence of fear that comes of familiarity with the sea, an ocean storm offers the noblest of all spectacles.

MUSING XXII

FOREST SOCIETY

However it may be in other worlds nature utilizes everything in this. This region of sand is now covered with a bountiful crop of whortleberries in their two varieties of black and blue, tens of thousands of bushels of them, which offer a six weeks' harvest. There are blackberry and raspberry vines scattered abroad, but they are feeble and practically fruitless. For richness and flavor the whortleberry is second only to the strawberry, but much of both is lost in transporting and marketing. So nature utilizes this sand land for an abundance of this nutritive and pleasant food. Not far away is a moss-covered marsh which one would think was good for nothing but variety in the landscape, but here is the home of the cranberries, much milder and finer of flavor than those which are cultivated. The marsh deepens into a shallow lake, the home of the wild rice, which again has a flavor more pronounced and pleasant than the rice of commerce. The curculio made war on the wild plum and drove it from the hills, but the plum took refuge by the streams, where it could cast its larva-infected fruit into the water and drown the pests, or upon water-soaked soil where they could not live. It must have been a hard struggle for the plum to win footing against the vigorous swamp alder, but



it succeeded, and, in its season, offers freely to all comers its scarlet and delicious clusters. There is a friendship and a mutual helpfulness between those varieties of plants whose wants are so different that they do not have to struggle for the occupancy of the same soil. The whortleberry goes with the pines, because the pines preserve the snow till late in the spring, and the snow prevents the plants from blooming until danger of frost is past. The pines serve the cranberry also, but in a different way. The slowly melting snow keeps the marsh flooded and covers the young plants with water till frost is past. Cultivated cranberries are protected by placing a dam or dyke so as to imitate nature. The deciduous, or hardwoods, protect the pines from fire by covering their resinous, fallen foliage with water-retaining leaves. The friendship between animals and trees and plants of all kinds is well known. But for the squirrels and other rodents there could be no forests of hickory, walnut, beech and chestnut, and but for these trees there could be no climbing rodents. The trees furnish warm sheltered homes for the squirrels, in their hollow limbs, and the squirrels carry off their nuts and plant them nicely. It is not necessary to mention that bees and other winged honey-seekers are as essential to the lives of blooming plants and trees as the latter are to the insects. The arrangements made for the prosperity of the birds and animals are equally marked. If the hibernating animals were compelled to eat in winter they would starve to death, but they lay by enough carbon in fat to last them over. They are not torpid, only sleepy. The bear will waken up

enough to close a chink if there be too much air, or to open one if there be not enough. When they wake in the spring they find breakfast ready in the cranberries and wintergreen berries, which are as fresh and fine when the blanket of snow is withdrawn in the spring as they were when it covered them in November. Country boys know how it is with apples hidden in the long grass under the trees, when the snow goes off. A cranberry marsh spreads a feast of mellowed and sweetened fruit, the edge of its acid gone, its nutritious qualities perfected, its flavor delightful, for all the hungry sleepers and for the oncoming showers of birds, while yet the trees are bare, and not a bud has broken in upon the winter's desolation.

Take a company of trees living socially together in a forest and notice how courteously they respect each other's tastes, rights and interests. Here is a pine. He sends his tap roots straight down, ten feet or more, to make sure of a supply of water in all seasons, and he never tries to monopolize the sunlight and the air, but runs up straight, an hundred feet or more, and then throws out a small plummy top. He can afford to do this because he has a whole year of foliage and sunlight, while the birch and the maple have but six months.

Then he takes sparingly of the kind of food necessary for his neighbors, just a little starch for his seeds. Then he mulches the ground around his neighbors' roots with his undecaying foliage, so that they may have plenty of moisture. The maple and the birch must have richer food than the pine, and more of it. They each have a sweet tooth for sugar.



Therefore their roots seek the richer soil of the surface, and they each want all the sunlight they can get during the short summer. When one of them has selected a plat of ground, the other does not encroach. He goes off far enough so that there will be plenty for both, but either of them will grow up between the big wind-roots of a pine.

Now go to the lake shore. Out there in deep water are the lilies, next comes a line of wild rice, next a line of rushes, next a line of wire-grass, and last a line of blue-joint. All these lines surround the whole lake. None are trespassers on the territory of the others. But you may reply that none of these kinds could live in the place occupied by the others, so that invasion would be impossible; that the lily must have its roots below the reach of the ice, or the ice would pull them out, uproot them; that the ice can not get hold of the rice roots, so they are at liberty to occupy the rich, mucky soil in shallow water; that the wire-grass likes to have its feet in the water, and the blue-joint does not, and so on. What is this but the self-adaptation of the plant to its conditions? What is it but an agreement among themselves to divide fair, the agreement enforced afterward by constitution and habit? One man is a blacksmith, another a tailor. They divide fairly. Because the one can not invade the territory of the other after they have learned their trades, is not saying that there was not a fair division when they began.

Out there in the lake is a loon or two, and a flock of ducks. The loon lives on fish exclusively, which he runs down and captures in a fair foot-race, so to speak,

under water. The duck lets the loon's fish alone and eats, first the lily seeds, then the wild rice, and, last, the rush-corn.

Now comes the deer from the land. He is something of a poacher on the duck's preserves, but there is plenty for all. And yet his principal living is the acorns, and the browse. He only tops off with rush-corn, rice and a lily root.

Now comes the fox, with the badger and some more of them. He wants nothing that the other members of the society want. He will take turtle eggs, and, alas, here is a discord in my symphony! duck eggs and young ducklings, too. I must leave him out!

Now come the beaver and the porcupine. They want nothing that any of the others like. All they ask is plenty of birch leaves and popple bark.

As for Brother Otter, he meddles with nobody's kitchen, not even with the loon's, though his exclusive diet is fish. But he eats no fish that is the right size for the loon. He goes for from two to ten pounds.

Brother Bear likes venison, but he can not have any, excepting very rarely. He fattens up on berries and frog-legs and speckled trout, though the latter is a luxury. He has to stand in the rocky runways and toss them out when they run over his paws.

Of course there are some abominably mean people in this society, just to set the social virtues in a good contrast. There is the wolf. Everybody hates him. He is an outlaw and a robber, and they all wish he were dead. The fox, whom we had to rule out of our good society, is a cousin of the wolf, and that was the reason. He does not belong to a respectable family.

Mr. Fox is one of the four hundred. He pretends that his family is exclusive, but it is just the other way.

All animals which are not natural enemies help each other. I will not mention well known examples, but give a new one. I noticed a deer feeding on the margin of a lake, and a loon floating out on it. I approached so that I could not be seen or scented by the deer, but could be seen by the loon, who was guarding his mate, which was hatching her eggs on the margin. He set up a wild clamor. The deer was at once on the alert, ran up and down the sand to discover the danger, then dashed up hill sounding his alarm.

All these animals enjoy perfect health. There are no measles, small-pox, cholera, diphtheria, or pulmonary diseases among them. When that tremendous thunder-storm and roaring rain was going on, the other night, we thought of them. A crash of lightning close by must be startling to them, but the rain does them no injury. They have all the conditions of health. They are scrupulously clean in person. From the tip of his horns to the edge of his sharp hoof the stag is as pure as the most scrupulous lady.

They all take their baths regularly. They have untainted air, uncontaminated water, the alchemy of the sun and the electric currents of the earth. Nobody ever saw a wild animal in the condition of an illy groomed cow or horse. Their food is immediately fresh, and they take food and exercise in proper proportions. Precisely these are the conditions of human health. But we live artificial and unnatural, and, therefore, unhappy lives, and we are bond slaves to

our unnatural and unwholesome customs, wants and ambitions. These fetters pinch and gall us at every point, from a corned toe to a sleepless brain. To write a catalogue of them would require pages. Take a household occupying a handsome home. The husband is a business man. He must win wealth or be regarded by his fellows as of a poor order of mind. He must display his wealth by an elaborate and complicated style of living, in which he meets one and all of the petty annoyances, restraints and disappointments and frustrations, which are as pertinacious and venomous as mosquitoes in a swamp. In business he meets others like them, to which is added a burden of anxious cares which never lifts, day nor night. Do you call this happiness? It is terrestrial hell, all the way through. And his wife, the most pitiable creature alive. There is not a day in which she is not wrought into a passion by the perversity, meanness, or senselessness of servants, and by the total depravity of all inanimate things around her. Has she a piece of cherished porcelain, it will be smashed; a lace, it will be scorched; and her rivals know right well how to thrust a wasp's sting into her pride. She goes to pieces, and the doctors, who in former times would have bled her, now bleed her husband for her benefit.

That husband and wife ought to be in such physical health that they would be ever as ready for the occasion of exuberant spirits as a fine bell is to give forth its music. But is there any way out of this complicated and unnatural, to a natural and healthful way of living? Can we return to the conditions which make our forest friends so hearty and hardy? We have

found it for part of the year in these cabins and by this camp-fire. But there is an easier way out of it for young people, starting in life. Let them first abandon the prevailing philosophy, and construct a simpler one. Let them resolve to be satisfied with such distinction and admiration as they can win by conduct and character, and make no effort to win it by equipage, or any kind of display. What others spend for show let them spend in hospitality, benevolence and outings. If the husband is employed in the city there is no need of the family living there. For a few hundred dollars he can purchase as many acres near the railway, a half mile away is near enough. Then build a neat but modest cottage, not to cost over a couple of thousand dollars. Gratify the love of beauty outside of the house with trees and flowers, and inside, leave that to the womanly skill and taste of the wife. Here is outdoor work for all odd hours, of the most delightful and healthful kind, every stroke of it is capital invested in beauty or beautified utility. In a few years the cottage will be a gem on which the pleased eye of the passer-by will rest. This is exercise for body, and rest for the mind. Here are the conditions of health and vigor for both.

To my already rural friends I say: Less slavish toil and more home comfort and beauty. A less corn and wheat crop and more lawn, trees, and flower-beds. The actual cost of natural living is very small, and it need never require overwork. Plant all the small fruits, and all the large ones that will grow in your climate. Have a fine garden with every kind of vegetable, and plenty of each. If you are not too far

north, do not fail to have all the melons. Have an ice-house, it costs next to nothing to build and store one. You can live in luxury by care in these particulars. You may say that you want money with which to educate your children. There are two sides to that. While I would not discourage the higher education, I can truly say that many is the time when I regretted that I had ever seen the inside of a college. But for education and the duty I felt to utilize it, I should have been a farmer. An education is a high source of pleasure, all through life, and there is nothing finer than an educated farmer, if he be not led by his education to despise the plow-handles. Nowhere are refinement and correct taste more needed than on the farm. It will keep the lawn and the home grounds clear of disfiguring litter, and it will make the farmer and his wife especially careful in regard to sanitary conditions. No slops or offal will be left to taint the air and water. Neatness and cleanliness will prevail inside of the house and out of it. The curse of a farmer's life is debt. It is that which kills women with hard work, and drives away the boys. Never go in debt for land. Buy only what you can pay for, if it be only five acres. Land will not pay more than the interest on the money, and it never would.

How ridiculous it is for a woman or a man to be ashamed of physical labor. A young girl can not trick herself out to look so pretty and desirable as she is with her arms splashed with flour at the kneading-board. A matron is never so admirable as when she is tidying up her own home or preparing a meal for her family. This is not sentiment, it is fact, and

everybody says so. Select some such girl or some such matron, of your acquaintance, and consider how you regard her. Everybody has the same high opinion of her. Why should a woman, more than a man, blush to be found at the post of duty, of honor, of health and of self-approval. It requires a hardened cheek and brow not to blush for feminine affectation, lassitude and worthlessness. On the Fair grounds I noticed a stalwart dude in a wheel-chair, a young man not half so strong, wheeling him along. I could not restrain an expression of contempt that would reach his ear: "If I were that chairman, I would dump that dude into the lagoon!"

On our way up I noticed a handsome and physically strong man, tastefully appareled and with an expensively built valise. He opened it in the morning and there was a row of bottles neatly fitted into pockets. He drew out one labeled "Tinct. Iron" and took a spoonful of it. Then he drew out another of some compound of phosphorus, and absorbed a dose of that. Then he took a drink of whiskey. It struck me as very funny. First he braced his blood, then his brain, and then his spirits. When God makes a man he makes a good job of him, but when man undertakes to make himself, with a doctor for his architect, it is a ramshackle sort of a machine that he turns out. I could have taken that gentleman, he was not over half my age, and in two months have turned him out in good running order, flung his bottles out at the car window, and *dry-docked* him. But he never would have stood the discipline. He should not have had anything to eat until he was eager for the plain-

est food. I should have trotted him two miles the first day, and added two miles per day up to thirty, polished him off in the lake at the end of every tramp, and, when through with him, have said : "Go, brother, sin no more."

I console myself in my sympathy for these clean and healthy, and according to their light, right doing wild animals, by looking up at the stars. The Creator has made so many suns that are now active, to say nothing of those which have died, that there must be worlds adapted to animal life which in numbers are quite beyond the limits of our computation. In many, perhaps most of those worlds, the intellectual king-race is not a race of carnivorous animals, like man. Such a race would not be the enemies, but the friends, of the peaceful inferior tribes. What a delightful time the camp-fire muser, and his wife, in the earth-world of Alpha Cassiopeia must have ! The doe brings her sweet and innocent fawns, and leaves them under the protection of Crusoe's rifle. The squirrel comes down the tree with her little ones, and lays them in the lap of Mrs. Crusoe, for her to fondle and admire. Wherever men dwell the singing-birds come for protection from the hawk. In that world man is the only granivorous and frugivorous animal who does not fear the enemies of peaceful tribes like himself, but who, on the contrary, delights in offering them combat. He is the universal knight errant, the defender of the innocent and the defenceless. Crusoe of Alpha Cassiopeia ! I am gazing up at the sun which bathes your enchanted and solitary island, and I am fully resolved to pay you a visit as soon as

I receive my spiritual body. I think you will like me, as I know I shall love you. You will find me a good shot at wolf, and an expert fisherman for sharks and devil-fish, and a good, hearty hater of all persecutors of the innocent. We will gather blueberries and wild rice together. Ah, your sun is dipping behind our pines. Good night, old fellow! Auf wiedersehen!



MUSING XXIII

AUNT NANCY RILEY

Sometimes when I see what I have written in print, it makes me sick at heart with chagrin, and I want to go off somewhere and crawl into a thicket, find a bear's den, rout him out, and take his place for a six months' nap. I can but envy Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*. He knows that he is a good writer. As other people know it, it gives him a favorable opinion of the critical judgment of mankind. But this failure of the ability to see the defects of one's own work at the time, is not strange. A man who sees all around his subject must do so by going deliberately around it, and comparing this with that. And then an idea, if it have any novelty in it, shines like a hunting lamp, and obscures all that is around it or back of it. When I see a school of fish in the clear water, I slip over them with a single oar used as a scull. They must think the boat is the shadow of a cloud or a floating log. But when the shiny spoon is once among them, I do not care how much splashing I make with the oars. They are giving their undivided attention to the spoon. So a writer, at first sight, can only see the one idea he is after. There are ideas, good and bad, all around, and he may land one of them without intending it. The field of thought is cut up with thousands of paths running in every direction, leading everywhere, to the

bad and to the good, and to nowhere. You take up a subject and follow it, and unless you lay a piece of a log or of a cut bush across every path which leads out from your course, your reader, as soon as he comes to a path with which he is familiar, will take it, and charge upon you all that he finds in it. Like as not you may follow one of these by-paths yourself and run it a little while, only to find that it leads to a bog or a swamp, or scatters out upon the barrens. But that is no reason why one should sit still, and never make an excursions.

But for unreasonable and unjust critics I have my little revenges all to myself. Of late I have often remarked of them, "There is Aunt Nancy Riley again."

Aunt Nancy Riley was always in fear that her house would tip up and overset. She kept four bricks, one of which was placed in each corner, and she examined them carefully every day to see that each one was in exactly the right place, close in the corner; because if it were not, the one in the opposite corner would tip the house in that direction, and tumble it over. Aunt Nancy would never allow the children to swing on the banisters, or sit on the door-step. "You'll be tipping up the house, and ruin everything," she would say.

Aunt Nancy has a good many followers in all the walks of life, high and low. We have five bricks to hold our Presbyterian house from tipping up and tumbling over, one for each corner, and an extra one to go exactly in the middle. There are a good many anxious souls watching them, to see, not only that the bricks are not taken out of the house, but that they

lie exactly squarely, and to a hair's breadth on the ascertained line of distance from the center of the house's gravity, not to say solemnity. And then we young folks musn't swing on the banisters, nor sit on the door-step. The banisters are at the outer edge of the porch; and if one sit on the threshold, his feet are clear out of the house, absolutely and altogether.

Aunt Nancy had been a beautiful Irish girl, of the pink, white, blue and flaxen type, which showed the pure Norse blood, with no stain of the Latin. She left her sweetheart on the old sod, and came away to America. He was to finish up his bit of a task and follow, and she was to meet him in New York and there be married. She repaired to the trysting place at the appointed time, when a stranger handed her a letter. It was her sweetheart's last love-letter, written for him by another, and signed by his feeble, dying hand. She lived to old age, aimless, harmless, singing her Irish songs, which she could do sweetly, wandering here and there, wading in the brooks in summer, and welcomed and fed wherever she went.

In those times people did not know so much about insane asylums as they do now, and I think it was as well. Insane asylums are now rather more for the convenience of the sane than for the benefit of the insane. When people took care of their own simple-minded, and of those unbalanced by disease, *that* was Christian and family love, and the unfortunates were tenderly treated. It is not so now. Our insane asylums, as a rule, are blots upon our civilization. From time to time there are public clamors and protests against them, and then we go on enjoying the relief

we ourselves have from caring for our unfortunates.

In the same neighborhood the streams and woods and grave-yards were haunted by a musical ghost. In the spring and summer and autumn evenings a plaintive, clear voice would be heard off in the darkness, now here, now there. The favorite air was the old ballad, "Mary's Dream," but the spirit had a number of others in her repertoire. The weird peculiarity was that the song would be heard in part in one direction, and without a pause be continued in another. Some of the brave-hearted men of the neighborhood tried, or pretended to try, to find the singing ghost, though I suspect that they were not very enterprising when they came near the ravine, or dark woods, or high hill from which the music came. They one and all, on the conclusion of their numerous searches, said that the music would die away on their approach, and immediately be renewed at a distance. In course of time the music was heard no more, and the mystery of the musical ghost remains still, a half century after the singing ceased, one of the unexplained ghostly legends of the neighborhood.

But there was one family who could have explained it, the Liedys (Ladys), who lived two or three miles from the favorite haunts of the musical spirit. For various reasons they held their peace. Possibly they were not averse to the chilly consternation of the people of the valley, and enjoyed keeping the secret. But they were a refined family and shunned publicity. Mrs. Liedy had lost her children from scarlet fever, now known as diphtheria. She had a sweet voice, and sang them lullabies while they lived. She imag-

ined that they were living, but lost; and would steal out in the evening and wander searching for them, singing the songs which they once loved to hear. If allowed to go at her will, she was calm, but if restrained she would fall into paroxysms. So the family saw that she was warmly shod and clad, and let her have her way. It was a cliffy and ravine-cut country, and the echoes may have had some effect in changing the supposed direction of the sound. But insane people are secretive, and it is probable that she evaded search, fearing that she would be taken home forcibly, leaving her children unmothered out in the darkness.

Persons who are born simple-minded have the credit of being wits, and, after their fashion, humorists. When I was a small boy I enjoyed the companionship of no one so much as that of "Crazy Lewis," and my wife says that when she was a child she would play for hours together with Nancy Riley. No one ever thought of their being dangerous. "Dangerous" lunatics are mostly so adjudged on very small evidence, because it is a convenient excuse for sending them to the asylum. Dangerous insanity is temporary. The feverish condition that induces furious anger is of short duration. Chronic insanity has its disposition as well settled and calm as sanity, generally more so. True, the disposition, when it becomes fixed, may be destructive or vindictive. This is properly called "madness" as distinct from lunacy or simplicity of mind. Crazy Lewis would say the funniest and oddest things, and we children would laugh as only children do, especially when they "get into a

gale of laughter." Then Lewis would look around at us with undisguised pity, sometimes with contempt. "Poor silly things," he would say, of what seemed to him to be our senseless hilarity.

What he thought and said were not wit nor humor to him; indeed, I do not remember to have heard him laugh, but his sober things were oblique and peculiar, just as he saw them. It is the odd and unusual view of things which a deranged mind takes which appears so much like wit and humor.

And, after all, is not every natural humorist unbalanced? What is mental derangement, anyway? Where is the standard pair of scales, by which the correctness of all other pairs is to be tested? The best way is the present way. You think I have very little sense, and I reciprocate by thinking you have not any. So we part with mutual satisfaction and good will.

Crazy Lewis had considerable inherited property, and he had relatives and distant heirs who thought he was long outliving his usefulness. A gleam of intelligence on this subject had penetrated his mind, and he lived to be an old man, lived to attend the funerals of most of them. Lewis never shed tears over any of them. He would look down into their graves with a peculiar leer, and then leave the company and stalk off in silence, but with a vim in his long, slender legs. I have seen some amused eyes following him from the outer edge of the circle of mourners, as he abruptly left the company and went away. Lewis was a free lance. There are lots of people who would enjoy the same liberty at the funerals of some of their kindred.

It is not infrequently noticed that people of low mental capacity and intelligence will, under circumstances of great stress upon their sensibilities, rise to surprising exhibitions of sense and talent. The most remarkable instance that is generally known is the speech of Logan, chief of the Mingoes. I have heard Indian eloquence spoken of as meager and grandiloquent, consisting of a few references to the Great Spirit, the storms, the mountains, the stars, etc. No difference if it be limited. That may come of lack of language. It is elevation of mind which is the basis of eloquence. I have myself more than



once been surprised at the true passion and power of thought, and the range of sound ideas of which an ignorant and comparatively senseless person may become capable. But there must be a substructure of real courage in such cases. Some minds, in situations of peril, collapse; and others quickly employ all their resources.

There! It is all over now. It was funny, too. Here came Will Purcell up from the lake, white as a ghost, holding a rough birchen fishing pole in his hands, and Will Gray, also pale, walking behind him holding his own ear. The fish-line extended from the tip of Will Purcell's pole to Will Gray's ear, where the

hook was firmly embedded. It had not gone through, but down into the middle of the cartilage.

"Won't I die of lock-jaw, Grandpa?" was the first anxious inquiry. I guess I was about as pale as the boys myself, for I saw that a surgical operation was on hand, and I had neither nerve nor instrument for it. But the first thing to do was to reassure the patient and put him in good humor. So I said, "Will, you just go back to the lake and drive another big fish-hook into your other ear, and I will buy you a pair of diamond earrings to hang on them. Won't that be nice?"

Will laughed at that and the color came back into his face. I went down to the kitchen, and whetted the point of my pocket-knife, but that was too rough.



Then I went to the library and slipped a razor into my pocket. I had no idea whether the cartilage were tough or tender. It might be tough as a pickerel's mouth, for aught I knew. I wished that Mrs. Armour had sent a small section of her children's ward to Island Lake. I asked Mr. Ramsdell to hold him, so that Will would not know he was being held fast, and then I investigated.

The ear certainly was not tough. There are ears that are so tough that you can make no impression upon them short of hitting them with a stick, but this

young ear seemed soft and tender, so I adjusted the hook so that the barb would tear as little as possible, held the ear, and gave a sudden and vigorous jerk. It came out so easily that Will did not know what had happened, no rough knife nor awkward razor was needed.

I feel very much set up. I am a F. H. S. now, a fish-hook surgeon. If any of you young ladies get fish-hooks fast in your ears just send for me. I will get them out without hurting you much. As for old philosophers, I will take their cases, too, pry the fish-hooks out with a handspike.

MUSING XXIV

GOING VISITING

“Going visiting” in a new country is an event in life to be anticipated and remembered. In the city it is reduced to a minimum, and is no longer an act of friendship, but a formality in the code of etiquette, and is limited to the ladies. But at home I like occasionally to invade a neighbor’s castle, chaff him for a half hour, stir the family up, and retreat. It is all the better to catch them at late dinner. The servant decorously shows one a seat in the parlor, but I bolt into the dining-room. That is the best way to start the racket. “What time do you wish to start?” inquired George. Start as we used to, of course, fifty years ago, before sun up, in the coolness and freshness of the morning. “We ought to be off by half-past five, or six at latest. Have the buckboard on the shore by that time and we will be there.” There was early rising, breakfast and preparations so as not to forget anything. Rain coats for all the party, a pail of ice, a sharp ax, opera glasses, the camera, a rifle, a tin cup. In the old days a large basket of luncheon, and a sack of oats for the horses were necessary. The little black dog understood the preparations and was all excitement, barking and frisking, then ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and sprang into the boat, to make sure of not being left; but he was igno-

miniously pitched back upon the shore. We wanted to see the deer and fawns, possibly a bear and cubs, and he would be sure to see them before us and bark at them. And then he is a fool of a dog about porcupines. He attacks them at sight, and nippers have to be carried to pull the spines out of his nose, whereat he howls as if we were pulling his teeth. There was plenty of music from the start. The thrush is fitted for the echoing woods, and on a dewy morning his song is at its best. The young crows were keeping up their complaints and the old ones firing off their alarm-caws. The ravens croaked, the jays scolded, sparrows and vireos added their songs, and, much to our surprise, the flash of the wings of scarlet-and-black tanagers was seen. Scarlet-and-black harmonize, and the tanager shows them in the utmost brilliance of contrast. The buckboard trundled along the fresh and unbeaten trail, the snags of bushes rattling under it, as when a boy draws a shingle along a paling fence. The road, in reaches, looks like two parallel paths through the thickets, and then winds in and out in the forest. "Look out for yourselves!" and all would dodge the overhanging branch. "Log ahead!" and then the ponies would stop, the axe be brought into requisition, and if it were not too large it would be chopped and rolled out of the way; but if a great tree, a road would be cleared around it. The numbers and varieties of birds which drift into these northern woods is a surprise. A hawk would fly swiftly across the opening with kingbirds, orioles, blackbirds and lesser warriors vying with each other in striking at him; jays scolded overhead, robins sang,

cranes trailed their long legs after them as they flew away, crossbills, moosebirds (a kind of jay), ducks, everything. These come in the early spring and stay late. There is plenty of room for them here to lead undisturbed lives, except as they prey on each other, and abundance of food. I had to laugh at a vireo whose exquisite nest I was looking at, and her young, almost as large as herself, but with not a sign of a feather on them. She came with a green worm in her beak, and, seeing me, lighted on a twig above to consider me. She had the worm by one end, and the other end was performing a series of circles around her head. The worm would rub over her bright eyes. She would wink, but otherwise gave the suffering prey no attention. It was a comical bit of nonchalance. The boys would recklessly jump off the wagon and dash here and there, coming back with sheafs of wild roses, tiger-lilies, black-jacks, bluebells and a white bloom, which you would take for a "morning-glory," only that it is snow white, with not a touch of color anywhere, till they were begged to desist. The wagon was overwhelmed with them, white, orange, blue, pink, black-purple, scarlet, all the colors. Still there was no loud talking, but low tones full of repressed excitement. "There! there! Oh, isn't he splendid!" "Where? where? I don't see him." "See that black birch?" "Yes." "And that tamarack? Now, look right between them." "Oh! yes. Let me have the glasses before he goes." "And there are his fawns, oh, the sweet little things!" Then the wagon would be stopped to look at tracks, the round, clubby foot of the wolf, or the half-human impress of the bear.

A break-away appeared in the woods ahead, and the ground was descending. The ponies were slowed up and no one spoke. A lake was ahead of us, and we wished to steal upon the feeders and bathers and watch them awhile. But no sooner was the view clear than everyone gave voice. The water was so beset with lilies that the lake looked snow white, a dozen of them to the square yard, forty or fifty acres of snow in the green. It was now nine o'clock, and every lily was at its utmost display, and the delicate perfume filled the air. At noon they begin to close, and by three o'clock they look like pods, but re-open in the morning.

We must now be on the lookout for the Monte Cristo trail, which led off in the next prairie. More winding in and out, and our "next door neighbors," three hours away, gave us a royal welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Young, broad Scots, came in three years after we did, and took up three claims, so as to cover the sources of Ox Creek, so called because the loggers' oxen came many miles to it to spend their free summer vacations. It is a famous trout stream. By building dams with fish-runs, fighting the pickerel, stocking deep, isolated lakes, and protecting the fish, they have made the trout plenty as pea-pods, big fellows, running up to four pounds. We had platters of trout piled up till they rolled off, peas and strawberries, fresh off the vines, bowls of milk floating pounded ice. Miss Katy Young said last year that she believed she could make better moccasins than the Indians do, and, though they laughed at her, she went at it and did it. She shod us all around with them, the lightest and

most comfortable of all possible styles of footwear. The sun began to decline toward the west, the ponies were brought out and we were homeward bound, rounding up a visit that was a visit.

Last summer, when Dr. Meloy visited me, I took him out one night to show him the weird charms of fire-hunting. "Now, Doctor," I said, when he was seated in the boat, the lamp strapped above his left eye, "settle yourself comfortably and then don't move, except your head, to keep the light shining ahead of you along the shore." I took the paddle proudly, to show how a boat could be propelled with never a drip or tinkle of the water, silent as a cloud. Pretty soon a deep sigh came from the prow of the boat, then one foot moved, then the other.

"No use to hunt, Doctor, if you don't keep still," I whispered. He set himself to be still, though I knew that every joint in him had begun to ache. Then came a sigh like it was out of the furnace-heart of a doubting lover, and again he shifted his position. Fortunately, just then a wolf sighted the lantern that we had left on shore to guide us back through the darkness, and he set up a vindictive racket at it. Of course that ended the hunting, and the doctor was glad of it. A few evenings after I took him to another lake to finish his hunt. That was the night of the grandest auroral display seen in these parts for years, so we took in the celestial scenery and left out the hunting. The light made everything visible. Hunting was out of the question.

The borealis further south is only a shooting up of the boreal spears, and that is the usual display here,

five hundred miles north of Chicago, though they are stronger, and usually form a radiating crown at the zenith. But at times the boreal scenery is of wonderful variety and magnificence. On this evening there was a bar of light five degrees wide, reaching from horizon to horizon, across the zenith, while the northern sky was hung with heavy, tasselled curtains, in pink, amber, and purple. These curtains were not transient, like the boreal flames, but hung in heavy folds, their lower edges waving slightly, as if disturbed by a gentle breeze.

On a recent evening some one noticed a peculiar bar of light through the trees, and the camp-fire circle was incontinently broken up and a rush made for the boats, which bore us away from the obstruction of the foliage. The north showed the usual glow upon a base of umber, but there were no coruscations except one steady bar, which shot up from the southeast. But the band of light across the sky, from east to west, was wonderful. It was a long procession of angels, coming out of the darkness, drifting across the sky and disappearing in a cumulous cloud of auroral pink. Some one exclaimed:

They are clad in robes of spotless white
And conquering palms they bear.

And so it was. The figures were distinctly separate, tall, perpendicular, moving rapidly, with no spring of step nor stroke of wing, but in the long procession, as if no effort to move were necessary beyond the wish to move. "I shall be glad when I can move in the sky, as they do," said one. Angels should not be painted with wings. They do not need to beat the air

nor even the ether, to propel themselves along. They do not need to employ force, for they are themselves constituted of essential force. The sun's rays must beat their way from wave crest to wave crest through the ethereal sea, and, therefore, inconceivably swift though they are, they require time, and for long distances, long time, years, even centuries to reach us from stars. But we, in our spiritual bodies, shall abolish distance. We shall step from room to room of our Father's mansion, though to span from one to the other would require physical light a thousand years. As we floated on the dark water and gazed up at the procession, out of darkness into light, of the angels, the lights of the heavenly city were everywhere to be seen. The astronomers can not find any golden city with their telescopes, but if you would see the golden pavements, look up. There they are, the gold set in sapphire. This world, when it is purified, will be one of the palaces.

Some of our friends, to whom we described the procession of angels, have said that they supposed the resemblances were slight, and that the rest was the work of our imaginations. This was not so. To be more specific, the forms were of heroic stature; we would say, allowing for the perspective which the scene suggested, that they were about twenty feet high, the heads properly proportioned, the robes falling from the shoulders to the feet, where the drapery had the appearance of resting on a floor. The arms were outlined, but partly concealed by the drapery. The robes were ashes of roses in color. The movement was not that of walking or flying, nor yet of

drifting, but a stately and effortless progress. They came out of a dark rift in the glory, moved before us in the arc of a wide circle, and disappeared in a rift similar to the one from which they emerged. The movement was from left to right. The spectacle was in the south-east, about twenty degrees above the horizon.

As the procession of angels disappeared, Venus was seen glistening in the eastern trees, tangled in the tresses of the pines.

"What makes that star so bright?" inquired a young voice.

"I suppose because its surface is as yet all white ashes and its atmosphere filled with clouds. It is much closer to the sun than we are, too hot for us to live in. We only see a crescent of it like a new moon, when it is nearest us. If it shone full on us when nearest us it would be almost equal to the moon."

"What is it good for if nobody can live on it?" "It is good for us, to see, and it will be good for people after a while. It was so hot on the earth once that there was perpetual summer up at the North Pole, where it is so cold now that nobody can get there. It is probably livably cool around the poles of Venus now." "What is this Northern Light?" "There you have me. I don't think anybody knows. They say that it is electrical, but saying that doesn't mean anything."

An older voice remarked, "People used to say that the Northern Lights were signs of coming disaster, but now they mean a coming storm. We shall have a rainstorm pretty soon."

We could not see each other, not even each others' boats, while the talk was going on. The next day at noon the storm came from the south-west. We did not, till the tornado of last year, which smashed the forests sixteen miles north-east of us, think much about the danger of these great trees; but I watch a coming storm closely now, first noticing the color of the sky and the speed of the advancing clouds, and then, with greater interest, the first blow upon the trees across on the mainland. The clouds have a broken and torn appearance in a high wind, and the background of rain is of a light blue-gray color. Observation teaches one to judge accurately of the force of a coming wind, in time, if necessary, to get under shelter. In this storm the clouds rolled smoothly, the curtain of rain was dark, and so I told the family that the rain would be heavy, but no wind to speak of. A storm with a tornado in it shows the top of the clouds at a high elevation. The beginning of a tornado is the rising of a mountain of hot air above the general level of heated atmosphere. The air over an area becomes, for some local reason, super-heated, and, therefore, it pushes its way higher into the cool stratum above, but as it increases in height its lifting power increases. Moreover, the higher it rises the less is the resistance offered by the thinner atmosphere above. Having broken through the cool, repressing stratum, the rising current becomes swift, and is supplied by the hot air from every quarter, rushing in below, and forming an inverted whirlpool, with a vacuum at its center, caused by the centripetal force of the circular motion. The center of the storm is a

huge chimney, reaching from the furnace of the earth's surface to the thin, cold, rarified air of the upper atmospheric region. Therefore, the tornado cloud is very high, and its character at a distance may be inferred from its height. As the hot, humid air rises into the cold above, it rapidly drops its moisture. All sides of a tornado are a veritable cataract, and would reach the earth as such, were not the drops flung far out by the centripetal force acquired in the circular movement, as water flies off a rapidly turned wheel.

The greatest storm that occurred in this region was early in the century. I have no data here for fixing the date. Its track was marked down by the surveyors, and now appears in the county maps, by shadings which you would take to indicate a long swamp, were it not marked "The Great Windfall." The storm came from the south-west, cut a swath through Douglas County, from two to three miles wide, parted into two currents in the northern part of the county, and so proceeded through Bayfield County, out to Lake Superior. It was called the "Great Rail-splitter," because it tore the trees into splinters.

MUSING XXV

LAKE ELOISE

Our friends, the birds, have long adopted the fashion of going to Florida and other southern states for their health in the winter. The songsters seem to fear the cold weather would be bad for their vocal organs, and the others find various satisfactory reasons for seeking a milder climate. The beautiful scarlet tanager is here, and the meadow-lark, and the robin, and all our summer friends. And then there are some who do not favor us with their presence in summer, such as the white and the pink curlew, one or two varieties of pheasants, a diminutive turtle-dove, "water turkeys," and many more which I do not recognize. The migrating birds are well on their way north by the first of March, going forward as "harbingers of spring."

It is not very easy to get the "hang" of the winter here. A northern peach-tree gets entirely bewildered and blossoms all the year round, but brings no fruit. When the frost cut off the oranges, however, there was an unprecedented crop of peaches in Georgia and all the states on that parallel. The peaches came to the rescue.

I suppose we may say that it is winter here when the deciduous trees drop their foliage and put on new. That occurs between the latter part of December and February, the new leaves are full on the water

maples by the first of February. The habit of throwing off the old and putting on an entirely new suit came with them from their northern native habitats. The live-oak, a deciduous tree in every respect but the one, has never been north. He patterns after the tropical trees, and so also do a number of other trees from whom we would expect better things. These keep the forests and gardens green the year through. Oranges are at their best by the first of February, but some ripen earlier and some later. They cling to the trees in good shape two or three months after ripening, and indeed they tell me that they will shrivel up in the sun, and again fill with juice when the summer rains come. I had some strawberries, pine-apple and tomatoes fresh off the vines in the same garden, the first week of February, and there were solid cabbage, cauliflower, egg-plant and every sort of vegetables fit for use growing in the same garden.

The immense productivity of the orange ~~trees~~ is the greatest marvel. They tell me that they yield from three thousand to nine thousand perfect oranges at a crop from one tree, the latter number being very rare. It looks to me that such orange stories should be eaten with salt.

The magnolia grandiflora is a forest tree, which you would imagine, if seen at a distance, to be a beech. The blooms, double like the rose, open in April, white as snow, from four to five inches across, and with a perfume which is overpowering in its richness. These magnificent kings of the floral realm are chopped into cordwood by the negroes. The most aggressive of the flowering vines is the jessamine. It smothers the

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smaller trees with its delicious blooms, and climbs to the tops of the live-oaks, flinging its white and its yellow censers in the utmost profusion over all. In February the air is laden with their perfume. Mrs. Jones, wife of our pastor at Kissimmee, has a dense wreath of vine, the name of which I forget, over her front lawn gate. When it flowered the last time it burst into a huge wreath of snow in the night, the odor being so excessive as to awaken her with a sense of nausea. The cabbage palmetto is so called because its central bud is edible, has a taste something between the cabbage and the turnip. The tree grows to about thirty feet high on the average. The pine-apple plant grows about twenty inches high. When it is drawing on to the blooming period, the long, serrated blades of leaves grow red at the base. I see a great many wild flowers, with whom I have not the honor of acquaintance.

I had an idea that the whole peninsula was low, swampy and malarious. I write this at an elevation of two hundred feet, in practically as high and dry pine lands as anywhere. Of course I stuck fast in the lake region of "southern" Florida. I could scarcely tell it from the lake region of northern Wisconsin—the sand-land lakes—if it were not that the bracken is here substituted by dwarf palm. The fish are precisely the same, the large-mouthed bass, with the characteristic side stripe. Their Wisconsin congeners have a tinge of green. These do not show this so clearly. The strawberry bass, muskallonge, cat-fish, and a red-finned pickerel, are here. They call the black bass "trout." I caught some fish and a thor-

ough ducking at Kissimmee, and some fish without the ducking at Winter Haven. I intended to catch the "silver king," the tarpon, a salt water beauty who inhabits the gulf coast. This fish reaches a length of six feet and a weight of over a hundred pounds. His peculiarity, besides a brilliant silver color and a symmetrical form, is that his scales increase in size in proportion to his growth. In the largest fishes these plates of silver are four inches across. He is a beautiful jumper and fighter, and will give the skilled fisherman a battle of from one hour upward. The New Yorkers and other plutocrats are on hand in force, and a boat and fisherman costs too much for an editor's financial resources, so I left the silver kings of the sea to the silver kings of the land.

Land speculation was as crazy as elsewhere up to the time that those two mutual foes, Jack Frost and "Yellow Jack" met here last year. Up to that time the Floridian would ask you any price from \$200 to \$2,000 an acre for a lot of cypress and palmetto, and he would never wink in doing it, and he did get away with a good deal of northern sucker-money. But the balloon came down with the frost and the fever. Still, crop-killing frosts are no novelty with northern people, nor did the yellow fever obliterate Memphis. I think the true reason for the pause was that the gullibility of the Yankee had been exhausted.

Northerners have soured on orange groves, to some extent. If a lot of Chicago dudes should invade Jackson County, Iowa, and buy fresh prairie-sod corn lands, and break them and plant corn, all by proxy, and then retire to their mint-juleps during June and

July, and then come with wagons to husk out fortunes for themselves in September, it is probable they would sour on corn. The orange tree does business on the cash in advance basis. It never delivers an orange that has not been paid for at the orange tree's own rates. I saw a grove where a man had planted a few trees beyond his land line, and, after cultivating them awhile, abandoned the outsiders. They were yellow-leaved, shriveled, and apparently in a dying condition, while those standing immediately by them, of the same age, were glossy green, full, round and overladen with fruit. The plow and the hoe and fertilizers had made the difference.

There is no mistake that the pine lands, at least, are a sanitarium. I came away with a six weeks' steady headache on hand, or on head, and a throat so sore that I could not sleep for the pain of it, and now, in less than twenty days, I have to feel around to find anything wrong.

Brother Jones, of Kissimmee, had a grand old fisherman, Capt. Hartwell, who took me out to catch one hundred bass. We went in a wagon. We did not hurry, but jogged on, with a secure sense of triumph, about two hours, through the pine forests, and finally we came to "Boggy Creek," the Beulah Land of black bass. I carried a heavy water-proof along that Brother Jones had lent me, and perspired, and tore my pants, and caught one dog fish and one bass. On the way back to the team my fisherman pointed across the stream to where a torrent poured in from a slough. "Thar they are," he said, as he handed me a cup with some water and a few small minnows in it. "Go

round by the bridge." I looked back and saw Brother Jones engaged in a scuffle with a cat-fish, and thought how nicely I was dodging him. To expedite the triumph I left the heavy water-proof behind and went the quarter mile, there and back, at a home-stretch pace. Sure enough, there was a big one in full view, and I gently put out the rod, let down the line and scratched his nose with the dorsal fin of the minnow. That fish seemed to smile as he quietly swam away. "Boom!" I looked back and here came a roaring rain. Jones picked up the water-proof, put it on, and called across that he wished I had it. In two minutes I was thoroughly soaked. This was in mid-winter, the 10th of February. We drove home, an hour and a half, I, as wet as an otter, had no hot coffee, *nor even any substitute* for it, think of that! and experienced no bad results.

On the way home we came to an orange grove, where every overhanging limb was propped to prevent breaking under the weight of the golden fruit. In the middle of it was a miserable, forsaken looking, tumble-down shanty. I said I would like to sample the fruit. Brother Jones, of Kissimmee, instructed me to go to a gate and yell, but not to go inside. In a moment a thin, bony, tatterdemalion woman appeared, with two enormous bloodhounds. Each had a leather collar about his neck. The woman was grasping the dogs' collars, one in each hand, and thus the trio advanced toward the gate. When she was within fifty feet I began bowing and tipping my hat to the lady in the most approved New York style.

"Sorry to disturb you, madam, but ——"

"Oh, ye hain't disturbin' me. Thar hain't no danger of your disturbin' me," and she glanced at her big dogs. "What'll ye have?"

"Well, madam, if it is no trouble to you, and if you will be so obliging, I would like to buy some oranges."

"How many do yer want?"

"Dime's worth, please."

The lady of the grove took her dogs back and tied them, and then, gathering her apron into a sack, pulled off about a peck, brought them and dumped them into the back of the wagon, and took her dime. So it is, that a woman with big bloodhounds in leash, one on each side of her, has, after all, a woman's generous sympathies.

I have found no dissatisfied people here. The men are busy and hopeful, and the ladies thankful for the pleasant climate. But one must come here to cultivate the two tropical virtues of indolence and patience. The large hotels will fleece you, and the average of the smaller ones beat you in other ways. It is of no use to become exasperated at any sort of disappointment and delay, nor to be disturbed by nonchalant procrastination. You will find that the happy hour of consummation always lies just beyond. After being here awhile you will find pleasanter places than the hotels, places where life is not measured off to you at so much per minute, and where every spoonful of coffee does not taste more of swindle than of caffeine.

The "cracker" population, the "poor white trash," are one of the results of slavery, fostered also by the climate. The procrastinating and shiftless habits of

the people come largely from the absence of any spur in the seasons. In the north we must work by the clock of the year. There is no such clock, no such urgency, in the sub-tropics. Planting can be done at any time. I have been in their cabins, and find them to be a pale, clay-colored, melancholy, starved-looking set. The children are thin, and as deficient of blood in their skin as a piece of leather, the color of which they resemble. The secret of it is, that they would rather starve than work, and so they live upon sweet-potatoes mostly, with some corn and wild meats. The sweet potato is inexhaustible, and is produced with almost no labor. It produces these sallow, shriveled women and children. The Irish potato, which is the same to the Irish peasant that the sweet potato is to the "cracker," produces the Noras and the Kathleens, and the broth of a boy with a stick. It is positively pitiable to look at these "cracker" children.

The Florida cattle are not so bad as I had expected, but the Florida hog is a caution. One was entered at a recent state fair. It was a regular razor-back; and the owner was told by a committee-man that he supposed he entered it as a curiosity.

"No, sir," was the reply, "I demand a premium."

"A premium for what?"

"For speed. You can't raise a hog in Florida unless he is able to outrun both the 'cracker' and the negro." The perfection of a Floridian hog is one that can drink out of the bottom of a churn, and look at you. When he is dressed ready for the market he must balance when his neck is laid on a rail fence, his snout balancing his body. Floridian pork is princi-

pally souse. Owing to the length of his mouth his squeal has all the melody and variety of a cornet !

I have spent more time at Winter Haven than anywhere else, because it is pleasant for me, with my love for boating, fishing and camping. I rise early at my comfortable little hotel and am off with my lunch-basket before other guests are up, on a tramp of one to three miles. My boatman is there ahead of me and ready. Let me give to-day's experience. Off before seven o'clock for a walk of a mile and a half to Eloise Lake. My boatman had a seat arranged with a deep cushion of moss, and we started out, catching bass, and an occasional grinnell, or wolf-fish. He headed his boat for a dense mass of foliage of tall, noble cypress trees, densely hung with waving moss, below which was a mass of smaller trees and banks of flowering vines, as dense, almost, as a wall. He had managed to tunnel through the mass of foliage, a crooked, narrow canal, just wide enough for the canoe. We wound and twisted about among the gnarled cypress roots and under the vines, backing and feeling our way in the somber gloom. We went through to the sunshine, and there were flocks of white and dark curlews, of crows, a queer bird called the "water turkey," and white and blue cranes. Among the cypresses a family of owls were chattering and whooping. On shore were birds in scarlet, and in blue, and in yellow. A huge alligator, showing only his eyes, nose, and a little of his scaly back, was swimming by. As noon drew on, my boatman went ashore and soon returned with a number of ripe tomatoes and sweet potatoes. We went ashore soon after to a beau-

tiful elevation, and he made me a chair of a windrow of moss, built a fire under a live-oak tree and began preparing dinner. We had a brace of speckled bass lifted out of the lake, dressed, and dropped into a pan of boiling lard, sweet potato sliced so as to look like apple fritters, the tomatoes sliced, oranges, eggs, bread and butter, hot coffee, and two kinds of cake. The sun was not hot, just the genial warmth which leads you to hesitate between the sunshine and the shade, either of them pleasant. We used palmetto leaves for dishes, and had some wild flowers to deck the feast withal.

I was happy, and yet regretful. How utterly selfish it seemed to enjoy the sun, the birds, the flowers, the delicious fish and fruit all alone. That scarlet bird singing his "To-wheet, to-wheet, to-wheetoo;" that crow, bound to be seen as well as heard, cawing his best, and then darting out and back to his perch again; that old 'gator swimming around; a gray squirrel whisking about overhead, all this in mid-winter, and you, dear reader, not with me! If you had been there, and I could have handed you a palmetto leaf with a bit of that crumbling fish on it, and some tomatoes and oranges, and coffee and bread, it would have eased a conscience which accused me of selfishness. If I could have pulled an armful of moss for you to sit upon, and twisted a garland of jessamine about your head—romantic? Oh, yes. Nature is the wildest of romancers.

The rest of the northerners are sitting about in the \$4-per-day hotels, looking at fountains pumped by steam, listening to a brass band on the veranda;

pinching their waists in satins, and cutting their chins with standing collars. Such things are not for me. They are very fine, but the world, as God made it, is good enough for me. Give me nature. Give me love. Give me God. Take all the rest.



MUSING XXVI

VENUS

Venus has always been the most interesting of the planets. It received its name because of its beauty. When it is nearest us it has its back to us, and its face to the sun, so to speak, and we only see it as a crescent, like the new moon. If we could have its full light at such times its light would be equal to that of the half moon. There is more interest for us in Venus than in its beauty as a morning or an evening star. It is the next younger sister of the earth, of about the same size, same density of atmosphere, and same length of day. The most marked difference is in the length of its year, which is only two hundred and twenty-four days, seventeen hours, and in the intensity of the heat of the sun. The inclination of its axis to the ecliptic is so much less than that of the earth, that it does not have an equal variation of the seasons. This accounts for the existence, which is affirmed, of polar ice-caps. At the poles of Venus the sun's rays strike across on lines level with the surface, and thus do not fall upon and warm it, to any considerable degree. The present condition of the planet is, therefore, a limited, frigid area at the poles, narrow temperate zones in the north, at a latitude corresponding with our Greenland and Nova Zemla, and in the south in the location of the north shores of

the Arctic Continent, and at the equator a degree of sun-heat sufficient to cause the oceans to boil, if the direct rays could reach them, as they do under our atmosphere. But the ever steaming seas keep the atmosphere charged to its top with dense clouds. It is in the condition of our earth before the waters above were separated from the waters below. There is light, but no sun or stars for that region. The brilliancy of the planet is because of that cloudy envelope, illuminated by sun's rays nearly one-half more intense than those which reach our earth. It is probable that the protection of the clouds renders even the equatorial regions habitable by vegetable and some forms of animal life. But we may say that the area of life is in the narrow, temperate zones, where the tropical vegetation flourishes as it once did in northern Greenland and Nova Zemla, near our North pole.

When it was discovered that there were coal measures, composed of tropical ferns and palms, under the Arctic ice, in both hemispheres, in Greenland and in Nova Zemla, there were grave discussions of a possible change, in the past, of the inclination of the earth's axis, though no one could imagine a cause for such an occurrence. But Venus explains it; her superheated tropics, her ice-clad poles and her temperate zones crowded closely up against the ice, are now as the conditions were upon the earth when our subarctics were clad in the luxuriant vegetation of long æons of unbroken summer.

With the enormous evaporation from the steaming seas, they must have much wet weather in the regions

of the arctics of Venus, a pretty nearly everlasting downpour. But that is what the tree-ferns like, which are laying down coal measures for the future inhabitants of the planet. If there are conifers near the ice, they probably receive enough sunlight between the rains to get on comfortably. As for the big ichthyosaurus, and other large lizards, which flap and snap along the shores, they do not mind the rain, and nobody would sympathize much with them if they did, because they are not lovely creatures. If one of them should open his jaws six feet wide to sigh, "No one to love, none to caress," a dinosaur, having just made his breakfast by eating up a tree, would take his sixty-foot long cigar, made of one hundred-feet fern leaves, out of his mouth, long enough to laugh at him.

So that, just at present, the planet Venus is more lovely as an evening star than it would be on account of its social privileges, or its climate. It can not be excelled as a stellar spectacle, wrapped in its dazzling clouds of white. Distance lends enchantment. But Venus is quite as attractive as our earth once was, and her time is coming to be a delightful world, belted with emerald forests, and gemmed with opal lakes and silver rivers.

Now, when we leave the earth, or are free to if we like, we shall not want to go to Neptune, where the sun is no bigger than a dime, and where one's birthday would only come around once in one hundred and sixty-four of our years. When a young man would come of age on Neptune he would be already three thousand four hundred and forty-four of our years old, and the girls would not be marriageable much

under thirty centuries. That would not do—not for us! Uranus would not be much better with its silver-dollar sun corkscrewing around all over it, sometimes perpendicular to the poles and sometimes to the equator. What a confusing sort of a world that must be, which is like the old time fourth of July orator, who knew no east, no west, no north, no south, nor anything else; the sun playing at bo-peep all around the horizon. Jupiter is too big and windy, though one of his satellites might do. Saturn would be better, fine nights there, seven moons and two broad belts of light; and so might Mars, with its absurd little moons rising in the west, contrary both to science and to respectable tradition. We shall feel more at home on Venus. Her arctic tropics will creep down to the equator, the narrow temperate belt, now between the ice and the palms, will broaden out, and by the time the planet is ready for the advent of man, he will have disappeared from the earth.

The prophesy that, in the consummation of all earthly things, the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the moon turned into blood, and the elements melt with fervent heat, seems to imply a sudden catastrophe. The description would be fully met by the collision of a comet with the earth. It is sheer nonsense to say that a body of matter so large, in whatever form, colliding with the earth would not produce a conflagration and destroy all life. That is the least it could do. And yet it may be regarded as somewhat singular that the specifications of the prophesy would be met by the death of the earth by old age and exhaustion. If we take the heavens to mean the

atmosphere, the region of the meteors, and possibly of the boreal and zodiacal flames, and not the stars, and this we suppose we are bound to do, for it is the destruction of the earth of which the prophet specifically speaks, then he describes, by a singularly apt comparison, what will occur in what we may call the natural death of our world. The scroll was rolled together and protected by a case or covering. Our atmosphere will be rolled together and encased beneath the earth's surface. The moon will deepen in color, in the red rays of the cooling sun, until blood would aptly describe it. It might be possible to show that the prophetic description could thus be quite fulfilled; though it must be admitted that a cataclysm by the blow of a comet would meet it more perfectly in all particulars, as well as in the whole impression, which implies a catastrophe. The moon would redden into blood in the nebulous cometary envelope, which would strike the earth first. The atmosphere would be torn and rolled like a scroll from its surface, and with deafening violence, and the whole swept with fire. And yet observe that the prophet does not say that the old earth will be reconstructed. He does not speak of repairs, but of destruction. He says there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, not an old earth made over. And yonder the new earth hangs and shines, a duplicate nearly precise of the old. It is our evening star, holding her torch over the descending night of our solar day, and over the descending night of earthly time. And it is the morning star, holding her torch over our awakening day, and over a new rising day of creative power.

Is this poetic fancy? Ah! hath not the poet in all time been the avant courier of all great truth, and of every transformation? Hath not his dream ever been the soul of the coming reality? What is this which we hear the great apostles of science say? that without poetry there can be no science; though in their precise way they call it the "scientific imagination." When God himself would speak to man, he summoned the poets, and even his historians anon break forth into song. Isaiah essays history, but very soon he abandons his stylus, and takes up his harp.

David calls the stars "God's chariots." They wheel in splendid evolutions on the blue field; but it is not a mere spectacular display. They are going somewhere and for a purpose. When I think of that courier-star, first noticed sixty years ago by Goombridge, I have great curiosity to know where he is going and on what message. In these days of the telegraph the courier is not seen. But when one was seen in the olden times, bespangled with the king's regalia, flying on a foaming horse through villages and hamlets, all who saw him knew that he was charged with an urgent and important mission. Yonder in the skies goes a chariot with swifter wheels than any other, which pays no heed to the beckoning hands of gravitation thrown out for him, but dashes right on. Whether his message be of peace or of war, none but he who sent him knows. Possibly he is an angel of the resurrection, sent with new life for a dead solar system; sent to waken it from black, stiff and frigid death, by a blow which will set every separate atom of it to vibrating with intensest life.

When our little folks were younger, they would make the Pullman a playground, much to the amusement of the passengers, possibly to the annoyance of some. The car was speeding on its way, to its destination; but they thought nothing either of the scenery through which it was passing, or of the purpose of the journey, but only of their present sport. They neither knew nor cared for anything beside their play. So we passengers on these chariots of God are engrossed with our toys, our games, our petty and transient quarrels, and so perfect is God's roadway that the mighty wheels of iron and adamant, revolving with lightning-like celerity, have not a jar, not a sound—soft and silent as the white cloud floating across the sky. We do not realize that we are moving, that we are on a journey, or that this earth is a chariot in the swift and shining train.

What a variety of wise, philosophic and scientific children we have with us! Children who know everything, and are forward in telling all they know. They press their faces to the window in our night journey, and tell us that we are nowhere and that there is nothing. We pass the electric lights and the lamp-illuminated windows of a town, and they explain that they are fire-flies, phosphorescences: that there is no evidence of anything outside of our car. These children were old when they were born. They pressed leathery and wrinkled faces against the warm bosom of nourishing mother earth when they were sucklings. Blase skepticism is the outcome of premature decay.

We have other wise children who carry with them their chest of worn-out treasures; their dull eyed

dolls, the greasy little gods which Rachel was foolish enough to steal from her father, Laban, and the loss of which broke the heart and enkindled the ire of her silly old father. He rose up and pursued after for seven days, and thundered at the fugitives: "Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods?" He had nothing to say about the loss of his cattle, only a few tender words about the loss of his daughters and grandchildren, but the loss of his ugly teraphim he could not and would not stand. Old children these, to whom there can be no progress and nothing new. They feel the jar of motion, the slacking and the starting of the breaks, and they press their faces against the windows, and with great satisfaction tell us that we are moving backward into the past. Here also is premature decay.

All things "wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou change them and they shall be changed." "Behold, I create all things new." All things new. Not a particle of dust at our feet but shall shine and vibrate with new life, and shall not we? Yonder shines the new world, flying so near us that her floating golden tresses fall across our evening skies. Young and luminous in her beauty now, she also shall grow old. And is there an end? Shall she also wrinkle and fade and die? Even so for a time, but there shall be a resurrection, new heavens and new earth, on forever, because "Behold I create all things new" is an eternal word.

We have only to look out with the wide eye of the telescope to see the progress of the work of creation, veritable nebular whirlpools, in all stages, from the

slow assembling to the spiral rush, and the flinging off of rings, the rings breaking into arcs, and the arcs rolling into spheres. The "dumb-bell" nebula in Vulpecula speaks at once its destiny, a binary star, twin suns with clasped hands swinging each other in space.

What would all this be to us had not life and immortality been brought to light? What is it all to the premature decrepitude of skepticism? It was only when Solomon was outworn with luxury that he concluded that man had no pre-eminence over the beast, that as one perished, so perished the other: that all things were old, because he himself was prematurely old. We shall live and we shall be free citizens in this infinite empire: citizens as to others, subjects only to God. He who is not free is self-bound. The felicity of the future liberty and self-control will not be permitted to be marred by anarchism, and defiance of the benign authority which bestows it. There is left scarcely an earthly paradise which is not marred, and its liberty and its pleasure poisoned, by the scum of civilization, every man a thief, a drunkard, a blasphemer, a loafer and a brute. Let a community be composed of such characters and civilization would be compelled to stamp it out. Is it to be supposed that such characters will be permitted their evil liberty in the new earth? Not at all. A place will be found for them, for we have the promise that there shall be none to hurt or annoy in all the new and happy realm.

MUSING XXVII

CHILDHOOD

When I was a child and a youth I used to hear and read a good deal about the "happiness of childhood," and, at a very early age for such thoughts, it seemed to me that the old people who wrote and spoke of it did not know what they were talking about. My mind dwelt on the happiness of manhood. I remember very well of stopping in the middle of a sun-hot field and counting slowly on my fingers how long it would be till I could obtain the happiness of my elders—one year, two long years, three longer years, four—and with a sinking heart found the sum to be that slow eternity, ten years, before I could count on much freedom. Happiness! Was it happiness to sit the long summer day on the side of a slab in the hot school-house, to be hectored by the teacher, and bullied by big boys out of school? Was it pleasant to be subject to incessant reproofs and complaints, to be under commands as to my eating and sleeping, working and playing, coming and going? Were daily, almost hourly, disappointments and frustrations of my dearest hopes and plans the sort of thing to be joyful about? How I hated the Sabbath. There was some little freedom on other days, but not a trace of it on that. I regarded the "happiness of childhood" as a hypocrisy and a humbug, imposed upon us children to

reconcile us to the miserable slavery and bondage of our unhappy lot. I am not at all now complaining of my parents, but only describing how things appeared to unreasoning childhood, and the effect upon the happiness of the child as a child. That impression has never left me, nor are the evidences to keep it renewed and fresh, ever wanting. I look upon my two little grandsons with compassion. Their demands are incessant, most of them improper or impossible. One request granted is not half enjoyed till another is made. They want to go boating, fishing, riding, swimming, want to go to the mainland for more logs for a cabin they are building; want the paint and brushes, and sash from the factory, forty miles away; want orders sent with every mail for things varied and innumerable; after we are exhausted in story-telling they are only hungrier for more; after every last conundrum has been fished from memory, they want more and more. There is no mistaking the distress on their sweet, young faces, which comes of denials and reproofs. To their minds all that they do and all that they want seems perfectly reasonable and proper. Of course! Here comes the patter of their feet now: "Grandpa, won't you take us out boating, Georgie would only take us across the lake and back?" Now, the boys are both good rowers, and paddlers and scullers. They can handle a boat as skilfully as anybody about the camp. What possible sense or reason can there be in their minds why they should not be allowed the use of the boats as often and as long as they want them? They know as well as we do that the boats will not overturn while they are rowing or

paddling or sculling. One day I took two small boats, put one in each, and bade them row to a little point of land, had them take position and race to another point across a bay. On their return one of them dropped his oars, sprang up, picked up a paddle and walked back along the rocking bottom of the tippy boat and seated himself on the sharp stern to paddle or scull. No use to call to him. That would only increase his danger. So when he was seated I told him to come toward me, and then explained that we could not allow him the use of a boat, alone, because he could not be trusted.

"Don't you know, Willie, that you fell overboard in shallow water only two days ago, when trying to do that?"

His face was clouded and contorted with chagrin. He "never thought of it," he said. "Well," I said, "now don't you see why we can not let you go out alone? You forget. You are reckless. If you had fallen I could not possibly have gotten to you in time to save your life."

As to that particular thing he saw the reason, but if he and his cousin do not see the reason for the thousand and one restrictions, do not see why they are hedged in and limited; can not see why their limitations are not arbitrary, and merely "for the glory of our sovereign power" over our nephews, they are yet certainly as wise and far-seeing in regard to the motive for the exercise of authority as the larger children who framed our Confession of Faith, who could see no motive back of God's decrees but "the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures."

The only compensation which children have for their troubles is the quickness of their escape from them. I scolded one of the boys roughly and made him sit still in a chair when I knew he was burning with desire to see me soldering some tin vessels which had holes in them. I knew that it was a pretty severe punishment, and was pleased that I could thus punish him to a degree that would impress his memory. In a moment or two after I released him he came and sat on my knee and talked as happily as ever. It seemed to me that this prompt forgiveness of what must have seemed to him rude unkindness was wonderful. This must have been one of the prominent traits which Christ alluded to when he made childlikeness the qualification for admission to his kingdom.

School children are nearly defenceless from young bullies. We older ones sometimes, though rarely, come in contact with ruffians. As a rule we are able to exclude them from the circle of our business or other associations. I can only think of one or two who have managed to crowd their way into the circle of gentlemen, in all my experience. But children are constantly subject to this kind of outrage. When Frank was a boy about ten years old, perhaps eleven, there were some hoodlums who would waylay him and abuse him on his way home from school, so that he would go around out of his way a number of squares to avoid them. I tried to catch them, but they were on the lookout, and when I was with him they kept out of the way. Then I told him to arm himself with stones and rush on them, not waiting for them to attack him, and fight it out, that they would probably

hurt him some, but that he would not feel the hurt while he was fighting. That evening he came home considerably blackened and bruised, but exultant. He had issued his declaration of independence and maintained it by force of arms. He was never afterward beset by hoodlums.

I knew of three or four instances where the brutality of teachers, under the old methods, which happily are going or have gone out of use, made life-long impressions upon children. One young man, he was as good a boy as I ever knew, was cruelly whipped by a teacher, without cause. He vowed that he would put back blow for blow as soon as he grew large enough, but the two men never met. The young man went to the war, was wounded and came home to die. It was the distress of his last days that he could not bring his heart to forgive that wicked and cruel beating. In another case, the boy grew up and met his former teacher in a large social gathering in a public institution. They did not know each other, but were introduced as former teacher and pupil, shook hands cordially, when the young man began to gaze fixedly in the face of his old-new acquaintance, his face growing pale and a dangerous fire coming into his eyes. "Are you the man who taught the —— school some ten or twelve years ago?" "Yes, sir, I taught that school, and I believe you were one of my pupils." "Do you remember the cruel beating you gave me?" "Why, ah, no, sir, I have no recollection whatever of it." "No, sir, you probably do not remember my particular case, because your acts of brutality were of almost hourly occurrence." And then the young man

related to a circle which quickly gathered around the two, one after another, the acts of cruelty of the ex-teacher before him, one case in which he had lifted the little crippled son of a widowed washer-woman, and dashed him to the floor with such force as to leave him stunned and senseless. The ex-teacher hung his head, afraid to reply.

Another case was that of a little girl, who, while sitting at her desk, her head bent over her books, was struck a blow with a whip, the wound from which dyed her light summer dress with blood. She grew up, and the time came when he depended on her good-will to rescue him from an old age of beggary. At much sacrifice to herself she gave him the necessary aid, but did not by any means forget his former cruelty.

I remember far back in my childhood of a whipping given to a slight little boy, an orphan boy, by a teacher named Isaiah —. The boy's name was Summers. He died a few years after, and the teacher, after entering the ministry, also died, a young man. That scene was fifty or more years ago, and yet the teacher's face and the child's face while it was in progress are photographed on my memory with a clear and imperishable impression. He struck two blows, and then waited and struck two more, and it seemed to me an eternity of torture. My arm aches now, as I write, because I can not send my fist back across that fifty years into that teacher's face. A schoolmate bent over to me, he is still living, and said, "That was a dreadful whipping." And yet Isaiah — was not regarded as a bad or passionate man. He probably thought that he was doing his duty. Both little

Summers and Isaiah have been in heaven these two-score years; and it does me good to think that in the falling away of the scales of darkness the teacher was, and now is, when he thinks of it, deeply ashamed of what he did to little Summers. I should be sorry to think that complete sanctification is a hardening process which will render the blush of honest shame impossible to the redeemed. They all have plenty of things to be ashamed of, and I think better of them than to believe that they are incapable of it. As for little Summers, he is all right. I do not believe that he harbored a spirit of revenge or hatred even in this world, and he was absolutely freed from any trace of it at his departure to the heavenly state. But, as a rule, I think the old-style teachers are remembered with aversion, which would amount to hatred, were they not mostly beyond the reach of such a feeling.

I can not avoid the thought that this memory across a full half-century of what occurred in an obscure log school-house, an occurrence possibly soon forgotten by the parties to it, the thought that this memory dwelling and burning in my mind, and exciting vindictive anger, is a portentous fact. It shows that the record of human conduct is written with a pen of fire upon imperishable tablets. It shows that we can not forget. Virgil's spirits crowded and jostled each other in their eagerness for a plunge in the Lethe, which should wash the records of memory out forever. But we will not and can not forget. Every evil deed is a barbed spine thrust into our souls, which will leave a scar, even when it is withdrawn and the wound is healed.

Another thought, or fact, rather, which I have often observed, that a parent may totally eradicate filial love from the heart of a good child, who will grow up to be a good man or woman, and yet never be able to think of the parent with affection or respect. There are many, many such cases, instances, too, where the child dutifully conceals the fact, and treats the parent with all proper respect and kindness. Filial love is not so strong as parental love, and it will not bear half so much abusing. What a doom! to have one's memory an offense to one's own children! God save us from it!

We older ones think we are burdened with heavy cares, and yet, as a rule, when we get away from those cares so as to look at them calmly, they are found to be more than half our own nervous irritability and the other half not worth worrying about. The cares of children are, I verily believe, heavier in proportion to their strength than ours are. Now, I think that we should make a careful study how we can promote the happiness of children without harming them and making them wilful and impatient by unwise indulgence. They do a good deal of logical and sensible thinking on their own account, as much in their sphere as we do in ours. For example, one of our Wills was kept in at school in the evening last winter, and though he made no complaint of it, at the time, he happened to speak of it here. Two boys complained of him that he ran on their bases and picked up their ball and meddled with their play, just such mischief as a boy is liable to do, but he said to us that he positively did not do it. "Why did you not

tell the teacher so?" we asked him. "Because she would have believed the two boys, there would have been two against me, and so I thought it best to take my punishment and not say anything." We explained to him that it was not necessary to suppose that the two boys lied, that it might be a half-way mistake on both sides, that he might have run over their base without intending it or knowing it, and even picked up their ball, supposing it to be his own; and that they would then suppose he did it for mischief. But all parents take pride in noticing and remembering the evidences of thoughtfulness in their children. Now, let them remember that this same thoughtfulness can be drawn upon for their easy and kindly government.

Every boy and girl suffers more or less of disappointment in love, and they are only laughed at. And yet everybody knows how keen the pain of such disappointment is, how humiliating it is, how much of jealousy there is in it, how the loved one is set up on a pedestal and glorified in the most real and sincere, and yet, in fact, in the most absurd and ridiculous manner. We see the absurdity and ridiculousness of the fancy, and laugh at it, though we ourselves were more than once in a frame of mind where the grief and pain and anger were the most real and reasonable and unavoidable things in all the whole world.

There is a candor and frankness about young ladies now that is very amusing. They do not hesitate to say that they like the boys, and expect to get married. I got my ideas about the girls from love-songs and one or two old story-books, and really had an

idea that it was the task of one's life to wheedle and coax and flatter a pretty girl into marrying him, and it was a wonder to me how so many young men managed to overcome this native aversion of the girls to lovers, and persuade them into marriage.

And yet this was not so foolish a fancy after all. Young women know instinctively that they must not permit themselves to be captured without an effort. I have even seen such coquetry among the Indians. And when they have made a conquest they are very liable to prize it less in possession than in pursuit. There are gradations in progress between a slightly admiring fancy and true love, and on both sides all the first stages of the growth to true love are uncertain quantities. The mortality of infantile love is—frightful! “There is many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip.”

It may seem superserviceable to champion the children in these days, when they are supposed to be indulged already more than is good for them. There is nothing more beautiful than a well-behaved, polite and properly modest boy or girl, and nothing more disagreeable than an impudent, heady, young barbarian. Some children are naturally refined, some naturally coarse and boisterous. The coarseness is not a discouraging indication, as it may be the raw material for a strong and energetic character. But there is no culture without discipline, and discipline is always the thwarting and breaking up of natural tendencies, so that severity, more or less, is a necessary part of training. There is no compliment to a mother so high as that paid by the good demeanor of her chil-

dren. It is testimony of the best kind to her fidelity, firmness, and intelligence, to her own refinement and fine intellectual and moral character. The conduct of the children shows that they have in their mother a character still more admirable than their own. But a bad child does not always indicate a bad mother. It may be a drop of tainted blood coming from people she never knew, ancestors on her own or her husband's side.



And yet the memory of childhood is sweet. We look back upon our youth from the shadows of the evening of life with a glow about the heart. Nearly all the faces there have faded into the mist of years. Of my college mates most are remaining, holding high places in the world's work. Dr. Oliver

W. Nixon, editor of the *Inter Ocean*, visited us at the camp-fire. I knew him as a youth, but only distantly as a man. As we sat under the pines talking of the past and discussing the present, the purity and nobility of his character, his high principles, the faithful service of a life in peace and war, all unconsciously revealed to us, were a delight. The little boys, intuitional judges of character, hung upon his words and clung to his arms with deep interest and affection.

If one will recall the first thing that was impressed

upon the memory, it will be seen to be a bright picture surrounded with mists and shadows. The first thing that I remember was a beautiful stream flowing from a spring, pure, cool, and set with flowers. My brother, who soon after went away to the better land, led me to it and dipped my bare feet in it. Possibly the first thing I shall remember of life in the spiritual world will be the same: that same brother leading me to a stream more pure and beautiful, to dip my weary feet in it and take away the soil and fever of the long pilgrimage.

MUSING XXVIII

THE SUGAR-CAMP FIRE

There is a little history connected with the following poem, which fills it with poetry for me; doubtless for me only. One of the industries of the farm was maple-sugar making in the early spring. The forests were largely composed of sugar-trees, great, noble fellows, whose blackened sides showed the richness of their blood. It was my special delight to be left alone to run the sugar furnace at night, deep in the lonely woods. As nearly as I can come at the date, I was thirteen or fourteen years old when I was given this task. In the interims between replenishing the evaporators and the fire, I amused myself by writing with a pencil on pieces of broken crocks and shingles, descriptions of what occurred in the night. These I would hide away in the end of a hollow log. Then I procured paper and wove them into "A Dream." Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was my ideal, the only work of fiction, indeed, that I knew anything about. The manuscript of the "Dream" I threw into the door of the village printing office, and went away. The next week I was thrilled with unutterable delight by finding it in print. I then resolved that I would be a newspaper man. Heaven itself could not be so delightful as to be an editor. When I would see Mr. Boardman, the village editor, I would stop and look

after him, and think what his rapturous condition must be, to have not only one composition, but as many as he chose to write, printed every week. Ten or fifteen years ago I made search to find a copy of that juvenile production, but did not succeed. Then I sought to reproduce the impressions from memory, which resulted in a poem which was published with this title :

DREAMS WITHOUT SLEEP

When touch of spring disturbed the sleeping trees
And filled their honied veins with crystal blood,
Brave boyhood loved the task to watch alone
All night amid the solitary woods,
To feed the fires beneath the luscious spoils
Of maples great and rich.

No sound was heard
But tinkling drippings beating liquid time,
Save when the spirit of the Southern Wind
Awoke a moment from his reveries,
And swayed the sighing branches overhead,
Which sifted showers of moonbeams down like snow.

The fragrant vapors rose
So soft and white, as rises a sweet soul
From out God's furnaces of pain and grief
And soars toward him free from earthly stain :
Thus rose the vapor mid the tangled twigs
And wove of them a shining canopy
Of mossy silver hung with clustered pearls,
And reaching the clear depths above the woods

It crystallized in floating starry flakes
Which sparkled in the air :

May it not be
That thus in the sweet atmosphere of heaven
Those furnace-whitened souls which thither soar
Shall change to forms as brilliant and shall beam
In rosy beauty—beauty warm and sweet
As lover ever clasped, or poet ever dreamed ?

And while he thus
Followed the vapory flight with roseate thought,
At times across the quiet hills there came
The bay of far-off watch dog, muffled bell
Of folded sheep, and those mysterious sounds
Which only seem the rustling of the robes
Of Silence, brooding o'er the snow-flecked land.

Sometimes a catch of song, or sudden call
Of his familiar name would teach the boy
That voices drift across the river dark
Which flows between us and the shadowy land.
The voice was of a brother, who had gone,
Not long before, down through the silent flood,
And his the catch of song. In after years
A sister went across : and oft and oft
He felt her gentle hand upon his brow,
And when he slept unfailingly she came
And led him through a blissful vision-land.

'Tis thus we know
That dear friends linger on the further shore,
And oft return to soothe our aching hearts ;

But as the days go by they journey on,
Higher and farther in the heavenly hills
And faint and fainter come to us their calls,
Less frequent their return in happy dreams,
Until they come no more. And as we pause,
Listening intent, we only hear the throbs
Of our own yearning hearts. So we toil on
With weary feet to overtake their flight.

Oh come the day
When every bond shall broken be, and when
On level azure spirit wings we cleave
That air serene, and flash with glad surprise
Upon them as they rest in some sweet vale
That nestles in the purple hills afar !

Where is that land ?
Men peer into the soundless depths of space :
No heaven is there, but only white-hot suns
That rush and blaze along their orbits vast
To destinies beyond the ken of man.
What are those orbs but burning hydrogen
And molten clay ? mere dust like our poor earth,
That shines in the tempestuous heat of fires
Which patient Time will quench as certainly
As he has quenched the glow on many a hearth.
No heaven is there, for all those suns must die,
And all the worlds which they irradiate must die;
Death reigns far as the sounding lines of light
Can reach in the infinite universe.

Where is that land ?

Its light will not obey

The crystal incantations which we weave
To bring in swift obedience to our call
The starry wanderers in the blue abysm.
Its ringing melodies each morning strike
On our dull ears, and yet we hear them not.
Its evening zephyrs fan our lifted brows,
And yet we feel them not. Its emerald hills
Hang low and soft in our sweet summer skies,
But how shall nerves of clay thrill to the touch
Of light and sound whose harmony God made
To soothe and charm his own celestial home?

Ah no! No more
Than dwellers in the rayless depths, profound,
Of the dark sea, can know of mountain air,
Of flowers, or bird-song, rainbows, prospects wide,
Or any glory of this blithesome world.

'Tis thus the dream
Of wide-eyed boyhood gazing at the stars,
That shone down through the swaying maple trees,
Is still unfinished, and must ever be
Till we awake to sleep and dream no more.

And then he gazed upon the silent moon
As she looked down with such strange pensiveness
Upon the cloud-ships sailing through the blue,
And wondered what her peaceful dreams could be;
Nor knew that she had died, long, long ago,
And this was but her spirit, pale and cold,
Reigning in stately beauty up in heaven.
Perhaps she dreamed of those far distant years
When Life and Love and Time himself were young,

And when she swung, a blooming bridal world,
Around her ardent lover, ruddy Earth,
Singing her mellow songs of wind and wave.

In those far happy days of youthful joy
Her zones were circling scarfs of forests green
Embossed with lakes, and mountains tipped with pearl;
Her hair was the aurora streaming free
Beneath her splend'ed coronal of ice
And flowing downward to her snowy feet
Which hid their whiteness in her Southern seas.

And as she came
Draped in a bridal veil of fleecy clouds
Earth lifted high his foamy arms and fain
Would clasp her to his throbbing heart of fire,
And pressed toward her with impatient tides,
Reflected back her messengers of light
From flashing glaciers, floes and snowy plains,
And dashed his crystal fingers o'er his harp
Of coral reef and rocks and cliffy shores.

While midst the sobs and sighs and solemn roar
Of his deep, passionate, majestic song,
Came that strange melody, that undertone,
Which men now call the music of the sea,
And which is but a dim-remembered strain
Of Earth's sweet serenades of old.

Thus youthful dreams
Are but the rosy mist in which all things
Take on the hues of love, all melodies
Heard over land or sea are but her songs.

The moon sank down beneath the silent hills,
And all the dark ravines and shadowed vales
With rising floods of night overflowed the land
Hiding the hills beneath their waveless pall :
Silence herself sank down in dreamless sleep,
While the sweet drippings of the bleeding trees
Slid noiselessly on pendent icicles.

There lay in that dim woods of maple trees
A narrow vista opening to the East
Through which the summit of a wooded hill
Was seen by day far off. Now suddenly
A sparkling ray shot out above its crest
Level and bright and swift as Ariel's wing,
Eclipsed anon, and then above the hill
Arose magnificent the Morning Star !

The blue-bird, avant courier of spring,
Though sleeping, softly chirped a bit of song,
The quail, snug in the heathery stubble-field,
His plump mate nestling closely at his side,
Lifted his crested head of pencilled brown
And woke her with a little cry of joy.

And still the glorious star arose and moved
With stately splendor mid the galaxies;
And Morning followed up the glowing heights
Veiling the stars with her transparent robes
Which fell in shining folds upon the hills;
And wreaths of incense rose from happy homes
In tall, thin, wavering lines, and lost themselves
Amid the azure depths.

'Twas even thus

Hope waved her rosy banners o'er the world
When that same Morning Star resplendent hung
Over the sleeping Babe of Bethlehem.

Strange scene of old !

Above were meteor-angels, stooping down
Swifter than sunbeams: all the air was sweet
With their glad songs: their benedictions fell
Upon the hearts of men like gentle rain;
While in that lowly stable slept the Heir
Of all God's universe: His head divine
Lay softly on His Virgin Mother's breast,
Which thrilled with wonder, love, and timid joy;
And Motherhood became the tie which bound
Man to his God; and thus that sweetest name
That earliest fills the artless lips of babes,
Became a name of holiest sanctity
Fit for the matchless eloquence of heaven.
A sweeter name no bard of Paradise
Can ever weave into his songs of love
Or match to silver strings on harps of gold.
Thus Woman rose above the thrall and bonds
Which man, depraved, had forged for limbs, and heart,
And soul, and intellect, and influence,
To nobler dignity than man shall ever know.

But lo ! the sun's edge cuts the Eastern sky :
He shoots his sharp white javelins of light
From out the forest on the distant hill,
Which striking, break and fly in sparkling prisms
From off the burnished scales of mailing frost
Which guard each twig and blade of lifeless grass.

And thus a night of pleasant fancies fled :
But yet they come again across the years
Like faint uncertain music from afar,
The true may God bring true, and for our dreams
Forever give us blest realities.





